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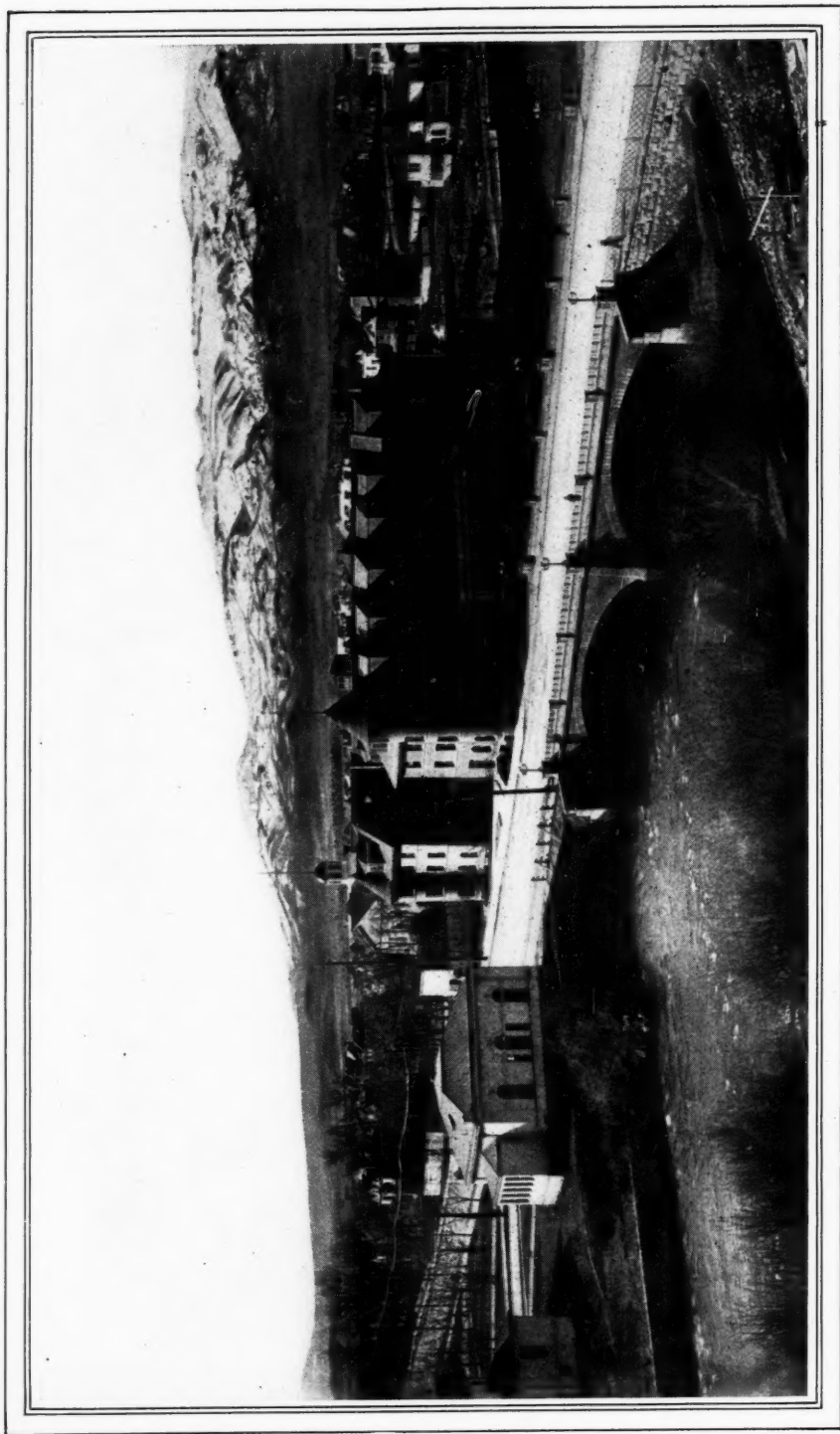
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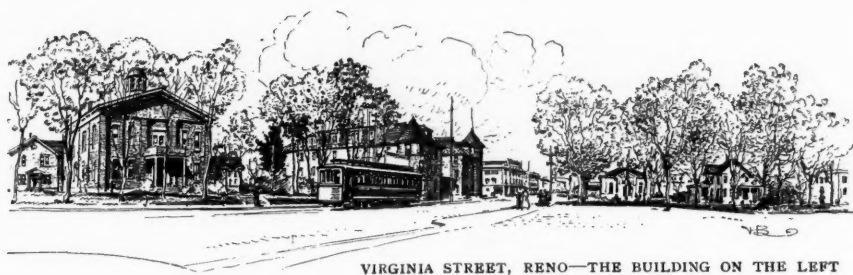
RENO, NEVADA, THE NEW DIVORCE HEADQUARTERS OF THE UNITED STATES—GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY, WITH THE TRUCKEE RIVER IN THE FOREGROUND AND THE SNOWY HEIGHTS OF THE SIERRA NEVADA IN THE DISTANCE

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XLII.

October, 1909

Number I



VIRGINIA STREET, RENO—THE BUILDING ON THE LEFT
IS THE COURT-HOUSE

RENO, THE REFUGE OF RESTLESS HEARTS

THE PICTURESQUE NEVADA CITY WHICH HAS BECOME THE
NEW "DIVORCE HEADQUARTERS" OF THE
UNITED STATES

BY ALLEN D. ALBERT, JR.

"ALL right—it's no use! You'd better get a divorce. You can accuse me of anything you like. We can't go on living like this!"

"Where shall I go?"

"What does your lawyer say?"

"He says Reno, Nevada. He's made out the cost."

With that, the woman hands the man a piece of typewriting somewhat like this:

Railroad fare, Reno and return, with sleeping car, meals, etc.....	\$200
Six and one-half-months' residence:	
House-rent, 7 months, at \$40.....	280
Servant, 7 months, at \$40.....	280
Household bills, 6½ months, at \$100.	650
Attorney's fees and costs.....	550
Incidentals	50
Total.....	\$2,010

The man studies the table.

"I'll give you twenty-five hundred dollars," he says after a moment. "I'll raise the money somehow."

"Then I guess it's time to say good-by."

"I guess it is."

"Good-by, then!"

"Good-by!"

With which the two of them, whose lives have been mingled together as one, go out to be lost from each other like separate drops in the sea.

We might ask ourselves a great many questions about all this, you and I. Is it right in principle for these two, or any two, to set an indulgent personal happiness above the sanctity of the marriage-tie? Are not they and their law-

yers guilty of moral and legal wrong when they undertake, with such half-curtained collusion, to obtain this personal happiness? Is it right that these two, or any two, should find in another State of the Union a freedom which is denied them in the State wherein they really live? What shall we say, you and I, of the whole problem of divorce?

We may ask ourselves those questions, but we shall never answer them to anybody's satisfaction save our own, and perhaps not even to that. Suppose, then, we stop with the facts, and let the reasons go. Suppose we look into Reno. Suppose we make friends with its real residents and its "colony." Suppose we see for ourselves what the law works there for such as these two upon whose unhappy conference we have come unawares. It may do us good.

Reno is a refuge for restless hearts. Providence, the Congress of the United States, and the resident voters of the State of South Dakota have made it so. The one gave it a setting which even a literalist churchman might describe as a crown of emeralds, rose quartz, and snowy diamonds. The second gave it probably the most loosely drafted divorce law in the history of the nation. The last have closed the doors of Sioux Falls, and waved on the unhappily mated to find their freedom in a State which is now as new as the South Dakota of twenty years ago.

A certain United States Senator found occasion, not long ago, to describe this refuge as he had seen it. In the debate on the tariff, his own city of Pittsburgh had been aspersed by one of Nevada's Senators.

"I spent one day—and it was the sor-

riest day I ever spent—in the city which is the Senator's home," said the Pennsylvanian. "The only place where I could get away from the rattle of dice and the click of faro-chips was in the Carnegie Library, given to the city of Reno by one of Pittsburgh's millionaires."

Well, much depends upon the eyes.

To mine—and they were at first none too friendly—Reno disclosed itself as no town of gambling-joints and a Carnegie Library, no rough-sawn mining camp, no "jay burg on the left-hand side of the track." It disclosed itself as probably the most beautiful small city in the United States.

A JEWEL AMONG THE MOUNTAINS

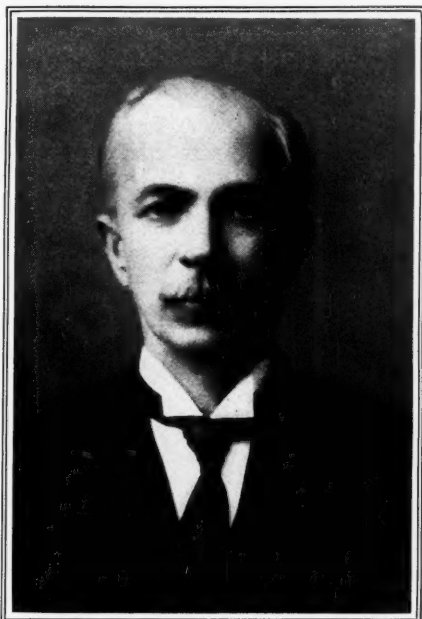
It lies, as the Psalmist wrote of another mountain

settlement, like a jewel among the hills. North and south are valleys as rich as the far-away Mohawk or the nearer San Joaquin. The greenish snow-water of the Truckee divides it almost evenly into two parts, and whispers happily, though yet portentously, of the omnipotence in the hills of brown and white beyond. As in the hollow of Mother Nature's hand, it rests secure in its mountain amphitheater; and the tips of all the fingers that hold it are snow.

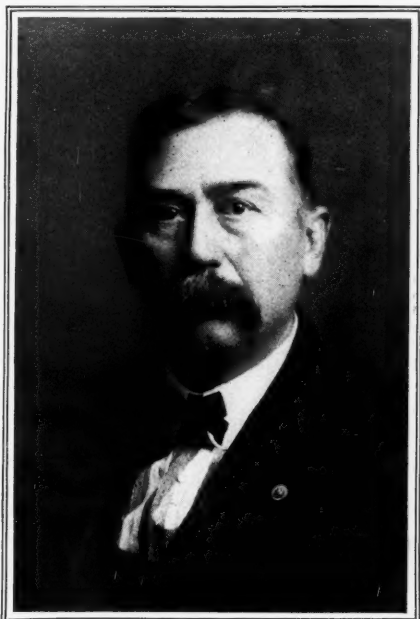
Here are now the homes of about fifteen thousand people. Some are miners who have come in from the hills. Some are young Eastern business men who have gone to Nevada in search of fortune. Some are Chinese workmen or Japanese financiers. Some are Indians, primitive people who do not know divorce, come in from the reservations to walk the streets and see the sights. Some are happy, out-of-door children, some sweet-faced, stylishly clothed young



QUARTERS FOR DIVORCE-SEEKERS—TYPICAL NOTICES IN THE WINDOW OF A RENO REAL ESTATE OFFICE

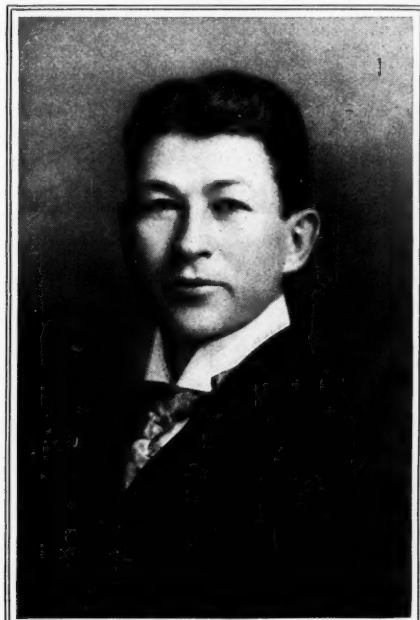


JUDGE JOHN S. ORR, WHO, WITH JUDGE PIKE,
TRIES DIVORCE-SUITS IN RENO

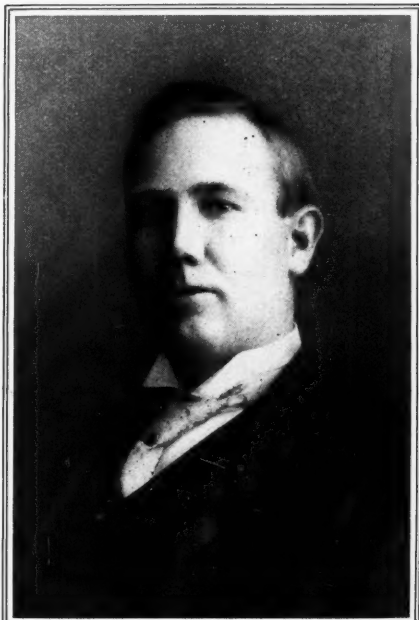


JUDGE W. H. A. PIKE, WHO, WITH JUDGE ORR,
TRIES DIVORCE-SUITS IN RENO

wives, some already native sons, some gamblers, some doctors and lawyers, like those we know. And some are of the colony of seekers after divorce.



JAMES G. SWEENEY, ASSOCIATE JUSTICE OF THE
NEVADA SUPREME COURT



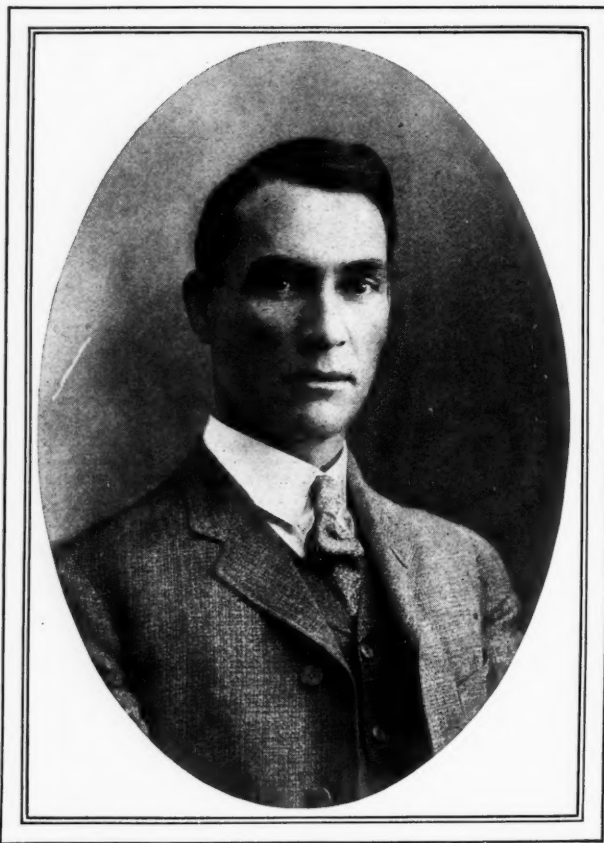
FRANK HERBERT NORCROSS, CHIEF JUSTICE OF
THE NEVADA SUPREME COURT

These folk make the business of the little city brisk and its life picturesque. They provide custom for five excellent hotels. They help to support a State university—Nevada having followed our

turning the whole valley green, and the city into a kind of American Venice, with irrigation-ditches. Their homes are nearly all separate; the lawns are trim; the architecture of the larger buildings

might well make certain older cities envious; and there is a concrete bridge which would ornament any town of the Union.

Gambling? Of course there is gambling. The rattle of the roulette-ball, the deal for faro, the roll of dice on the craps table, the posted rules of stud poker, are to be found wherever any one chooses to set up in the business. Until October, 1910, Nevada will continue to be the only State of the forty-six which openly licenses games of chance. But Reno is not so colored by its gambling paint as you and I and the distinguished Senator from Pennsylvania might think; for the traveler sees practically all there is of it from the train. The people of Reno know almost as little of it, and care almost as little about it, as you and I know or care about its counterpart at home.



DENVER S. DICKERSON, GOVERNOR OF NEVADA, WHO SAYS THAT
"THE FACILITY WITH WHICH DIVORCES ARE NOW OBTAINED
IN NEVADA IS A REPROACH TO THE STATE"

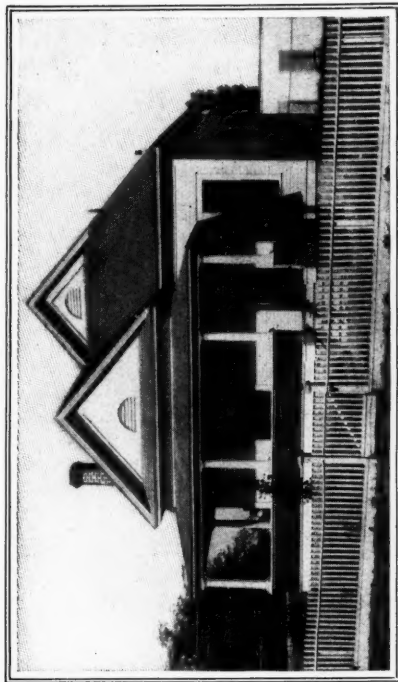
American practise of conferring that high-sounding title upon a lusty young college. They supply food, clothing, and luxuries to the American Eldorado. They ship merchandise on every train of the three railroads which radiate from Reno—one of them a narrow-gage which makes fifteen miles when the wind is with it, and eight and a half when it isn't—but three railroads, nevertheless.

They have bordered their streets with trees until already their city rivals the best-shaded interior towns of New York or Illinois. They and their fellows are

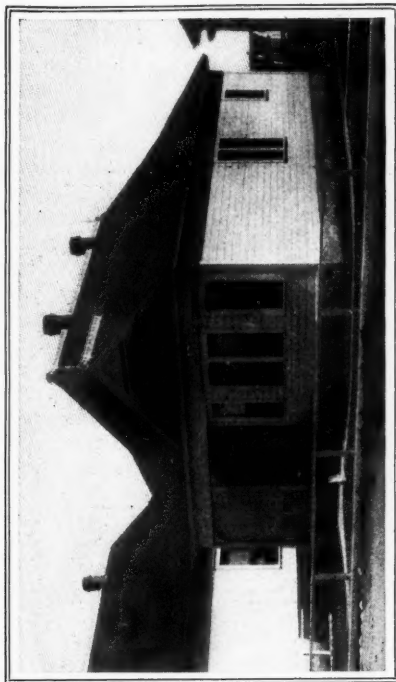
A manufacturer in Denver gave me rather a new view of the evil when he said that he would starve if the market for roulette-wheels stopped with Nevada.

"I'm still shipping," he said with a laugh, "into all the forbidden territory of the East—New York, Baltimore, and Pittsburgh; yes, and Philadelphia!"

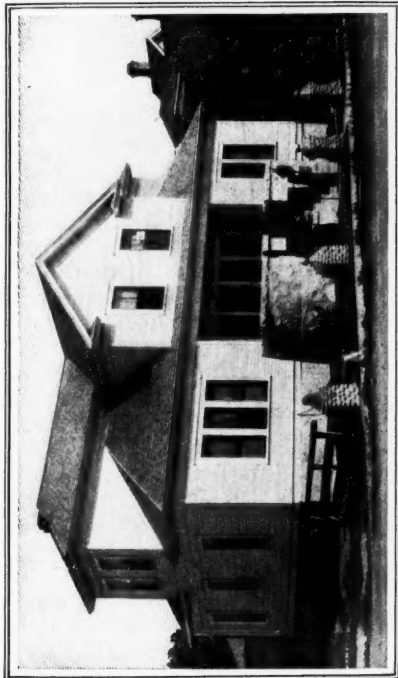
From three classes, and those three classes alone, come the patrons of these mountain gaming-tables. They are either miners, orientals, or bums. They stake their money openly. They are



A RENO HOUSE OFFERED FOR RENT AT THIRTY-FIVE DOLLARS A MONTH, WITH FURNITURE, INCLUDING A PIANO



THE HOUSE ON MORAN STREET, RENO, OCCUPIED BY A WELL-KNOWN ACTRESS WHO IS SUING FOR DIVORCE IN THE NEVADA COURTS



QUARTERS FOR DIVORCE-SEEKERS—A RENO HOUSE OF THE SORT THAT IS RENTED, FURNISHED, FOR ABOUT FORTY DOLLARS A MONTH



THE HOUSE, ON FIRST STREET, RENO, IN WHICH THE FORMER WIFE OF A PITTSBURGH STEEL MAGNATE LIVED WHILE SECURING HER DIVORCE

quieter and soberer about it than some of our most substantial citizens at the untainted primary. They bear themselves toward it, to tell the plain truth, very much as some of us in older and larger cities have lately been bearing ourselves toward Richard Strauss's "Salome." But if you could look in upon these gamblers through the open doors of Commercial Row in Reno, if you could see police and management alike intent on maintaining order and decency, you might not believe Nevada's method perfect, but you would be bound to admit that it had its advantages.

Finally, as we consider Reno in relation to the gambling now wide open in Nevada, it is only fair to remember that here, as elsewhere, the law will

past two years, have come about five hundred of our neighbors. They have not suffered, in Reno, for lack of pleasant accommodation. As they rode up Virginia Street—named from the mining center at the end of the Virginia and Truckee Railroad, rather than from the old Colony on the James—they must have seen signs very like to those that caught my eye a few weeks ago.

One set forth a simple business proposition in this wise:

Five-room furnished flat, close in; rent, forty dollars.

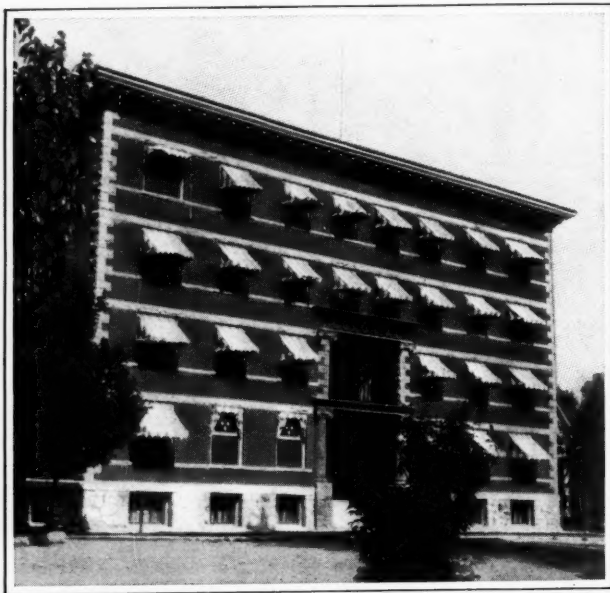
Another held out inducements to the musical:

For Rent.—Five-room modern cottage, furnished, with piano; price, thirty-five dollars.

A third promised nearness to the prospective scene of action, so to speak:

For Rent.—Front bedroom, three blocks from court-house; six dollars per month.

The best of the hotels set up no bar against these newcomers. If the Reno boniface had his way, he would meet them at the train with banners and transparencies reading "Welcome To Our City!" As it is, there is one proprietor, a mixture of Sam Weller and Mr. Pickwick, who makes it his business to become friends



THE COLONIAL, ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL HOTELS IN RENO—ABOUT TEN DIVORCE-SEEKERS ARE LIVING HERE

drive it into the dark places next year; that it is the amusement of a class growing steadily smaller; and that the same vote which put the ban upon this vice also set Reno abreast of the most progressive of our cities in a plan for juvenile probation and parole.

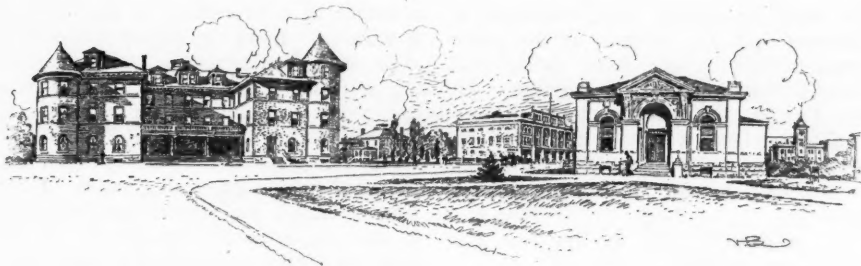
QUARTERS FOR DIVORCE-SEEKERS

This is the new divorce headquarters of America. To it, in the course of the

with the candidates as soon as they set foot in the hotel lobby. Rolling his laugh through the snow-drifts of even the most tightly frozen New England manner, he chortles:

"Better make friends with me, young lady! Better call me 'poppa'! You'll need to have me swearin' for yuh 'fore yuh say good-by."

Every visitor is his own enumerator of the divorce colony. Some do not



RENO, NEVADA—THE RIVERSIDE HOTEL (ON THE LEFT) AND THE PUBLIC LIBRARY (ON THE RIGHT)

realize that there are any strangers seeking divorce in Reno at all. Some put the total as high as five hundred. One of the city officials thinks that perhaps there are about one hundred. A member of the local bar affirms that there are not more than ten. The average popular estimate is "about three hundred and fifty." But the editor of the leading newspaper seems to me to be nearest of all when he says:

"There are now in Reno seeking divorce, of all classes, about two hundred persons."

Possibly sixty of the two hundred are scattered among the five hotels. In one the boarder can find a pleasant room overlooking the river, with a bath-room attached, and with excellent food, for one hundred and twenty dollars a month. In another the rooms are let singly at the rate of six dollars a week, not including board. Here there are perhaps ten candidates, most of them living in suites of three rooms, with kitchenettes and servants, quite as comfortable as they have ever been in New York or Chicago, and with a vastly finer view. The other hotels are generally lower in price. But that would be an utter misapprehension which pictured any of these emergency residents in Reno as suffering the pangs and torments of existence in the ordinary American country tavern.

Another sixty are living in cottages like those advertised on the way up from the station. Naturally, the really fine residences of the city are not to let. Yet the former wife of a well-known steel man found and leased a most substantial and well-to-do sort of place at a rental reported to be only sixty dollars a month.

2

A young woman from the South—even now only twenty-four years old, according to common belief—took over a whole floor in a boarding-house, and swept the other lodgers into the street. But most of the cottagers are content with less pretentious dwellings.

An actress, whose name has lately been much in the newspapers, has a place that is altogether unassuming. What beauty it has is due to the vines and rose-bushes which the tenant herself has trained to grow about its windows. Probably the whole property, including the furniture, is rented to her at about thirty-five dollars a month.

The wife of a New York stock-broker is spending her six months in a brick house. She and her companion are making over the interior with new curtains of their own sewing, and with other little touches of good taste. But how this same young lady would scorn this same building in New York! Some of her lately arrived sisters in Reno live in flats—not apartments, but flats, with the bathroom just off the kitchen, and the bedroom where you think the dining-room ought to be. The occupants seem to be thoroughly comfortable, however, and it may be that they make these larger rooms more homelike than ever they made the dwellings they left behind.

Not all of the colony, however, have the means to rent new homes. Scores of young people not so well-to-do are out in Reno working out divorces as other boys and girls work out college courses. Two of the waitresses who served me in a dining-room there told me they were "out West to get decrees." An officer of the local constabulary has

the same high hope. And I chanced to discover that the foreman of the press-room of one of the Reno dailies was likewise working out his freedom. He was humming a hymn while I followed him round his "web." I risked my life getting close enough to the press to hear what hymn it was. I heard. He was singing:

"I'm nearer home to-day than ever I've been before!"

THE LIFE OF THE DIVORCE COLONY

Six months and longer must all the members of this colony stay in Reno. What do they do meanwhile? Look at the view? Not all the time. They seem to have two main objects. The first is to be as conspicuously demure as possible. The second is to have and to hold the attention of the few available men. Those that achieve the second would seem not to bother so much about the first.

There are all sorts and conditions of women in the Reno colony; but with the exception of the few who live in the hotel by the river, and of those who serve in the dining-room, they do their own marketing, whatever their class. That is part of the program.

"Ah," said one of them, after she had alighted from her motor-car and slipped into my place in the grocery-store. "What nice cherries! Let me have a box, please. And some apricots and artichokes. And, oh, yes—some chops and lettuce. And will you send them up to the house, please?"

The puzzled clerk scratched his head with his pencil and asked what house she meant.

"Why, to my house, of course! Surely you know where I live! And I'm so glad I've come to Reno! I think its climate is lovely. I've been here three months now, and I'm so much in love with the place I'm going to buy the house I'm in and spend the rest of my life here. No. 616 Mordan Street, you know. Good morning!"

So they go—from place to place. It is important, you see, that as many people should know of their stay, of its length and breadth, as will be required to establish citizenship within the law. They all find the climate as productive

a source of conversation as the weather is with us. Even the highly respectable wife of a distinguished constituent of the selfsame Pennsylvania Senator was not above swearing before a jury that she had fallen victim to the climate of Reno, would make investments there, and intended to live there all the rest of her life. Perhaps the others mean more of it than she appeared to; for within ten days after that declaration to her peers she had packed every bag and parcel of her belongings and left the climate of Reno to be only a sweet memory in her life.

In addition to doing their own marketing, some members of the colony ride, some motor, some pursue music in rather a literal sense of the phrase, and some undertake church work—a few, though not all, of this last class finding it something of a novelty. One of the colony, a man, had not expected to use his car. When he had taken his quarters in the hotel and looked well around the great amphitheater of mountains, he hurried to the telegraph-office and wired orders to have his automobile shipped to him by express. It came in about a week, and the cost was seven hundred and fifty dollars.

Some of the refugees, of course, are serious, earnest, highly cultivated women. They find in Reno the occupations of their kind. One has with her a grown son, and is guiding him to the choice between such occupation as a small mountain city offers and a course in the State university. Another has her young daughter to educate. Still another has several little children. This last is not likely to receive money from her husband, and, unlike the two previously indicated, has no independent income. She has accordingly fallen back upon her own resources, and in this case the chief resource is a mezzo-soprano voice of rare richness of color and thorough training. Half the good folk of Reno are interested in her, and many are sending their young daughters to her for singing-lessons. On the last day I spent there, I found more religious inspiration in the offertory which this brave little woman sang from the chancel of the Episcopal church than I have found in many a sermon.



RENO, NEVADA—THE GROUNDS OF NEVADA UNIVERSITY

There are dinners, luncheons, teas, and—of course—bridge. A man candidate is known in this new city of refuge as a "Johnny Come Late," and one of the few who bear that title had rather a mixed company to dine with him shortly before I reached Reno. Most of his guests were highly circumspect, and none of them, apparently, made any new records of prandial gaiety; but nevertheless, among the richer of the divorce-seekers, and between the whole company of colonists and the people of the town, that entertainment has drawn a black line of demarcation.

Those of the colony who disapproved now play bridge among themselves. Those who smiled over it are content with a kindly warning, now and then:

"The judges will get *you* if you don't watch out!"

The gentlefolk of the city straightway barbed the wire of the social fence until even the most audacious will not undertake to climb over. That party was surely disastrous beyond all expectations.

THE DIVORCE LAW OF NEVADA

Now, what is it that has brought this company to Reno? Why has it not assembled in some other State? The answer can be made briefly. It is this—that Reno is the most pleasant settlement in Nevada, and Nevada is the only State of the Union which confers the right to sue for divorce after only six months of residence.

South Dakota was once in Nevada's position; but last November the people of that commonwealth, on reference to them of the whole question by the State Legislature, voted to increase the stay required from six months to a year.

Oklahoma's law presents hope to the aspirant for divorce; but Nevada has been tested. The law there is sure.

On the organization of Nevada as a Territory, in 1861, the Congress of the United States gave approval to this law:

Divorce from the Bonds of Matrimony, How Obtained.

502. Sec. 22.—Divorce from the bonds of matrimony may be obtained by complaint under oath to the district court of the county in which the cause therefor shall have accrued, or in which the defendant shall reside or be found, or in which the plaintiff shall reside, if the latter be either the county in which the parties last cohabited, or in which the plaintiff shall have resided six months before suit be brought, for the following causes.

Then follows a statement of causes, adding to the customary statutory grounds these of particular interest today:

Third—Wilful desertion, at any time, of either party by the other for the period of one year.

Sixth—Extreme cruelty in either party.

Seventh—Neglect of the husband, for the period of one year, to provide the common necessities of life, when such neglect is not the result of poverty on the part of the husband.

All that we need to know of the Nevada divorce law is set forth in the paragraphs quoted. But if you would understand how lax a law it is, it may be necessary for you to reread the first paragraph with particular passages emphasized, thus:

Divorce from the bonds of matrimony may be obtained by complaint under oath to the district court of the county in which the cause therefor shall have accrued, or in

which the defendant shall reside *or be found*, or in which the plaintiff shall reside, . . . or in which the plaintiff shall have resided six months before suit be brought.

In other words, if two desire to be divorced, they can achieve their aim, according to this law—

First, if they get out at a railway-station within the State and the one is there guilty of extreme cruelty to the other, no matter if neither be a resident of the State.

Second, if the defendant is passing through the State, and can be "found" within its jurisdiction and the papers can be served upon him there, no matter if neither be a resident of the State.

Third, if either shall reside within the borders of the State for six months before he brings action.

It is not the grounds enumerated as possible bases for the suit which gives Nevada its interest for those who seek divorce. It is the ease with which the courts there can obtain jurisdiction over the parties to the suit.

THE MOVE FOR A STRICTER LAW

Three men have interposed knowledge of the law and conscience to close the first two doorways of this lax statute. They are John S. Orr, W. H. A. Pike, and George S. Brown, district judges, whose decisions make the law for the trial courts in three-fourths of the State. The first two sit in Reno and divide the judicial duties of three fairly populous counties in the western section of the State. The third sits in the county-seats of the eastern part of the State.

Their attitude is that Congress and the Nevada Legislature were without power to confer jurisdiction on the State courts in any case of this general nature where the litigants were merely "found" within the geographical limits of the courts' authority. They have cited abundant precedent, they think, for the declaration that "the State has this power only over its own inhabitants." And it is noteworthy that in the widely discussed case which evoked this ruling from Judge Pike, the attorneys who argued the power of the court to enforce the law as the Legislature drafted it and Congress approved it, did not take an

appeal from the trial court to the Supreme Court of the State.

So it is that, for all practical purposes to-day, the two people with whose supposititious case this article began, and every member of the colony now in Reno, must sue as residents of Nevada in good faith—that is to say, as persons who turn to Nevada when they speak of "going home." Nevertheless, the statute as thus construed is now the most generous on our American law-books.

The young Governor of the State, Denver S. Dickerson, feels the laxity of the law so strongly that he has called the attention of the Legislature to the matter in these words:

The facility with which divorces are now obtained in Nevada is a reproach to the State. Under our present laws the most trivial causes are recognized as grounds for divorce, resulting in our courts being crowded with cases of this nature. Not only have our own citizens, who have wearied of the marital relations, availed themselves of the laxity of our laws, but citizens of other States, who are not *bona fide* residents, and never intend to become such, have established a statutory residence for the sole purpose of securing divorces. I think it is safe to say that the number of divorces secured in Nevada during the past two years is greater in proportion to the inhabitants of the State than in any other State in the Union, and the number is constantly increasing.

A PLEA FOR EASY DIVORCE

With an altogether different purpose, a member of the Reno bar has published his opinion of the law in these words:

Here, in Nevada, the applicant, without deception or fraud, upon almost any charge from which lack of harmonious relations may be reasonably inferred, may apply to our courts and secure prompt results, by decree of absolute divorce, valid and binding in law. The next few pages will contain the statutes of Nevada applicable, together with a brief interpretation, supported by Supreme Court decisions, clearly indicating the superior advantages afforded the applicant under the law and procedure of Nevada.

This paragraph is an excerpt from a pamphlet issued by a lawyer in search of divorce practise. The relation between that circular and the author's standing at the bar is now being deter-



RENO, NEVADA—THE PRINCIPAL BUILDINGS OF NEVADA UNIVERSITY

mined by a committee from the Bar Association of Washoe County. It must be admitted, however, that there are not a few who criticize the Governor, and who do not hesitate to indorse the attorney's frank statement.

The explanation is twofold. First, the courts are everywhere following public opinion in the effort to emphasize the mental and spiritual aspects of marriage, and this has involved—in Nevada as elsewhere—a pronounced widening of judgment as to cruelty. Second, the wife and the husband who are the parties to the suit for divorce—in Nevada as elsewhere—are, as a rule, quite ready to provide the court with whatever offense is required under the law.

Suppose a man persistently reads his newspaper at the breakfast-table. Suppose he habitually hangs his hat on the wrong hook. Suppose, as in "Lord and Lady Algy," he persists in smoking a brand of tobacco distasteful to his wife. Do these things constitute cruelty? One would hardly think so. Yet it requires no stretch of the imagination to foresee the issuing of decrees of absolute divorce upon precisely such pleas, according to the trend of our American jurisprudence.

A Kansas case—*Carpenter versus Carpenter*, Supreme Court, July Term, 1883—is one of the foundations of this view. In that instance the petitioner was the husband, and a series of letters written by the wife was the basis of his charge of "extreme cruelty." Said Mr. Justice Valentine, speaking for the court:

It was formerly thought that to constitute extreme cruelty, such as would authorize the granting of a divorce, physical violence was necessary; but the modern and better considered cases have repudiated this doctrine

as too low and sensual a view of the marriage relation, and it is now very generally held that any unjustifiable conduct, . . . such as utterly destroys the legitimate ends and objects of matrimony, constitutes "extreme cruelty" under the statutes, though no physical or personal violence may be inflicted or even threatened.

In full accord with this Kansas decision, the Supreme Court of Nevada has handed down similar rulings under the existing law of the State. Its leading case is that of *Reed versus Reed*, wherein Mr. Justice Lewis ruled for the court as follows:

The happiness of a life may be destroyed by a course of conduct which could furnish no ground for apprehending bodily harm or injury. . . . If it appears probable that the life of one of the parties is rendered miserable by any character of misconduct on the part of the other, although no personal violence be apprehended, . . . the separation should be decreed. . . . It is manifest from the nature of things that acts which would be extreme cruelty under some circumstances would not be so under others; and so, too, a course of conduct toward one person might be deemed extreme cruelty which toward another would not be so considered by any one.

Practically a million divorces have been granted in the United States within the past twenty years. The exact number for the years from 1887 to 1906, inclusive, is 945,625, as against 12,832,044 marriages. As far as new marriages are concerned, therefore, there has been nearly one divorce for every thirteen wedding ceremonies. And out of this appalling total, 206,225 divorces, or not quite one in four, have been issued on grounds of cruelty. Only one cause has been more productive—desertion; and the total of decrees based upon that

charge is 367,502. This ratio has held good in Nevada, and undoubtedly holds there substantially to-day.

NEVADA'S PRIMACY IN DIVORCES

A few more figures, with special reference to the State of which Reno is the divorce center, and we can finish with statistics in this one place.

Through the twenty years covered by the investigation of the census, Nevada granted an average of forty-seven divorces annually. In the twelve months just preceding the vote of the people of South Dakota, this mountain State issued at Reno alone one hundred and twenty-five decrees.

At its old average of forty-seven, Nevada was thirteenth among the States, with a rating of three hundred and fifteen divorces per year to the hundred thousand of married population. At the average of 1907 it ranks first among the States, with a rating of more than eight hundred and sixty divorces per year to the same hundred thousand married citizens. Second place is held by the young State of Washington, with an average of five hundred and thirteen to each hundred thousand of married population—a figure which South Dakota has never equaled.

The courts in Reno have not yet had to pass upon any of the refinements of this later doctrine as to cruelty. The petitioners have seen to it that, in the absence of effectual contradiction of their complaints, there should be no doubt of the duty of the court to issue the divorce under the law. Now, in all but one of the divorces issued so far this year, the respondent—who is in practically every case the husband—has done all he could to help along the proceedings. He has entered an appearance through his attorney, contented himself with a general denial of the charges without offering any proof to substantiate his denial, and waited—off in New York or San Francisco—for the telegram to tell him that he was free, as well as his former mate.

Only eight of all the decrees issued in the year ending December 5, 1908, were genuinely opposed, and of these eight cases all but three were local to Nevada. Even of the forty-two cases now pending

at the time of my visit, the docket promises resolute contest in only two cases, the others having been already filled out with the perfunctory entries required to complete the record—such as the "appearance" of the respondent. Under such circumstances, no attorney need advise his client to plead newspaper-reading at the breakfast-table or hanging of hats upon wrong hooks. On the contrary, when the petitioner is a woman, she usually comes to her counsel with a clear understanding of the requirements, and tells him at the outset a story of such cruelty as comes incontestably within the doctrine expounded in the case of *Carpenter versus Carpenter*.

Governor Dickerson obtained consideration of his recommendation for a change of the Nevada divorce law at the session of the Legislature which began last January. But the whole of the State bar opposed it, many of them contending that a mere extension of the time required for residence was only a half remedy; and the others obstructing, either covertly or openly, any new restriction whatever. No one with whom I talked—and that means practically no interested official or judge within the State—suggested a complete change of the law until, as in New York and the District of Columbia, decrees should issue only upon what are called "statutory grounds."

On the other hand, nearly the whole number favored a restatement of the law as to the jurisdiction of the State courts, and an increase in the term of residence from six months to a year. If it shall develop that this plan accords with the will of the lawmakers, the changes cannot be made before January, 1911, inasmuch as the Legislature of Nevada meets only once in every two years.

OPINIONS OF NEVADA JUDGES

Most of the pending actions for divorce in the Reno judicial district will come before Judge Pike for hearing. That minister of justice resembles in ready sympathy, in hearty laugh, in solid good sense, the protagonist of "The Round Up," and even suggests that functionary in figure. He is also a mighty good lawyer. I asked him what he thought of amending the Nevada law



RENO, NEVADA—THE MASONIC TEMPLE (IN THE CENTER) AND THE CITY HALL (ON THE RIGHT)

to correspond with that of New York. Here is his answer:

"The difference between New York's law and ours in grounds for divorce measures the advance of the West over the East. Our law is not perfect, not by a whole lot. I'd change it if I could, both as to jurisdiction and as to term of residence; but I *wouldn't* eliminate all the grounds for divorce but the 'statutory' grounds. Why, if you could sit one day in my court and hear the stories I hear there—stories that I know to be true in all their essentials—I tell you there wouldn't be any doubt in your mind, either, as to the right of the State to come in and separate those people. It's nothing short of a crime to compel two people to go on living together as man and wife; nothing short of a crime, when every day that they stay together means heartache for them both."

Judge Orr speaks of the situation more guardedly, perhaps, but none the less resolutely.

"We have our problem," said he. "I never hear a divorce-suit that I don't realize that. And a feature of it is that we judges have got to come as near the absolute truth as to residence as we can. But what are we going to do? I believe a man's home is the place to which he means to return whenever he goes away. But if the petitioner comes into my court and swears that he so regards Reno, and I have no evidence to the contrary in the form of a return ticket to the East, or any open declaration of his purpose to quit the jurisdiction as soon as the case is decided, I can't see my way to deny him a hearing as a citizen of Nevada. If I had my way, I'd change the time required to establish a residence from six months to a year, and change it quickly."

"There is a real difficulty in the danger of collusion between the litigants," said Chief Justice Norcross, while Associate Justices Talbert and Sweeney—the latter only thirty-two years old, but an accomplished lawyer nevertheless—nodded their concurrence.

"My judgment is that a vast majority of the petitioners in our courts agree in advance to obtain divorces. Possibly the solution is to decree legal separations and not absolute divorces. We shall have to work that out. Possibly it may lie in following the practise of some of the Northwestern States, and in having the State represented. Suppose the lower court errs, and grants a divorce on inadequate grounds. If the husband is as eager for divorce as the wife, it is certain that he will not appeal the case. But if the State is represented, then there is some prospect of having the matter carried to the higher courts and a uniform practise obtained for the whole Commonwealth. In any event, I hope there may never be a movement in Nevada to limit divorce to the so-called 'statutory' grounds. There is already news from New York and the District of Columbia that such a reform may work worse evils than come from too easy divorce."

INCIDENTS OF ACTUAL LIFE

We have looked now on this new city of refuge in its jeweled setting among the mountains. We have studied the law and the practise under the law. We have heard the judges on the weak points both of law and of practise. Suppose now we consider other aspects of Reno.

If there must be a colony of prospective divorcees in the United States, it is well to have it in the mountains. They that breathe the air of the sierras come into

a new bigness of spirit. There are, to be sure, some of our kind to whom that bigness is impossible. I stood near a candidate for divorce on the balcony of the hotel while she—her escort and I, all three—looked up the Truckee as it tumbled and coursed under the moonlight. Far beyond glistened the snowy sky-line of the hills. The pass seemed a gleaming gateway to heaven itself.

"It's wonderful, isn't it?" muttered the man when we had stood there silent for two or three minutes.

It was the woman who answered.

"Yes," she said as she stooped and gave her ankle a slap, "it's pretty."

But some there are in the colony whose souls are widened by the wildness, as yours and mine would be.

A certain doctor came from down East not long ago to get a divorce. To judge from his petition, he had joined his life with Xantippe.

"For about fifteen years past," he alleged, "the said defendant, without any cause or provocation whatever, has treated the plaintiff in a cruel and inhuman manner, saying to plaintiff that 'I would like to see you hung up in the heavens, suffering all the torments of purgatory.' That some time in the spring of 1895, without any provocation whatever, the defendant threw a plate, striking the plaintiff on the shin-bone, and injuring the plaintiff and causing him great suffering."

There was more; but that is enough to indicate that here was cruelty well within the meaning of the Carpenter decision.

The woman made answer with a general denial. She had not, she said, entertained any hope that her spouse might be hung up in the heavens to suffer any torment whatever. She had, indeed, thrown a plate, but "she had a just cause and provocation, and it was in self-defense," and she denied categorically that the missile had injured her husband's shin-bone. There was every indication in such an answer that here was a cause which would be fought, and fought hard.

Well, the defendant followed the plaintiff to Nevada. They both looked out over the hills. They both realized that Reno had brought them within

touch. They met, whether they intended to do so or not. The snow-caps piercing the sky, the wideness of vision, the new sense of man's littleness, softened their hearts. When their attorneys set out to find them and notify them that the day had been set to hear their case, the two had flown away together. We will all hope it was to live happily ever after.

Some come to find the bigness of the West a source of new determination. One of these was a style-chooser—that was her business, whatever the trade-name may be—for a great Eastern department-store. Her earnings had always been large. Her mother, moreover, was well-to-do; so her husband felt justified in not working a lick.

"Why should I earn money when you have enough?" he asked, according to his wife's testimony.

Any of the feminine disposition to forgive which may have been latent in this one's heart was shriveled in the dry air of Reno. Her testimony fairly crackled. It was evident, indeed, that this petitioner had come to see that her life had been wasted on a man who utterly lacked the vital independence which makes the men of the West strong with the strength of giants. Her divorce was granted one Tuesday while I was in Reno. On the following Friday a marriage-license was taken out at the clerk's office beneath Judge Pike's court-room. The woman's name was that which she had been authorized to resume only three days before. The man's was that of a true Western "hustler."

A CASE THAT WAS DISCONTINUED

Sometimes the note of human nature is out of the deeps of the heart. On the docket of Judge Orr's court, beneath the names of a woman plaintiff and a man defendant, is entered the one word "discontinued." The day of that entry is the day on which the police took from the Truckee the body of a man, somewhat shabbily dressed, but still reflective of gentle breeding. In the pocket was found this letter:

CHIEF OF POLICE, Reno, Nevada:

DEAR SIR—This is a case of a man loving a woman too much. The act that I am about to commit is because the love she gave

me died in her. If you read some of the letters found on me you will see for yourself. About a month ago I took her baby to Los Angeles, California, for its health. I tried to get a position there, but could not, so I came back, only to find that she had come here. It set me crazy. No, it is not drink, for I have never tasted it in any form. My act should be a lesson. Never love a woman so much that you will die for her.

P. S.—Please bury me any place in case I die. Don't send me back East. I am not worth it.

The daughter of an officer in the regular army came to Reno not long ago. It may be her case, too, was hopeless. At any rate, she told the first attorney to whom she applied that she had no real ground for divorce; she was just tired of her husband and wanted to marry another man. That officer of the court declined her case. She found a lawyer, however, as all clients seem to do. Her petition was prepared. She alleged desertion, hung around Reno until she took the stand, answered—to her husband's discredit—every question asked by the court, and blithely walked away with her decree. It is not for us to say, is it, what price she paid for her freedom?

Judge Pike and Judge Orr found time to attend a dinner-party together not long ago, and while at the table they announced a new rule. It was that hereafter all the proceedings in divorce-cases would be reported stenographically. There may not seem to be much significance behind such a determination, save perhaps a desire that the court should have record, for its own protection, of the plaintiff's declaration as to citizenship. But there was significance behind it, and the next sentences will explain.

OFF WITH THE OLD—ON WITH THE NEW

Down in Carson, the State capital, the daughter of a well-known author was suing for divorce. In the course of her six months of residence she met a "Johnny Come Late," who had at least the advantage which Sardou accredits to the young free-lance in his "Divorçons"—that of not being required to be agreeable all the twenty-four hours of the day. As their statutory residence ripened, love came into their hearts. One day, at a quarter past two o'clock in the afternoon,

the judge granted the woman her divorce. Fifteen minutes later he ordered a decree to issue to the man. At half past three the two previous petitioners presented themselves to him to be married.

"By the authority vested in me by the laws of this State," he said, "I pronounce you man and wife."

In another case—this in Reno—two petitioners walked together from the court-room to the office of the clerk. They wanted a marriage-license.

"Well," replied the deputy clerk, with his pen poised over the docket, "you'd do well to wait till I can get your decrees entered up."

Under the new order, the reporter's stenographic notes must be transcribed and verified. This will require a full day, or more, in every instance. There is thus an end to these on-the-minute marriages in Reno.

Is there much of this seeking of divorce in order to marry some one else? It is probably the explanation of seven applications out of every ten filed in Reno. As some men, when their wives are away, mark on their desk calendars the number of days they have to wait, and count every day as one day nearer to the reunion, so some of these set down the hundred and eighty-two days required to obtain the right to sue and the fourteen days beyond that required for the trial of the cause. Every day is a day nearer to freedom—and to a new love.

We more commonplace folk may be surprised to hear it, but the base of the longing in both cases is the same. The postmen of Reno could tell something on this score, if they chose. Every day the letters come. Every day the aspirant is at the door, waiting. Every day she carries or sends to the post-office her letter in reply. And the day of the decree is a day of telegraphing, which means, among other things, that in seven cases out of ten the cruelty of the Carpenter decision, the desertion of a full year or more, the failure of a rich husband to provide for his rich wife, are any or all of them less important than the love of some other man.

And yet, let us look again at the tabulation we have made of the docket in

this Reno court. As we consider the hundred and sixty-two decrees issued since that which went to the wife of the distinguished constituent of the Senator from Pennsylvania; as we consider the eleven which have been denied, seven of them local to Nevada and one discontinued for death; as we consider the forty-two cases now pending and the two hundred soon to be filed, we ought not to forget the thirty cases carried over into the current calendar from last year.

What of them? They are undetermined on the record, but they are not undetermined in the lives of the men and women most concerned. For it is the testimony of the employees in the clerk's office that in nearly all these instances the heart has proven itself superior to the temper or the judgment, as the case might be; that in nearly all of them the mountain nearness to the sky, or the loneliness, or the study of the other applicants, or the love that thrives where nothing else could grow, has sent the

unhappy ones back home to forgive, to be forgiven, and to try again.

We name to each other, you and I, what we think may be the reason of the reconciliation; but we do not know. Perhaps it is only the cry of a little baby sounding through the window of the hotel; perhaps only the echo of one that no one else can hear.

Here, then, good friends, is the new tent in Vanity Fair. Walk up, one and all, and see the curiosities! Some in rags, some in tags, and some in velvet gowns! But don't crowd too closely! Don't crowd! Because if you do, you might see through the costumes and find out that all the exhibits, high and low, shallow and deep, rich and poor, happy and unhappy, surfeited with love and dying of heart-hunger, were only human beings like the rest of us. It would never do in the world for us to see that we ourselves belong in Vanity Fair, and that even in this newest tent of all there are only human folks like you and me.

ESMOND IN NEW ENGLAND

OFTEN we saw, at Sunday evening meeting,

The squire's young widow, in her bonnet gray,
Wistfully singing from the ancient psalm-book;
Her lips might sing; her eyes seemed still to pray.

On that spring Sunday of the middle sixties,
Peering in sermon through the narrow pane,
We saw a soldier cloaked, with boyish footsteps
Hurry along the still and moonlit lane.

Four years ago enlisted from the hayfield,
Long had he lain in Libby, ransomless;
And, freed at last, had followed great Ulysses
Through the blind battles of the Wilderness.

Now, as he came and darkened that low doorway,
The sermon done, the choir began to sing
How when the Lord turned back the curse of Zion,
Homeward the wanderer his sheaves would bring.

He heard them not, for all his heart looked upward,
Where, in the shadow of the gallery-rail,
He saw the white, sweet profile of his lady,
Like the young soldier in the immortal tale!

Only he waited not the anthem's closing,
But mounted by the dim and spiral stair.
She looked—she saw, and ceased her wistful singing,
So sudden came the answer to her prayer!

Wedded they were, and long ago went westward;
But when within their prairie home I stood,
Still did he seem the shade of *Henry Esmond*,
And she our village *Lady Castlewood*.

Sarah N. Cleghorn

THE MARVELOUS GROWTH OF THE AUTOMOBILE INDUSTRY IN AMERICA

BY WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY

TWELVE years ago, when the Dingley tariff bill was adopted, the automobile was such an insignificant commodity that it was tucked away in the schedule of "manufactured metal." It was not important enough for a separate classification.

Even ten years ago, an automobile was a good deal of a curiosity in the United States. There were not more than twelve hundred in use in the entire country, and only about twice as many in Europe. As you read this, probably not less than a hundred thousand chauffeurs are in the act of starting or stopping their machines on American streets and roads, and hundreds of dignified men—who perhaps shied at the very word "automobile" a decade ago—are on their knees or backs curing tire troubles, or struggling with recalcitrant gears, carbureters, and sparking-plugs.

The latest statistics report two hundred and fifty thousand automobiles in use in the United States. Allowing an average of four persons to each machine, there is an army of a million people moving around on pneumatic wheels. Where it took the first public automobile-parade not more than ten minutes to pass a given point, ten years ago, the cars owned to-day in the State of New York alone would take from sunrise to sunset to do it, going constantly at eight miles an hour; for there are eighty thousand of them.

In 1895 there were only five concerns in the United States with the temerity to attempt the manufacture of self-propelled vehicles. Their output for that year was seventy cars, representing a value of one hundred and fifty-seven thousand dollars. One company alone

will make thirty thousand cars next year, another twenty thousand, a third twelve thousand, and two others ten thousand each. The total output of the American manufacturers for 1910 is estimated at two hundred thousand machines. In dollars, the value of that product, if the manufacturers' plans are realized, will be between two hundred and twenty-five millions and two hundred and fifty millions.

When one takes a bird's-eye view of the progress of the automobile industry during the past decade, he is put to it for an adjective big enough to express his comprehension of the wonderful picture. It is as if the Magi had been at work with "brushes of comets' hair."

IN THE DAYS OF THE PIONEERS

In the late nineties, capital was skeptical about motor-cars, and inventive genius had barely enough money to put its dreams into working models. There were prophets, but for the most part they were penniless and without honor. John Brisben Walker was one of the prophets, and he backed his vision of the new vehicle's future with purse and pen. He moved his publishing-business from New York to Irvington, established a small automobile-factory there, and persistently preached that the day of the fulfilment of Mother Shipton's famous prophecy was at hand. Being a prophet, he was, of course, ahead of his time.

With the Dingley tariff assessing a duty of forty-five per cent ad valorem on "manufactured metal," and with a charge of about five per cent for freight against importers, capital loosened its purse-strings to the American manufacturers. The year 1898 saw

twenty-five companies, capitalized at two million dollars, in active business. The following year the number had risen to thirty, which produced six hundred cars, worth nearly thirteen hundred thousand dollars. These figures seem mean and paltry in the light of what has since come to pass. To-day there are two hundred and seventy-five busy concerns, with a capitalization of three hundred millions, including all the essential kindred branches of automobile-manufacturing.

All told, in round numbers, there have been six hundred companies organized in the past ten years. Like all other industries of modern evolution, the automobile has been made to suffer from wild-cattling and exploiting adventurers, but most of its pillars are now planted on bed-rock. Its manufacture had become a great staple industry, employing an army of one hundred and twenty-five thousand workers, and pouring one hundred million dollars in wages annually into the economic life of the country.

The year 1899 will ever remain a notable one in the history of the automobile in America. The United States was boasting of having produced six hundred cars! The handful of scorned prophets, owners, and experimenters decided that the time had come when they were strong enough to organize against the jeering populace. On Wednesday, June 7, a public meeting was called at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York, and as a result of that gathering the National Automobile Club of America was chartered on the following August 6.

THE FIRST PARADES AND RACES

On November 4 of the same year, the first public automobile-parade in the United States was held. It consisted of thirty-four pleasure-cars, a delivery-wagon, and a motor-cycle. Fifth Avenue paused to laugh as that procession wound its way, with many jerks and halts and losses, from the Waldorf-Astoria, the starting-point, to One Hundred and Tenth Street. The point of destination was the Claremont, on the heights just north of Grant's Tomb. When it came to climbing the sharp grade leading westward to the heights, the parade presented a sorry sight.

Nearly half of the machines could not make the ascent, and had to be anchored on the level, while their occupants used Shanks's mare to get to the dinner with which the "run" was celebrated. The cheapest automobile made to-day can fairly laugh up that grade at high speed.

To Chicago belongs the credit of the earliest attempt at an automobile-race, which dates as far back as November 25, 1895. On that day six cars started over a course of fifty-four miles, from Jackson Park to Evanston and back again, for a prize of five hundred dollars offered by the *Chicago Times-Herald*. Four of the cars—or "motocycles," as contemporary historians called them—were propelled by gasoline-engines, two by electricity. As a race, the affair was almost ludicrous, for only two cars finished, and the winner took ten hours and twenty-three minutes to cover the distance. Contrast that leisurely gait, which a fast walker could outstrip, with the average speeds of sixty and seventy miles an hour recorded in the great road-races of the last few years!

It is fair to add, however, that the course was covered under highly unfavorable conditions, the roads being heavy with mud and snowy slush. "No horse on earth could have made those fifty-four miles," said one of the reporters who saw the race. The new means of locomotion had at least demonstrated its right to existence; and discerning observers could see that while its performance was not yet impressive, its promise for the future was almost unlimited.

In those early days of the industry, progress, for a time, was slow. The New York automobilists did not do much better when they held their first organized "tour" on January 27, 1900. The Waldorf-Astoria was again the starting-place, the objective being Kingsland Point, on the Hudson, twenty-five miles away, where John Brisben Walker had prepared a rendezvous. There were thirteen cars in the "tour," ten of them steamers. Eight managed to arrive at Kingsland Point. Five of the steamers froze on the way.

Yet there was bragging about that "tour." Some of the cars crawled through without a stoppage of their en-

gines, and to do twenty-five miles in one day was still an unusual feat. One cannot help but smile at this when he thinks of the Glidden tour of this year, with a route of more than twenty-five hundred miles covered in eighteen days. In April last, a car finished a ten thousand-mile run without ever having its engines stopped for one second.

A WONDERFUL SERIES OF FIGURES

To get a concrete idea of the growth of the automobile industry in the United States, take the figures of its output. From a production worth \$1,290,000 in 1899, there was an increase to \$16,000,000 in 1903. Thence the record burgeons with figures which one would expect to meet only in romantic fiction. The product of 1904 was \$24,500,000; 1905, \$42,000,000; 1906, \$50,000,000; 1907, \$105,000,000; 1908, \$83,000,000. The estimated output for 1909 is \$135,000,000; and for next year, as I have already said, at least \$225,000,000.

The panic of 1907 caused the failure of fifty-four manufacturing companies, thirty-three more than in the preceding year; but, notwithstanding, trade statisticians assert that the automobile industry stood up better than the cotton, woolen, or shoe industries. The manufacturers who weathered the financial storm, however, were apprehensive, and shortened sail. They were uncertain of the ultimate outcome, most of them believing that the automobile was a luxury; but they awakened suddenly to behold a demonstration that it had become a necessity. They were confronted by an oversold market of from ten thousand to fifteen thousand cars. This oversold condition has become practically a fixed rule of the automobile industry.

France led the world in the production of automobiles up to 1906; but in that year the United States hoisted the banner of supremacy, and since then her foreign competitors—France, England, Germany, and Italy—have been stringing out behind like the tail of a Chinese kite. We still import foreign cars, but we export much more largely than we buy from abroad. In 1902 the United States imported 265 cars, worth \$3,581,990; in 1903, 267, worth \$2,927,508; 1904, 605, worth \$2,240,000; 1905,

1,054, worth \$3,972,298; 1906, 1,433, worth \$5,500,000; 1907, 1,017, worth \$2,930,859; 1908, 1,387, worth \$2,558,819. As to exports, June 30, 1902, showed \$599,927, while on the same date in 1907 and 1908 the totals, respectively, were \$5,502,241 and \$5,277,847.

THE DEMAND FOR LOW-PRICED CARS

The figures which I have used are taken chiefly from the records of the Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers and the American Motor-Car Manufacturers' Association. The estimates for 1910 are given by Mr. Alfred Reeves, manager of the latter body, from figures furnished him in June last, following a month's tour of the manufacturing centers. The estimated output includes one hundred and sixty-five thousand pleasure-cars, thirty thousand high-wheel buggies made by carriage concerns, and five thousand steam and electric carriages and commercial vehicles. The average cost per car will be twelve hundred dollars. Cars below fifteen hundred dollars are in the greatest demand; although, according to Mr. Reeves's reports, there is no decline in the sales of high-priced vehicles.

Mr. Reeves insists that his figures are conservative. He says that manufacturers are relying on two great new purchasing factors—the farmer and the man with the middle-class income. A manufacturer in Anderson, Indiana, informed him that during the past twelve months seventy-five per cent of his twelve-hundred-dollar vehicles had been sold to farmers.

The commercial branch of the automobile industry is practically in its infancy; but, with every day bringing forth new improvements and economies, it is destined to grow into a giant. Everywhere in urban communities animal traction is on the wane. A prophet said to me only a few weeks ago:

"Twenty years from now a horse drawing a truck or delivery-wagon in the streets of New York will be a curiosity."

MOTORS FOR FARM WORK

The farmer is already bending the automobile to agricultural uses in plowing and thrashing. The small dairyman

and the gardener, twenty and thirty miles from their markets, are enabled to make their own deliveries in the cities and towns and get back home in time to put in a profitable day's work, where it used to take them from dawn to dusk to make the round trip.

An enterprising rancher was met in the West recently with his touring-car jacked up and its rear wheels connected by belts to a thrashing-machine. While a party of astounded Eastern visitors was there, the thrashing was finished, and the car was moved to the dairy-house, where it did a big churning in quick-step time. That evening the rancher gave his visitors a thirty-mile run through the surrounding country without making a stop.

With more than two million farmers in the country, there is a big market for motor-driven farm machinery. This new opening has already been recognized by a company in Illinois, which has begun manufacturing.

A GREAT FACTOR IN MODERN PROGRESS

Undoubtedly, when the historians of the future shall come to weigh these times, they will have to count the automobile among the big determining factors of the twentieth century. It would take volumes even to review the effects the self-propelled vehicle has wrought already in the social and economical scheme of the world.

If, through the conduct of careless or reckless persons, the automobile has been made to stand in the imagination of thousands as a life-destroying juggernaut, behold it in the light of a life-saver, carrying physician or surgeon to patients whose needs are urgent. It has been well said that if the automobile had done nothing else than furnish the medical profession with a means of quick transportation, it would still be great. The farmer may now say with the city dweller:

"My doctor lives just around the corner."

With a combination of the automobile and the telephone the wildernesses of the world have been urbanized. The automobile is the moving cause of the good-roads campaign which is sweeping the United States. The development of the

gas-engine for the automobile has given to mankind the long-sought key to aviation, and made the aeroplane and the dirigible balloon no longer dreams, but facts. Inland and coast waters, hitherto commercially impossible of navigation by steam-powered craft, have been opened through experimentation with the automobile engine, and a type has been produced whose possibilities are yet only in a chrysalis state. As for pleasure-craft and war-ships driven by automobile engines, they are busy on the surface and in the depths of the ocean.

THE FAMOUS SELDEN PATENT

Americans are likely to hear much about the development of the gas-engine, during the next year or two, as the result of litigation over what is known as the Selden patent, which is now on the highway to the United States Supreme Court. Millions of dollars hang on the decision of the tribunal of last resort; and it is said that the accumulated evidence and exhibits in the case would fill two standard freight-cars.

In a few words, the history of the Selden patent is this:

On May 8, 1879, George B. Selden, a lawyer of Rochester, New York, applied for a patent for a gas compression-engine for propelling road vehicles. On November 5, 1895, a patent was granted him for "improvement in road engines." He claims that every gas-engine-propelled vehicle manufactured since that time is an infringement of his patent-rights.

There are manufacturers who admit the Selden claim, and who for years have been paying a royalty of one and one-half per cent of the catalogued price of their products to the Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers. A majority of the manufacturers, however, are arrayed in opposition to the claim, and they market their cars under an understanding with the purchaser that they will assume all liability should the law uphold Selden.

THE EARLIEST AUTOMOBILES

To find the germ of the automobile, one has to go back before the beginning of the Christian era. There is a record of a vehicle in Athens for which men

provided the motor-power. Manumotive vehicles were in limited use in China in 1400. In 1625 an English inventor named Ramsey personally presented a petition to King Charles I for a patent on a cart "to carry a great burden without help of horses, and guided by myself." The records fail to disclose what kind of a vehicle Ramsey's was.

Then there was the Nuremberg mechanical carriage, which made its appearance about 1649. Two men propelled it by turning a crank. It carried two heralds, one in front and one behind, who blew on horns to warn pedestrians and traffic of its approach. So, even the familiar "Honk, honk" of these days is not new.

There is an English cartoon of 1829, entitled "Horses Going to the Dogs," showing a steam-gage, or automobile, passing a field in which horses are grazing. In 1836, steam-stages were in operation between Paddington and London. The line was kept up until 1840, and in the first year more than twelve thousand passengers were carried.

With such an outlook as the coming

year presents—an automobile for every two hundred of our adult population—manufacturers are interested more than ever in seeing a law enacted which will place cars under a Federal license, enabling them to tour at will from State to State, subject only to local speed restrictions. Such a law failed of enactment last year only because of an error in the drafting of the necessary bill.

So far as speed records are concerned, many of those standing to-day will be part of the past before the year ends. A three-hundred-thousand-dollar speedway is under construction at Indianapolis. The grounds are a mile long and half a mile wide. The course is to be two and one-half miles long, with the banks on the curves twelve feet high, and the radius so easy that it will not be necessary to reduce speed. Eleven years ago it took the swiftest automobile of that time two minutes to cover a mile. The distance has been done since then in one-fifth of that time; and it may not be long before we shall see three miles covered within a single minute by one of the space-devouring marvels of to-day.

THE TWENTY-FOUR-HOUR RACE

EVERY motor's shooting flumes, and each auto-steerer claims
The machine he's operating is the best;
Every hand is on the lever, trained to use it now or never,
And the fire of speed is burning in each breast.
Greasy caps and ancient sweaters, pretty girls and busy bettors,
And a motley crowd of rail-birds line the track;
While the drivers, clad in leather darkly stained with oil and weather,
Wait, impatient, for the starter's gun to crack.

Bang! They're off, a score or more, with a rattle and a roar,
Sweeping down the dizzy circuit like a flash;
Round and round the livelong night, under arc-lights flaring bright,
Scorching up the oily oval on they dash;
Demons in an endless reel, bending low above the wheel,
Still they keep it up for twice around the clock.
Save when here and there a car imitates a shooting-star,
And impinges on the earth with mighty shock.

Night once more comes on apace, for near midnight ends the race,
And the panting, throbbing monsters rest at last;
There are broken bones, perhaps, but who cares? The final laps
Have been marked with shattered records of the past.
Every chauffeur's grimy face bears the story of the race
Deeply signed with twisted autographs of pain;
But when next the flag goes up for a medal or a cup,
They will all be out and strive to win again!

Minna Irving

FAMOUS AFFINITIES OF HISTORY

X—ABÉLARD AND HÉLOÏSE

BY LYNDON ORR

MANY a woman, amid the transports of passionate and languishing love, has cried out, in a sort of ecstasy:

"I love you as no woman ever loved a man before!"

When she says this, she believes it. Her whole soul is aflame with the ardor of emotion. It really seems to her that no one ever could have loved so much as she.

This cry—spontaneous, untaught, sincere—has become almost one of those conventionalities of amorous expression which belong to the vocabulary of self-abandonment. Every woman who utters it, when torn by the almost terrible extravagance of a great love, believes that no one before her has ever said it, and that in her own case it is absolutely true.

Yet, how many women are really faithful to the end? Very many, indeed, if circumstances admit of easy faithfulness. A high-souled, generous, ardent nature will endure an infinity of disillusionment, of misfortune, of neglect, and even of ill-treatment. Even so, the flame, though it may sink low, can be revived again to burn as brightly as before. But in order that this may be so, it is necessary that the object of such a wonderful devotion be alive, that he be present and visible; or, if he be absent, that there should still exist some hope of renewing the exquisite intimacy of the past.

A man who is sincerely loved may be

compelled to take long journeys which will separate him for an indefinite time from the woman who has given her heart to him, and she will still be constant. He may be imprisoned, perhaps for life, yet there is always the hope of his release or of his escape; and some woman will be faithful to him and will watch for his return. But, given a situation which absolutely bars out hope, which sunders two souls in such a way that they can never be united in this world, and there we have a test so terribly severe that few even of the most loyal and intensely clinging lovers can endure it.

Not that such a situation would lead a woman to turn to any other man than the one to whom she had given her very life; but we might expect that at least her strong desire would cool and weaken. She might cherish his memory among the precious souvenirs of her love-life; but that she should still pour out the same rapturous, unstinted passion as before seems almost too much to believe. The annals of emotion record only one such instance; and so this instance has become known to all, and has been cherished for nearly a thousand years. It involves the story of a woman who did love, perhaps, as no one ever loved before or since; for she was subjected to this cruel test, and she met the test not alone completely, but triumphantly and almost fiercely.

The story is, of course, the story of

EDITOR'S NOTE—This series of articles deals with some of the most interesting personal romances of history, treating them as studies in human nature, and considering the moral problems which they illustrate. Previous articles have dealt with "The Empress Marie Louise and Count Neipperg" (January); "George Eliot and George Henry Lewes" (February); "Antony and Cleopatra" (March); "Byron and the Countess Guiccioli" (April); "Thackeray and Mrs. Brookfield" (May); "Mary Queen of Scots and Lord Bothwell" (June); "John Stuart Mill and Mrs. Taylor" (July); "Léon Gambetta and Léonie Léon" (August); and "Percy Bysshe Shelley and Mary Godwin" (September).

Abélard and Héloïse. It has many times been falsely told. Portions of it have been omitted, and other portions of it have the ambiguities and the doubtful points, and once more to tell it simply, without bias, and with a strict adherence to what



ABÉLARD AND HÉLOÏSE

From the painting by Ferdinand Leek

been garbled. A whole literature has grown up around the subject. It may well be worth our while to clear away

seems to be the truth attested by authentic records.

There is one circumstance connected

with the story which we must specially note. The narrative does something more than set forth the one quite unimpeachable instance of unconquered constancy. It shows how, in the last analysis, that which touches the human heart has more vitality and more enduring interest than what concerns the intellect or those achievements of the human mind which are external to our emotional nature.

ABÉLARD'S BRILLIANT CAREER

Pierre Abélard was undoubtedly the boldest and most creative reasoner of his time. As a wandering teacher, he drew after him thousands of enthusiastic students. He gave a strong impetus to learning. He was a marvelous logician, and an accomplished orator. Among his pupils were men who afterward became prelates of the church and distinguished scholars. In a dark age, when the dictates of reason were almost wholly disregarded, he fought fearlessly for intellectual freedom. He was practically the founder of the University of Paris, which in turn became the mother of medieval and modern universities.

He was, therefore, a great and striking figure in the history of civilization. Nevertheless, he would to-day be remembered only by scholars and students of the Middle Ages, were it not for the fact that he inspired the most enduring love that history records. If Héloïse had never loved him, and if their story had not been so tragic and so poignant, he would be to-day only a name known to but a few. His final resting-place, in the cemetery of Père Lachaise, in Paris, would not be sought out by thousands every year and kept bright with flowers, the gift of those who have themselves both loved and suffered.

Pierre Abélard—or, more fully, Pierre Abélard de Palais—was a native of Brittany, born in the year 1079. His father was a knight, the lord of the manor; but Abélard cared little for the life of a petty noble; and so he gave up his seigniorial rights to his brothers, and went forth to become, first of all a student, and then a public lecturer and teacher.

His student days ended abruptly in Paris. In that city he had enrolled himself as the pupil of a distinguished philosopher, Guillaume de Champeaux; but one

day Abélard engaged in a disputation with his master. His wonderful combination of eloquence, logic, and originality utterly routed and silenced Champeaux, who was thus humiliated in the presence of his disciples. He was the first of the many enemies that Abélard was destined to make in his long and stormy career. From that moment the young Breton himself set up as a teacher of philosophy, and the brilliancy of his discourses soon drew to him great throngs of students from all over Europe.

Before proceeding with the story of Abélard, it is well to reconstruct, however slightly, a picture of the times in which he lived. It was an age when western Europe was but partly civilized. Pedantry and learning of the most minute sort existed side by side with the most violent excesses of medieval barbarism. The church had undertaken the gigantic task of subduing and enlightening the semi-pagan peoples of France and Germany and England.

When we look back at that period, some will unjustly censure Rome for not controlling more completely the savagery of the medievals. More fairly should we wonder at the great measure of success which had already been achieved. The leaven of a true Christianity was working in the half-pagan populations. It had not yet completely reached the nobles and the knights, or even all the ecclesiastics who served it, and who were consecrated to its mission. Thus, amid a sort of political chaos, were seen the glaring evils of feudalism. Kings and princes and their followers lived the lives of swine or tigers. Private blood-feuds were regarded lightly. There was as yet no single central power. Every man carried his life in his hand, trusting to sword and dagger for protection.

The cities were still mere hamlets clustered around great castles or fortified cathedrals. In Paris itself, the network of dark lanes, ill lighted and unguarded, was the scene of midnight murder and assassination. In the winter-time, wolves infested the town by night. Men-at-arms, with torches and spears, often had to march out from their barracks to assail the snarling, yelping packs of savage animals that hunger drove from the surrounding forests.

Paris of the twelfth century was typical of France itself, which was harried by human wolves intent on rapine and wanton plunder. There were great schools of theology; but the students who attended them fought and slashed one another. If a man's life was threatened, he must protect it by his own strength, or by gathering about him a band of friends. No one was safe. No one was tolerant. Very few were free from the grosser vices. Even in some of the religious houses, the brothers would meet at night for unseemly revels, splashing the stone floors with wine, and shrieking in a delirium of drunkenness. The rules of the church enjoined temperance, continence, and celibacy; but the decrees of Leo IX and Nicholas II and Alexander II and Gregory were only partially observed.

In fact, Europe was in a state of chaos—political and moral and social. Only very slowly was order emerging from sheer anarchy. We must remember this when we recall some facts which meet us in the story of Abélard and Héloïse.

THE PERSONALITY OF ABÉLARD

The jealousy of Champeaux drove Abélard for a time from Paris. He taught and lectured at several other centers of learning, always admired, and yet at the same time denounced by many for his advocacy of reason as against blind faith. During the years of his wandering, he came to have a wide knowledge of the world and of human nature. If we try to imagine him as he was in his thirty-fifth year, we shall find in him a remarkable combination of attractive qualities.

It must be remembered that though, in a sense, he was an ecclesiastic, he had not yet been ordained to the priesthood, but was rather a canon—a person who did not belong to any religious order, though he was supposed to live according to a definite set of religious rules and as a member of a religious community. Abélard, however, made rather light of his churchly associations. He was at once an accomplished man of the world and a profound scholar. There was nothing of the recluse about him. He mingled with his fellow men, whom

he dominated by the charm of his personality. He was eloquent, ardent, and persuasive. He could turn a delicate compliment as skilfully as he could elaborate a syllogism. His rich voice had in it a seductive quality which was never without its effect.

Handsome and well formed, he possessed as much vigor of body as of mind. Nor were his accomplishments entirely those of the scholar. He wrote dainty verses, which he also set to music, and which he sang himself with a rare skill. Some have called him "the first of the troubadours," and many who cared nothing for his skill in logic admired him for his gifts as a musician and a poet. Altogether, he was one to attract attention wherever he went, for none could fail to recognize his power.

It was soon after his thirty-fifth year that he returned to Paris, where he was welcomed by thousands. With much tact, he reconciled himself to his enemies, so that his life now seemed to be full of promise and of sunshine.

It was at this time that he became acquainted with a very beautiful young girl named Héloïse. She was only eighteen years of age, yet already she possessed not only beauty but many accomplishments which were then quite rare in women, since she both wrote and spoke a number of languages, and, like Abélard, was a lover of music and poetry. Héloïse was the illegitimate daughter of a canon of patrician blood; so that she is said to have been a worthy representative of the noble house of the Montmorencys—famous throughout French history for chivalry and charm.

Up to this time we do not know precisely what sort of a life Abélard had lived in private. His enemies declared that he had squandered his substance in vicious ways. His friends denied this, and represented him as strict and chaste. The truth probably lies between these two assertions. He was naturally a pleasure-loving man of the world, who may very possibly have relieved his severer studies by occasional revelry and light love. It is not at all likely that he was addicted to gross passions and low practises.

But such as he was, when he first saw Héloïse, he conceived for her a violent

attachment. Carefully guarded in the house of her uncle, Fulbert, it was difficult at first for Abélard to meet her, save in the most casual way; yet every time that he heard her exquisite voice, and watched her graceful manners, he became more and more infatuated. His studies suddenly seemed tame and colorless beside the fierce scarlet flame which blazed up in his heart.

Nevertheless, it was because of these studies, and of his great reputation as a scholar, that he managed to obtain access to Héloïse. He flattered her uncle, and made a chance proposal that he should himself become an inmate of Fulbert's household in order that he might teach this girl of so much promise. Such an offer, coming from so brilliant a man, was joyfully accepted.

ABÉLARD AND HIS FAIR PUPIL

From that time Abélard could visit Héloïse without restraint. He was her teacher, and the two spent hours together, nominally in the study of Greek and Hebrew; but doubtless very little was said between them upon such unattractive subjects. On the contrary, with all his wide experience of life, his eloquence, his perfect manners, and his fascination, Abélard put forth his power to captivate the senses of a girl still in her teens and quite ignorant of the world. As Rémusat says, he employed to win her the genius which had overwhelmed all the great centers of learning in the western world.

It was then that the pleasures of knowledge, the joys of thought, the emotions of eloquence, were all called into play to charm and move and plunge into a profound and strange intoxication this noble and tender heart which had never known either love or sorrow. . . . One can imagine that everything helped on the inevitable end. Their studies gave them opportunities to see each other freely, and also permitted them to be alone together. Then their books lay open between them; but either long periods of silence stilled their reading, or else words of deepening intimacy made them forget their studies altogether. The eyes of the two lovers turned from the book to mingle their glances, and then to turn away in a confusion that was conscious.

Hand would touch hand, apparently by accident; and when conversation

ceased, Abélard would often hear the long, quivering sigh which showed the strange, half-frightened and yet exquisite joy which Héloïse experienced.

It was not long before the girl's heart had been wholly won. Transported by her emotion, she met the caresses of her lover with those as unrestrained as his. Her very innocence deprived her of the protection which older women would have had. All was given freely, and even wildly, by Héloïse; and all was taken by Abélard, who afterward himself declared:

"The pleasure of teaching her to love surpassed the delightful fragrance of all the perfumes in the world."

Yet these two could not always live in a paradise which was entirely their own. The world of Paris took notice of their close association. Some poems written to Héloïse by Abélard, as if in letters of fire, were found, and shown to Fulbert, who, until this time, had suspected nothing. Angrily he ordered Abélard to leave his house. He forbade his niece to see her lover any more.

But the two could not be separated; and, indeed, there was good reason why they should still cling together. Secretly Héloïse left her uncle's house, and fled through the narrow lanes of Paris to the dwelling of Abélard's sister, Denyse, where Abélard himself was living. There, presently, the young girl gave birth to a son, who was named Astrolabe, after an instrument used by astronomers, since both the father and the mother felt that the offspring of so great a love should have no ordinary name.

Fulbert was furious, and rightly so. His hospitality had been outraged and his niece dishonored. He insisted that the pair should at once be married. Here was revealed a certain weakness in the character of Abélard. He consented to the marriage, but insisted that it should be kept an utter secret.

A MARVEL OF UNSELFISH LOVE

Oddly enough, it was Héloïse herself who objected to becoming the wife of the man she loved. Unselfishness could go no farther. She saw that, were he to marry her, his advancement in the church would be almost impossible; for, while

the very minor clergy sometimes married in spite of the papal bulls, matrimony was becoming a fatal bar to ecclesiastical promotion. And so Héloïse pleaded pitifully, both with her uncle and with Abélard, that there should be no marriage. She would rather bear all manner of disgrace than stand in the way of Abélard's advancement.

He has himself given some of the words in which she pleaded with him:

What glory shall I win from you, when I have made you quite inglorious and have humbled both of us? What vengeance will the world inflict on me if I deprive it of one so brilliant? What curses will follow such a marriage? How outrageous would it be that you, whom nature created for the universal good, should be devoted to one woman and plunged into such disgrace? I loathe the thought of a marriage which would humiliate you.

Indeed, every possible effort which another woman in her place would employ to make him marry her, she used in order to dissuade him. Finally, her sweet face streaming with tears, she uttered that tremendous sentence which makes one really think that she loved him as no other woman ever loved a man. She cried out, in an agony of self-sacrifice:

"I would rather be your mistress than the wife even of an emperor!"

Nevertheless, the two were married, and Abélard returned to his lecture-room and to his studies. For months they met but seldom. Meanwhile, however, the taunts and innuendos directed against Héloïse so irritated Fulbert that he broke his promise of secrecy, and told his friends that Abélard and Héloïse were man and wife. They went to Héloïse for confirmation. Once more she showed, in an extraordinary way, the depth of her devotion.

"I am no wife," she said. "It is not true that Abélard has married me. My uncle merely tells you this to save my reputation."

They asked her whether she would swear to this; and, without a moment's hesitation, this pure and noble woman took an oath upon the Scriptures that there had been no marriage.

Fulbert was enraged by this. He ill-treated Héloïse, and, furthermore, he for-

bade Abélard to visit her. The girl, therefore, again left her uncle's house and betook herself to a convent just outside of Paris, where she assumed the habit of a nun as a disguise. There Abélard continued, from time to time, to meet her.

FULBERT'S TERRIBLE REVENGE

When Fulbert heard of this, he put his own interpretation on it. He believed that Abélard intended to ignore the marriage altogether, and that possibly he might even marry some other woman. In any case, he now hated Abélard with all his heart; and he resolved to take a fearful and unnatural vengeance, which would at once prevent his enemy from making any other marriage, while at the same time it would debar him from ecclesiastical preferment.

To carry out his plot, Fulbert first bribed a man who was the body-servant of Abélard, watching at the door of his room each night. Then he hired the services of four ruffians. After Abélard had retired and was deep in slumber, the treacherous valet unbarred the door. The hirelings of Fulbert entered and fell upon the sleeping man. Three of them bound him fast, while the fourth, with a razor, inflicted on him the most shameful mutilation that is possible, and one that is doubly horrible to a husband and a lover. Then, extinguishing the lights, the wretches slunk away and were lost in darkness, leaving behind their victim bound to his couch, uttering cries of torment and bathed in his own blood.

It is a shocking story, and yet it is intensely characteristic of the lawless and barbarous era in which it happened. Early the next morning the news flew rapidly through Paris. The city hummed like a bee-hive. Citizens and students and ecclesiastics poured into the street and surrounded the house of Abélard.

"Almost the entire city," says Fulques, as quoted by McCabe, "went clamoring toward his house. Women wept as if each one had lost her husband."

Unmanned though he was, Abélard still retained enough of the spirit of his time to seek vengeance. He, in his turn, employed ruffians whom he set upon the track of those who had assaulted him. The treacherous valet and one of Ful-

bert's hirelings were run down, seized, and mutilated precisely as Abélard had been; and their eyes were blinded. A third was lodged in prison. Fulbert himself was accused before one of the church courts, which alone had power to punish an ecclesiastic, and all his goods were confiscated.

But, meantime, how did it fare with Héloïse? Her grief was greater than his own, while her love and her devotion were absolutely undiminished. But Abélard now showed a selfishness—and indeed, a meanness—far beyond any that he had before exhibited. Héloïse could no more be his wife. He made it plain that he put no trust in her fidelity. He was unwilling that she should live in the world while he could not; and so he told her sternly that she must take the veil and bury herself forever in a nunnery.

The pain and shame which she experienced at this came wholly from the fact that evidently Abélard did not trust her. Long afterward she wrote:

God knows I should not have hesitated, at your command, to precede or to follow you to hell itself!

It was his distrust that cut her to the heart. Still, her love for him was so intense that she obeyed his order. Soon after she took the vows; and in the convent-chapel, shaken with sobs, she knelt before the altar and assumed the veil of a cloistered nun. Abélard himself put on the black tunic of a Benedictine monk, and entered the Abbey of St. Denis.

THE HUMILIATION OF ABÉLARD

It is unnecessary here to follow out all the details of the lives of Abélard and Héloïse after this heart-rending scene. Abélard passed through many years of strife and disappointment, and even of humiliation; for on one occasion, just as he had silenced Guillaume de Champeaux, so he himself was silenced and put to rout by Bernard of Clairvaux—"a frail, tense, absorbed, dominant little man, whose face was white and worn with suffering," but in whose eyes there was a light of supreme strength. Bernard represented pure faith, as Abélard represented pure reason; and the two men met before a great council to match their respective powers.

Bernard, with fiery eloquence, brought a charge of heresy against Abélard; and he did so in an oration which was like a charge of cavalry. When he had concluded, Abélard rose with an ashen face, stammered, faltered out a few words, and then sat down. He was condemned by the council, and his works were ordered to be burned.

All his later life was one of misfortune, of humiliation, and even of personal danger. The reckless monks whom he tried to rule rose fiercely against him. His life was threatened. He betook himself to a desolate and lonely place, where he built for himself a hut of reeds and rushes, hoping to spend his final years in meditation. But there were many who had not forgotten his ability as a teacher. These flocked by hundreds to the desert place where he abode. His hut was surrounded by tents and rude hovels, built by his scholars for their shelter.

Thus Abélard resumed his teaching, though in a very different frame of mind. In time he built a structure of wood and stone, which he called the Paraclete, some remains of which can still be seen.

THE FIDELITY OF HÉLOÏSE

All this time no word had passed between him and Héloïse. But, presently, Abélard wrote and gave to the world a curious and exceedingly frank book, which he called "The Story of My Misfortunes." A copy of it reached the hands of Héloïse, and she at once sent to Abélard the first of a series of letters which have remained unique in the literature of love.

Ten years had passed, and yet the woman's heart was as faithful and as full of yearning as on the day when the two had parted. It has been said that the letters are not genuine, and they must be read with this assertion in mind; yet it is difficult to believe that any one, save Héloïse herself, could have flung a human soul into such frankly passionate utterances, or that any imitator could have done the work.

In her first letter, which was sent to Abélard written upon parchment, she said:

At thy command I would change, not merely my costume, but my very soul, so

entirely art thou the sole possessor of my body and my spirit. Never, God is my witness, never have I sought anything in thee but thyself; I have sought thee, and not thy gifts. I have not looked to the marriage-bond or dowry.

She begged him to write to her, and to lead her to God, as once he had led her into the mysteries of pleasure. Abélard answered in a letter, friendly to be sure, but formal—the letter of a priest to a cloistered nun. The opening words of it are characteristic of the whole:

To Héloïse, his sister in Christ, from Abélard, her brother in Him.

The letter was a long one, but throughout the whole of it the writer's tone was cold and prudent. Its very coldness roused her soul to a passionate revolt. Her second letter bursts forth in a sort of anguish:

How hast thou been able to frame such thoughts, dearest? How hast thou found words to convey them? Oh, if I dared but call God cruel to me! Oh, most wretched of all creatures that I am! So sweet did I find the pleasures of our loving days that I cannot bring myself to reject them, or to banish them from my memory. Wheresoever I go, they thrust themselves upon my vision, and rekindle the old desire.

But Abélard knew only too well that not in this life could there be anything save spiritual love between himself and Héloïse. He wrote to her again and again, always in the same remote and unimpassioned way. He tells her about the history of monasticism, and discusses with her matters of theology and ethics; but he never writes one word to feed the flame that is consuming her. The woman understood at last; and by degrees her letters became as calm as his—suffused, however, with a tenderness and feeling which show that in her heart of hearts she was still entirely given to him.

After some years Abélard left his dwelling at the Paraclete, and there was founded there a religious house of which Héloïse became the abbess. All the world respected her for her sweetness, her wisdom, and the purity of her character. She made friends as easily as Abélard made enemies. Even Bernard, who had overthrown her husband, sought

out Héloïse to ask for her advice and counsel.

Abélard died while on his way to Rome, whither he was journeying in order to undergo a penalty; and his body was brought back to the Paraclete, where it was entombed. Over it, for twenty-two years, Héloïse watched with tender care; and when she died, her body was laid beside that of her lover.

THE GRAVE IN PÈRE LACHAISE

To-day their bones are mingled as she would have desired them to be mingled. The stones of their tomb in the great cemetery of Père Lachaise were brought to Paris from the ruins of the Paraclete, and above the sarcophagus are two recumbent figures, the whole being the work of the artist, Alexandre Lenoir, who died in 1836. The figure representing Héloïse is not, however, an authentic likeness. The model for it was a lady belonging to a noble family of France, and the figure itself was brought to Père Lachaise from the ancient Collège de Beauvais.

The letters of Héloïse have been read and imitated throughout the whole of the last nine centuries. Some have found in them the utterances of a woman whose love of love was greater than her love of God, and whose intensity of passion nothing could subdue; and so these have condemned her. But others, like Chateaubriand, have more truly seen in them a pure and noble spirit to whom fate had been very cruel; and who was, after all, writing to the man who had been her lawful husband.

Some of the most famous imitations of her letters are those in the ancient poem entitled, "The Romance of the Rose," written by Jean de Meung, in the thirteenth century; and in modern times her first letter was paraphrased by Alexander Pope, and in French by Colardeau. There exist in English half a dozen translations of them, with Abélard's replies. It is interesting to remember that practically all the other writings of Abélard remained unpublished and unedited until a very recent period. He was a remarkable figure as a philosopher and scholar; but the world cares for him only because he was loved by Héloïse.

THE TAMING OF PAPRIKA

BY IZOLA FORRESTER

ILLUSTRATED BY MAYNARD DIXON

THERE was a fight on out in front of Connover's.

"It's Dicky Madigan and Big Charbonnier!" a running boy yelled back to Tom Mason. "Girl fight!"

Tod slipped slowly and regretfully down from his cool perch on the fence, and slouched leisurely along after the crowd. By the time he reached it, the two fighters had broken away and stood facing each other, head down, fists back. Dicky's soiled face was grim with the taut muscles of the fighting male as he thrust it forward at the big Canadian.

"Will you take her, will you take her now?"

"Yes, I will. You listen to what I say—"

"I don't give a darn what you say!" Dicky tried to get at him, away from Tod's grip. "Tod, you let me go! We've been pals, him and me, haven't we, for five years and more? Haven't I always acted on the level with you, Jack? Never did you in any way, did I? Stood by you, didn't I? Fought for you, worked for you, shared with you like for like when I had it? But when it comes to this girl, you've got to keep off, you understand?"

Charbonnier threw back his big, blond head, and laughed.

"Keep off? I've as good a right as you or any other man to go with her!"

He hesitated. He was French-Canadian, and men of his blood, in a man fight, shield the name of the woman they love.

"Sure he has, Dicky," said Tod soothingly, as the boy tried to strain away from his grip.

"He has not!" yelled Dicky. "She said she'd go with me! Then he come down, and got her away!"

Charbonnier shrugged his shoulders.

"And I will take her to-night."

"You do!" Dicky's face was dead white. "You take her if you like, but if you take her home afterward, Charbonnier, I'll kill you dead!"

The ring closed in a bit tighter, with a perceptible increase of interest. Charbonnier looked moodily down at the young, tense face. His tone was low and almost kind.

"She goes with me to-night to the dance—understand? And she goes home afterward escorted by me—Charbonnier, nobody else. Understand? You make trouble, Dicky, you try to take her home, and I'll kill you!"

"Say, boys!" Tod gave Charbonnier a gentle tap on the chest that sent him back to a safe distance. "This is sure a shame. Who's the girl?"

The two men were silent. Tod caught the name from some one in the crowd.

"Winnetka?" he repeated. "Seems like everybody in this town's getting stung by this here honey-bee named Winnetka. 'Cepting me. I never did take to taming wildcats when there's so many peaceable and domestic animals close at hand." The crowd waited on Tod's lazy deliberation. He hitched up his belt languidly, one hand still hanging on to Dicky's shoulder. "I hate to interfere, but it certainly seems like an awful waste of good material, letting you boys chaw each other up over a dash of paprika!"

Something stung across his face, something sharp and cutting and well placed. He turned quickly. Winnetka stood there, panting from her run up the street—angry, indignant, taking in the situation at a glance from her big dark eyes.

"Like it?" she asked, sizing up Tod's

lanky figure from boot to hat-brim. "Like the paprika?"

Tod took in her appearance with a calmly measuring glance that missed no detail, even to the bunch of scarlet berries tucked over one small ear under the brim of her peaked Mexican hat.

"You the cause of this here man-eating proposition?" he asked delicately.

Winnetka laughed. She looked at Charbonnier, then at Dicky, and still laughed.

"Who you going with to-night?" Tod inquired.

"That's none of your business, Mr. Todhunter Mason," she flashed back instantly at him. "I go with whom I please!"

"Do you?" Tod grinned placidly. "Say, girl, you're certainly scattering damage over this fair land."

She turned her back on him. Dicky stood helplessly staring after them, as Charbonnier walked away with her.

"He can take her!" Dicky broke down, and pounded the adjacent air. "He can take her, but I'll kill him dead if he goes home with her!"

Tod said nothing, merely stared at a spray of red berries that lay trampled at their feet.

II

THEY won't even let you smoke in Connover's on Saturday night. Not that anybody objects, only it's hard to shoot straight in a smoky room. You're liable to hit the wrong target.

Charbonnier came in late. Dicky watched the grand entrée from a window-sill beside Tod, saying nothing, just waiting. Twice, three times Winnetka passed them, on Charbonnier's arm, talking fast and sweet, laughing too much, but they did not appear to notice her; and then, all at once, without apparent premeditation, Tod slid down from his seat, and walked across the floor.

Three minutes later there was a fresh shuffle of the cards of fate, and the deal left matters some twisted. Winnetka stopped dancing when she saw Tod, tall, loose-limbed, nonchalant, and slow of speech. He halted in front of her.

"I'd like a dance with you mighty well. Any objections?"

Charbonnier's jaw projected at the general landscape; and he scowled. Over at the other end of the room Dicky turned his head just in time to see the two whirl by, Winnetka in Tod's arms, dancing, as she always did, recklessly, joyously, vivid and full of life as some scarlet, wind-tossed flower out on the hills.

Suddenly Charbonnier went out into the night. Dicky got down hastily from the window; but as he started for the girl, she passed out of doors on Tod's arm, laughing.

Then several things happened to disturb the nocturnal peace of the town of Jumping Frog. Just out of range of the light from Connover's doorway stood Tod's black-and-white pony, its bridle loose and trailing on the ground. It lifted its head and started for Tod. He did not stop for explanations; but swung the girl up to the saddle, and was after her before the flying shot from Charbonnier's revolver could find its mark.

Straight out of town they went on a dead run, with every man from Connover's chasing after them. Tod knew his way. A mile and a half from town he crossed the creek-bed, dry and marshy in midsummer, and took the trail that led northward over the open range.

"You let me go!" gasped the girl, swaying back from his grasp. "You let me go! I'll kill you!"

"Do it," Tod returned briefly. He shook his head free from the long strands of her unbound hair that blew back like a whip-lash across his face. "You've started enough damage for one woman. You need a boss!"

Then he explained to her the difference between a kidnaping and an elopement—explained it quite kindly, after that first race, when they had left the crowd behind, and the way lay straight and clear under the starlit sky. He told her how he wouldn't have her himself as a free gift.

"But I wasn't going to stand around and let you play with those two boys' lives—no, ma'am! You've got to make up your mind which of the two you're going to make miserable the rest of his natural life, that's all. I'll give you one week to do it in. I'm taking you direct to my own cabin yonder in the hills, and

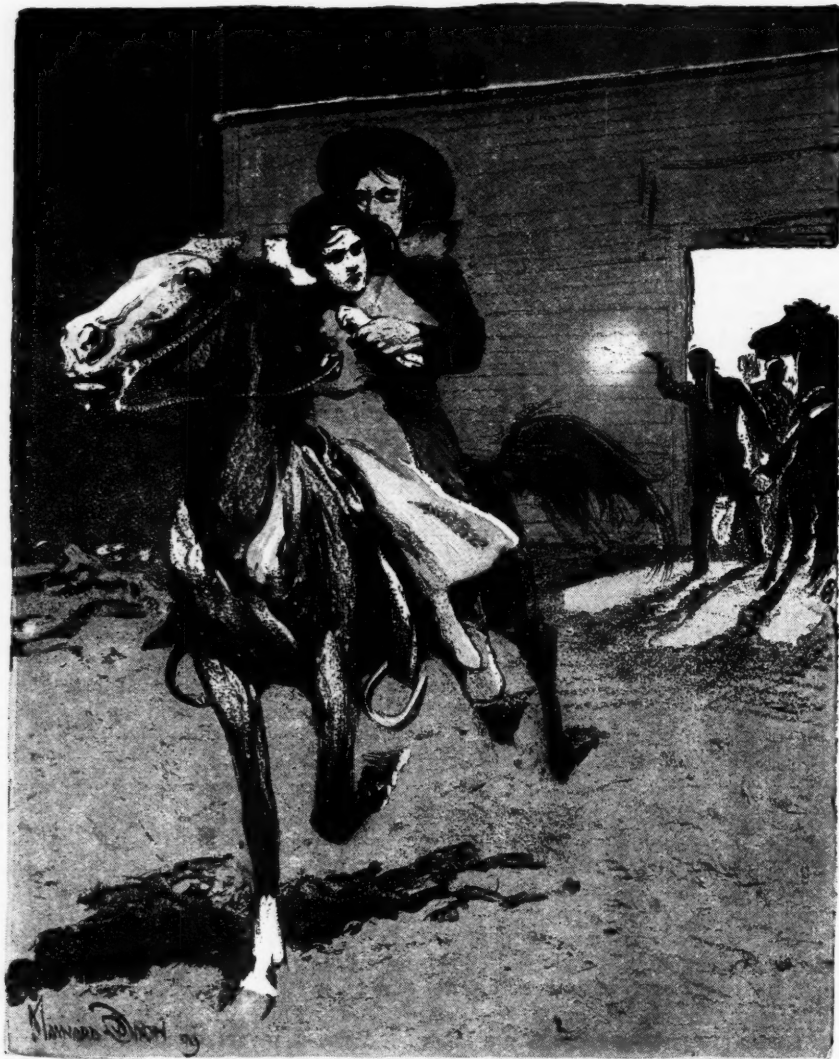
"I'm going to make you stay there till you've decided. Understand?"

She didn't believe him—not then.

III

It was a quiet and secluded spot, Tod's cabin in the hills. Winnetka stood

"You'll find things handy," Tod assured her cheerfully. "I'm going to lock you in for the first few days, till you've sort of slept off your feelings. Chaska'll cook for you. She's seven hundred years old, Chaska is, and a real smart shot yet—oh, yes!" He grinned



TOD SWUNG THE GIRL UP TO THE SADDLE, AND WAS AFTER HER BEFORE THE FLYING SHOT FROM CHARBONNIER'S REVOLVER COULD FIND ITS MARK

in the center of the one-room shack, her arms folded on her breast, her nose held high, as she took in the entire outfit with one sweeping glance of contempt.

in a satisfied way at the old Shoshone squaw. "Better be good, Paprika!"

Three times, in the days that followed, the girl tried to get away; but always she

found the squaw half asleep in the cool shade just beyond the cabin-door. Every morning Tod brought fresh water to them from the spring, and swung off his hat to her with a cheery greeting, yet she said not one word to him. She hated him—with all her heart she hated him!

When she finally told him so in a burst of passion he laughed.

"There's no call for personal feelings, Paprika. I told you that before. Any time at all when you feel like traveling back to Jumping Frog, you're welcome. I don't care whether you hate me or not. It ain't up to me in this affair. It's you and Dicky and Charbonnier. Why, you ought to know that you can't spoil a pair like that. They're pals—understand? No, of course you don't understand. You're just a fool girl, Paprika! You think you can string along a couple of pals like that; land one or both in a nasty hole, and lean back your head and giggle over it, 'cause you're so almighty fascinating. Think a few dead men, more or less, are so many scalps in your belt, don't you? Yes, you do, too! You needn't get so mad when I tell you the truth."

"Oh, but I do hate you!"

She looked him straight in the eyes, and for the first time Tod flushed uneasily.

"I suppose you do," he said regretfully. "Well, I don't like you very well myself."

"I wish you were dead!" she cried passionately, throwing herself down on the ground.

They had walked from the cabin to the gray pile of rocks that overlooked the ravine at the back. The sunset threw long rays of gold and crimson through the tree-tops overhead. Tod noticed for the first time that she was sobbing.

"If you'd just make up your mind,

girl," he said persuasively. "I don't want to make you act up like that. I didn't mean what I said about you. All I cared about was getting you out of the way, don't you see? We three men had worked together on the same place—we was pals, and it just couldn't happen. If you'd just make up your mind!"

Winnetka sat up, and pushed her hair back from her face.

"I've made it up," she cried bitterly.

"Oh, yes, I've made it up good and plenty, Mr. Tod Mason! I won't marry either one, do you hear? I hate them both. I never did love them."

Tod looked down at her in puzzled wonderment.

"Didn't you, Paprika? Now, ain't that sure too bad? And me taking all that trouble for nothing!"

There was silence in the place. From somewhere near by the black-and-white pony sent out a wistful whinny. Tod was busy readjusting the universe.

"Looks exactly as if my good intentions had gone up in smoke, Paprika. Mind if I call you that?"

"I don't mind anything!"

"Then what you crying about? I'm going to take you back. I'll take you back to-night, if you say so, girl."

Winnetka said nothing. She was gazing off at the southern trail, which dipped down the ravine. Along the narrow path came ponies in single file, and at their head rode Dicky Madigan and Jack Charbonnier, stanch friends and allies, seeking the kidnaper of Winnetka.

Looking from the advancing crowd to Winnetka's upturned face, Tod suddenly realized the gravity of the situation. He bent down quickly and kissed her.

And the posse from Jumping Frog, hearing the news, rode back nineteen miles after a preacher.

A SAILOR AMID THE HILLS

WHAT does he hear in dreams? The surging wind,
Its long-drawn cadence, its wild harmony,
A mighty harp of infinite strings designed,
Whose sound to him seems sweet immeasurably?
Nay, nay, but through the spaces of his mind,
Plangent or pleading, loud or low-defined,
The immemorial murmur of the sea!

Clinton Scollard

THE PURSUIT

A ROMANCE OF TO-DAY

BY FRANK SAVILE

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON GRANT

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED

JOHAN AYLMEY, a young English officer from Gibraltar, is at Tangier on his way to the Tent Club at Awara, fifteen miles inland. In the old Moorish city he rescues a little American boy whom an Arab is trying to abduct, and returns the child to its guardian, a handsome young American woman.

Arrived at the Tent Club, Aylmer and his friend, Paul Rattier, captain of the *Diomède*, a French man-of-war, join in a boar hunt; and for the second time the Englishman saves the little American boy, who, straying to the field of the hunt, is charged by a wounded boar. He now finds that the boy's name is John Aylmer—the same as his own; and he infers that the child must be the son of his cousin, Lord Landon, who was married nine years before to a New York heiress, and whose cruelty and misconduct have since driven his wife to secure a divorce.

The young woman who has the boy in charge, learning that Aylmer is Landon's cousin, views him with unconcealed suspicion and aversion.

V (Continued)

THE lines of the girl's face remained unsoftened. Her fierce grip on the child's shoulder did not relax.

"And this Frenchman—this Captain Rattier?" she asked. "What of him?"

His eyebrows expressed the intensity of his amazement.

"Paul Rattier is my distant cousin," he answered. "No finer gentleman walks the earth." He paused for a moment. "Is it permitted to inquire why you suspect—strangers?"

She did not answer him. An abstraction, real or feigned, seemed to have seized her. She stared out over his head as if she weighed problems—debated evidence—sought conclusions.

It was the child who roused her into attention. He laughed, clapped his hands, and shouted.

"Brownny!" he clamored in delight. "Brownny!"

Aylmer looked round.

Rattier, leading a very melancholy

and still bleeding horse, had approached with Despard. Together they were bending over the major's trophy, the dead boar. Behind them Aylmer's horse was hobbling painfully to its feet. Despard looked up and shook an admonishing finger at his acclamer.

"You young rebel!" he cried. "You want a good smacking for your disobedience!"

He slipped from the saddle as he spoke, and led his horse toward them. He laid his hand familiarly on Aylmer's shoulder.

"Hurt?" he asked.

"Not in the least," said Aylmer, and then looked, with a significant lift of the eyebrows, from Despard to the gray horse's rider.

Despard's face showed his own surprise.

"Don't you know each other yet?" he marveled. "Miss Van Arlen—Captain Aylmer."

Uncertainty gripped Aylmer again. Landon had married a daughter of Jacob Van Arlen, the New York mil-

lionaire. A divorcée might revert to her maiden name, but surely not to her maiden title. Despard had said "Miss"—most distinctly "Miss."

With his usual straightforward instinct to find the nearest way to probe a mystery Aylmer looked at the girl herself. He became aware that her eyes had been upon his face.

"Yes," she said quietly. "This"—she patted the child's shoulder—"is my nephew."

He gave a little sigh of appreciation and—he scarcely knew why—of relief.

"Your sister is—where?" he asked quickly.

The frown came swiftly back to her forehead.

"You ask me that—why?" she demanded.

He looked at the boy.

"Naturally, I thought she might be with you," he answered. "As an Aylmer, I should be glad to meet her."

"Ah!"

Her tone was hard and suspicious again. Unconsciously she gripped the child to her again with a fierceness which made him protest.

"You hurt!" he complained. "You hurt—and I want to see the boar!"

With a sailor's instinctive fondness for children, Rattier, who had resigned his limping horse into the hands of one of the Arab beaters, turned toward him.

"May I be permitted?" he said simply, and held out his arms.

The child made a restless little movement toward him.

"He'll show it me!" he cried joyously. "He'll take me!"

Again she reined back, looking from one to the other with patent misgiving.

"No!" she cried sharply. "You shall not touch him—either of you!" She made an appealing gesture toward Despard. "You must see me back to the camp!" she said.

He was smiling with tranquil amusement—a smile which seemed to rouse her to anger.

"Let us go now—at once!" she said, and wheeled her horse.

Despard nodded, but did not dismiss the smile.

"Might I inform you that Aylmer has been my friend since our Sandhurst

days, and that I have shared his intimacy with Commandant Rattier for the last five years? I can vouch for them—I really can."

She reined in her horse again, and sat looking at all three with doubt still lurking in her eyes. Aylmer met her expression with unrestrained amazement. He found her mistrust of him a conundrum to which there was no answer. The Frenchman's shoulders rose and fell almost imperceptibly. His head was slanted with deferential acquiescence.

He laid his hand upon Aylmer's arm.

"Your horse?" he interposed.

He pointed to it and to Absalaam, who had now arrived, and who was touching the wounds in its flank with delicate probing fingers. The commandant's gesture seemed to imply that the situation in which they found themselves demanded a tactful retreat, and that here he indicated a dignified one.

Aylmer still hesitated. He saw no reason why he should concur in his own dismissal. What had he done? It was Despard who took the edge of restraint off the situation. He swung himself back into the saddle, and pointed up the hill.

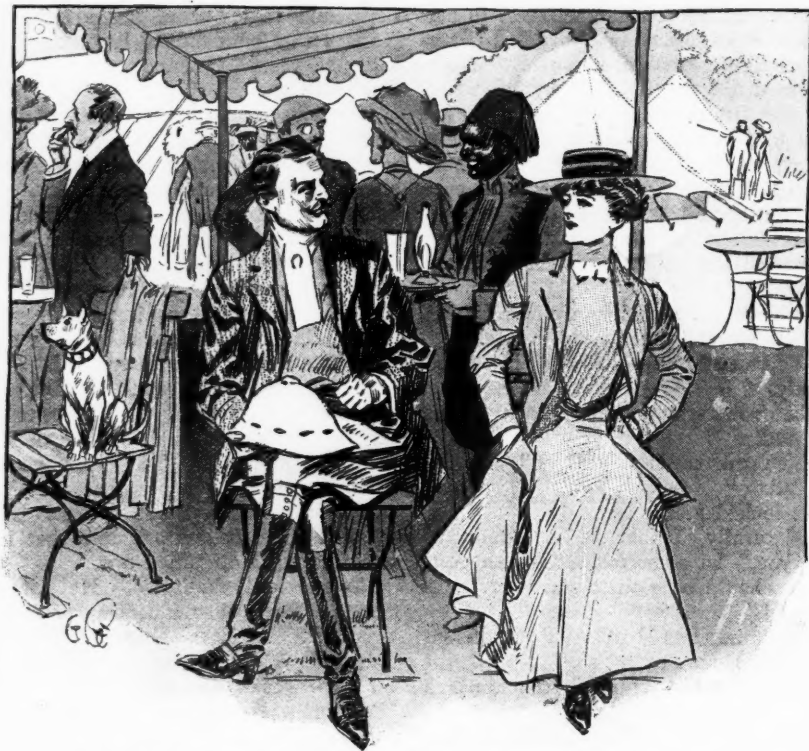
"After all, the thing was a squeak," he allowed. "You are shaken." He turned and nodded slightly to the other two. "I will return and help with the horses—we shall have no other beat today."

They smiled, bowed to his companion, and gave him an answering nod. They understood. He was going to use the opportunity to sponsor them. Then he would return, and they would have their explanation. They watched him bend toward his companion as they rode away.

"It is almost as if we diffused a contagion—you and I," speculated Rattier, as they turned to Absalaam and the horses; but Aylmer made no effort to elaborate the issue.

As he watched Despard ride away with his companion, he felt almost as if he was being defrauded; and it was with something of dissatisfaction in his aspect that he turned to Absalaam and the wounded horse. The Moor saw it, but misunderstood its purport.

"Merely a flesh wound, *sidi*," he hastened to assure Aylmer. "A week of



"QUITE SURE," SAID AYLMER. "I HAVE ONLY FOUND FRIENDS, SO FAR!"

rest—perhaps ten days—and he is himself again. A small price to pay for so precious a thing as that child's life!"

Aylmer looked at him with tolerant amusement. Absalaam ibn Said had neither harem nor wife; his career had been notoriously one of unrest and adventure. These pious opinions issued oddly from his bachelor lips.

"A small price, indeed," he agreed pleasantly, "but a hundred youngsters run risks little less in the Sôk of Tangier every day."

The Moor made a sweeping motion of the hand, as if he suddenly dropped the subject of conversation from a higher plane to a lower.

"The children of the Sôk!" he cried contemptuously. "Khabyles — Arabs — Susi — Riffs! What are they? Little more than vermin—their ranks are replenished all too quickly as it is! But this one! Here we tell a different story, do we not?"

Aylmer halted in his examination of

the wounded pastern, and looked up. There was something arresting in the Moor's vehemence.

Absalaam caught the look and shrugged his shoulders.

"The *sidi* has not visited Tangier for five or six weeks?" he said.

Aylmer nodded, and waited. He had had a good deal of experience of the Moor and his conversational methods. He was aware that the deferring of a climax till it could be launched on a tide of tantalization was the chiefest of them.

"Therefore, Sid' Aylmer," continued the Moor, "you have not heard all the tales which center round this small one's fortunes?"

Aylmer smiled, and prepared to give his attention again to his horse. It was left to Rattier to ruin the pyramid of stimulation.

"What tales?" he demanded laconically.

Absalaam's brown eyes met both ques-

tion and questioner with melancholy—almost, indeed, with scorn. How could one work up to a brave display of interest if bald facts were to be wrung from one at this stage of a tale? He sighed.

"Tales of his wealth and importance, *sidi*," he answered in accents of subjection.

Rattier drew up the monocle which swung from a ribbon at his buttonhole, and concentrated his stare upon the Moor.

"Wealth?" he repeated tersely.

Absalaam opened his arms to their widest and held his palms emptily outflung.

"Wealth sufficient to buy all Tangier—all Fez—the whole of Mogrheb al Acksa—if a tenth of the reports be true. His life, therefore? How can one value it!"

He beamed upon them. He had been robbed of his slowly forged culmination, but he had, at least, been able to offer them a surprise.

Aylmer replaced upon the ground the hoof which he had been holding. He looked at the Moor good-humoredly.

"So the gossip-mongers of the Sôk credit this infant with riches?" he said. "On what evidence—if any?"

Absalaam made a motion toward the sea.

"In the harbor, when you landed, did you observe a yacht, *sidi*—a white boat with lines of gold at her cutwater and figurehead?"

"Yes."

"That boat lies there at the service of that child. They have taken for him the Villa Eulalia—they have surrounded it with tents of men who are there to do no more than guard his safety—there are servants, horses, donkeys. The Gibraltar steamer brings packets of provisions, or what not, several times a week. In the town their money flows."

Rattier dropped his eye-glass.

"I think, *mon ami*," he said slowly, "that gold must be freer with them than gratitude. Were you thanked for what you did? I don't seem to remember it."

Aylmer shook his head.

"That is the mystery," he agreed. "I did little enough, but I was going to be thanked—till I disclosed my name. Then"—he shrugged his shoulders—

"you saw." He meditated a minute. Then he burst out laughing. "I was not allowed even to hold the child, and I am not at all sure that I am not his legal guardian!" he said suddenly.

Rattier's surprise was evident, but he managed to concentrate it in a monosyllable.

"Eh?" he demurred wonderingly.

Aylmer gave an emphatic nod of the head.

"I was coming home from China at the time of the marriage of my Cousin Landon with this child's mother. I broke my journey in New York specially to attend it. And Landon—merely as a form—asked me, as his kinsman, to be a party to his settlement. In certain circumstances, including his death, I was to be one of the trustees for his children."

"And he is dead—this cousin?"

"No, my friend—merely divorced. Where do I come in—where?"

VI

"SUPPOSE we sit down long enough to smoke a cigarette," suggested Aylmer. "Perhaps the thump I received just now has had a disastrous effect upon my limited intelligence, but I confess that Miss Van Arlen's deportment remains a matter of mystery to me. What have I done?"

Despard laughed gently. He had strolled back from the camp to meet his friends, and had found them superintending the obsequies of the boar. These were performed by a Spaniard—one of the human jetsam cast up everywhere along the North African coast by tides of hazard and adventure which set from every quarter of the Mediterranean. The true son of Islam will not touch the *haloof*—the unclean jungle-pig. And so Señor Bernardo Albareda, penniless derelict and strongly suspected of being a fugitive from the Spanish convict establishment at Melilla, was extracting the tusks. He held them up with a dramatic gesture of admiration.

"Twice the length of my central finger—which is not a short one!" he remarked airily, and used the occasion to exhibit the elegancies of a hand which patently had not occupied itself lately with manual toil.

To one or two of his compatriots, who had been among the beaters, was given the task of disposing of the flesh and bristles; and they departed under his escort, carrying their burdens dependent from a couple of poles, the Arabs hastening to avoid even the shadow of contamination which they cast, and spitting with undisguised disfavor as they passed. Despard accepted his comrade's invitation, and joined the other two upon the seat which they had made of a fallen mimosa-stump in the shadow of the olive.

The major took out his cigarette-case, found a match, and sent several tiny clouds rolling up among the branches before he spoke. And his answer was another question.

"You read the details of the Landon divorce-case?" he hazarded.

"Yes," said Aylmer. "One could hardly escape it."

"You remember, then, that at the close the respondent was very nearly committed for contempt of court?"

"He lost his temper—or his head," agreed Aylmer, "and threatened his wife. I don't think any one attached much importance to his vapors."

"Ah!" Despard nodded his head thoughtfully. "I suppose that would be the point of view with most people!"

"Not with yourself?"

Despard shook his head.

"I have known the Van Arlens for many years," he said quietly. "Perhaps you have forgotten that my own mother was an American—that a good deal of my boyhood was passed in New York."

"I didn't know you knew the Van Arlens—in fact, I could hardly suspect it, when, to the best of my remembrance, you never even discussed the Landon divorce-case with me."

Despard nodded.

"No," he said in a dry, unemotional voice. "I did not discuss it—with any one. And you, moreover, were an Aylmer."

He was silent for a minute, and the other two looked at him a little curiously. This was not the Despard to whom they were accustomed—a sportsman whose hobbies engrossed him to the exclusion of most other topics. This was a man who had the force of pent feeling behind his words.

"The Van Arlens did not naturally seek outside society at the time of the case," he continued, "but I was on leave, and I saw a good deal of them. Has it occurred to you," he added suddenly, "that this child is not only heir to the Landon title but to the Van Arlen millions—at present?"

"No," said Aylmer; "but I suppose he is the only direct male descendant."

"Do you realize what that means in America? To be a Landon—only a barony, though, I grant you, an old one—is a small thing compared with being the grandson of one of the richest men in the world."

Aylmer was silent. The point of view was one that did not easily present itself to his British complacency. Rattier, too, though he nodded assent, did it without vehemence and with a tinge of reserve. Of a royalist clique, transatlantic caste was outside his experience.

"At any rate, your cousin Landon realized it at last—in realizing what he was losing. He moved every legal lever he could lay his hands upon to retain the custody of his child, and failed. He is to see him twice a year—for an hour. You will understand that his chances of winning his child's profitable affection are too limited for his taste."

Aylmer's brows met in a tiny frown of perplexity.

"Profitable affection?" he meditated.

"John is eight. In thirteen years he will be of age. His father then will be forty-five, and quite capable of getting much enjoyment out of his son's unlimited income."

Rattier gave a little hissing intake of the breath.

"This Landon!" he murmured admiringly.

"The court decided, also, that the child must be brought up—for nine months of every year, at any rate—in England. This was modified, after medical examination and certificate, to including Europe and North Africa."

Aylmer made a little startled motion, which dropped the ash of his cigarette upon his knee.

"Eh?" he questioned. "Medical certificate?"

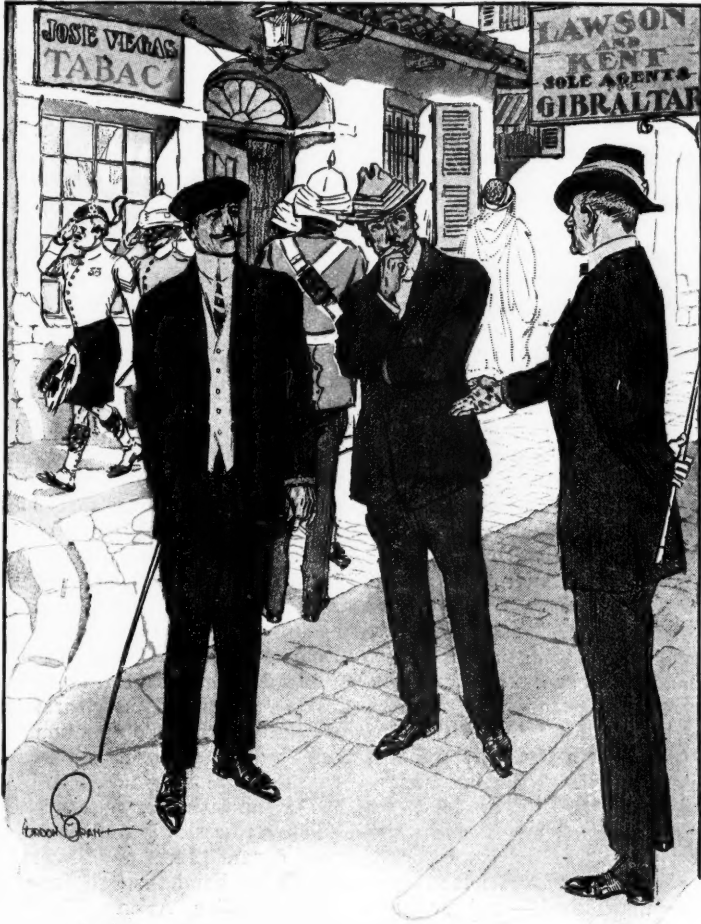
"Phthisis," rejoined Despard quietly. "The little chap has the seeds of it, but

with care the seeds need never come to growth. But he has to winter in the south—invariably."

Rattier made a tiny caressing motion of the hand which seemed to imply infinite commiseration. Aylmer expressed

"The law?" mused Aylmer. "The law?"

"They have already had experience of it in Italy and Spain—the Van Arlens. A man like Landon can make use of it there to further his own purposes—



"ISN'T IT FIT TO BE SHAKEN, JACK?"

the same emotion in a little inarticulate murmur.

"And so—?" he questioned. "And so—?"

"And so Tangier," said Despard, "which has other conveniences—for the moneyed. The law, here, is always behind the dollars, is it not?"

The others looked at him debatingly.

against the law. The Spanish and Italian police? Can you expect them to interfere against a man's dealings with his own child? What do they know of the fiats of the British courts of chancery? He made two very nearly successful attempts to get possession of the boy—one at San Remo, one at Taormina."

Aylmer gave a little low whistle of

comprehension. Rattier nodded, still with a sort of grudging admiration of this English lord's talents and persistence.

"Have you got it now?" went on Despard. "Do you see where they stand? Here, under the protection of Moroccan officials—where Landon can never overbid them—they enjoy a security which they can obtain nowhere else outside of America or Great Britain."

Aylmer's eyes filled with a sudden shadow of loathing.

"The scoundrel!" he cried. "The miscreant!"

Despard nodded.

"Quite so," he agreed. "The epithets that any decent-minded man would apply to him. Unfortunately, he is without shame, reckless, and heedless of everything but his passionate desire to turn defeat into victory. He will stop at nothing to get even with those who have so far triumphed over him."

"And the boy's mother lives here—with her sister?" said Aylmer.

For a moment, Despard did not reply. There was a queer pause and catch in his voice, as if he sought for breath.

"Miss Van Arlen is here—and the old man, Jacob Van Arlen, the grandfather."

"And the mother?" asked Aylmer, with a note of surprise in his voice. "Lady Landon—or does one call her Mrs. Van Arlen?"

"She is broken down in health," answered Despard, in a curiously wooden, expressionless accent. "She has been—recommended to try for at least six months the effects of an Alpine sanatorium."

The two listeners understood—or thought they understood—and muttered their sympathy in an almost inaudible chorus.

"Insane?" they whispered.

Despard smote his hand down upon the rotting wood.

"No!" he cried fiercely. "Her brain is as sound as yours or mine, but her heart has been frozen. Try to think—imagine, if you can, what a hell a woman has lived in who was the wife of—Landon!"

His passion seemed to choke him. His eyes glowed, his chest heaved; he was

another man from the one who had sat down smilingly to smoke a cigarette with them a few minutes before. And the passion of his wrath infected his hearers. Imagination painted pictures in their brains—they, too, breathed a little faster as they listened.

The gust of Despard's passion passed and left him calm again. He gave a tiny shrug of the shoulders which seemed to imply apology. He began to speak with ordinary unshaken accents.

"It was I who suggested Tangier to the Van Arlens. I am in garrison at Gibraltar—I can see them at frequent intervals—I introduced them to the foreign colony here. The Anstruthers have done their best to make them at home. I got Absalaam to be their dragoman, and I don't think you will find a better or more versatile one between Tripoli and Mogador. They have the most suitable villa outside the town. The bashaw has been given to understand the situation, has been generously tipped, and is doing his best to keep his side of the bargain. The men who guard them are picked, and know that matters will reach an extreme of unpleasantness for them if their vigilance is allowed to relax. All has been done that can be done. And yet—" He shrugged his shoulders again. "They share the anxieties of Damocles," he added. "They live under a sword which may fall at any moment."

He rose, flicked the cigarette-ash from his sleeve, and made a motion toward the hill.

"Shall we be getting on?" he asked. "The sun waits for no one."

They rose slowly and began to follow the distant line of beaters. Aylmer linked his hand through Despard's arm.

"Miss Van Arlen understood—what we feel—all we Aylmers, about Landon?" he asked.

Despard hesitated.

"I put it to her strongly," he answered.

There was something not entirely convincing in the reply. Aylmer's voice showed anxiety.

"But—but she cannot imagine that we—or any decent-minded man—could view him with anything but loathing?"

There was still a perceptible pause before Despard's reply.

"I didn't tell her yesterday that you were coming," he said. "Indeed, Anstruther only informed me last night. I thought it would be well that you should arrive and make a good impression before she learned your name. Then, you see, as it happened, you exploded it on her rather startlingly; and she, at the time, was rather shaken."

"And this means—" said Aylmer impatiently.

"It means," answered Despard debatingly, "that your name recalls memories to her which—unfortunately—do not prepossess you in her favor. And I think that being a woman—your service to the child—your saving of him—under the circumstances—acted against you."

Aylmer turned and looked into his friend's face with amazement.

"But—but I don't understand!" he stammered. "That's *unjust*!"

Despard shook his head.

"Not entirely," he demurred. "It's feminine—it's jealous. It is hard to her that *you* should have saved the child's life. I could see that, and combated it, during the few minutes in which we rode back to camp."

Aylmer was frowning. He dropped Despard's arm, thrust his own hands into his pockets, and stared out into the distance. He shook his head.

"No!" he said suddenly. "I can't quite follow it. No woman with that girl's eyes would be so . . . *shabby*, if she understood!"

Rattier gave him an impulsive little nod.

"If?" he enunciated slowly. "If?"

Despard threw the Frenchman a grateful glance.

"That's it," he agreed. "His name is Aylmer. So far she has not got beyond that fact, my friend."

Aylmer looked round at them both. There was something calculating in the way in which he surveyed the two, as if they were factors in a situation which had hitherto eluded him, but which was now beginning to take definite shape. And his lips had set one upon the other in a rigid line. His chin seemed to have attained incongruous squareness beneath the suave droop of his mustache.

"She's *got* to believe in me!" he an-

nounced grimly. "I won't let her be unworthy of herself."

And the other two noticed that, as he said it, he nodded two or three times decidedly—to himself. He drew himself up; unconsciously his carriage grew stiffer. It was as if he had mapped out and settled a matter definitely. He began to talk and laugh naturally, and on other subjects. If any allusion to the day's adventure outcropped into the conversation, he did not avoid it, but simply passed it by without comment.

He had taken his line. The incident—apart from his resolution—was closed.

VII

As the three strolled up to the camp, a man rose from the group which sat in the shadow of the awning at the door of the largest tent, and came out to meet them. He was tall, white-haired, aquiline of feature; and his pervading characteristic seemed to be gravity. His figure and face alike were unbending.

He made them a studied little bow.

"My daughter tells me, Captain Aylmer," he said, "that I have to thank you for your prompt action on behalf of my grandson. You saved him from a situation of grave peril."

Aylmer realized that this was without doubt Jacob Van Arlen. He suspected, also, why the old man had thus addressed him without waiting for an introduction. For men who are introduced—amid the intimate sociabilities of the Tangier Tent Club, at any rate—usually shake hands. Van Arlen's right hand held his sombrero; his left was at his side.

Aylmer returned the bow.

"I did no more than what had obviously to be done," he said quietly. "Despard merits your thanks more than I."

The other looked at the major with a distinct tinge of relief.

"Is that so?" he asked hopefully.

"No!" said Despard laconically. "Your thanks are not in the least misdirected, Mr. Van Arlen."

The old man made another courteous inclination of the head.

"I thought I could not so far have misunderstood my daughter," he answered. "I hope, Captain Aylmer, that

while you remain in Tangier I may be permitted to serve you in any way which you like to command. Perhaps, though, your stay is short?"

And there was hopefulness in this last query. It was patent amid the studied urbanity of the speaker's tone. In spite of himself Aylmer smiled.

"I am a bird of passage," he said lightly. "I manage to take short leave for most of the Tent Club meetings to which Colonel Anstruther is kind enough to make me welcome."

He strode forward as he spoke, and began to exchange greetings with Mrs. Anstruther, who rose to meet him. He had to hear the morning's story rediscussed—exclaimed over—criticized. He bore it without impatience, but with a certain aloofness which gave the subject no chance to endure; and at last he managed to divert the conversation into other channels.

Anstruther, who had sat beside Miss Van Arlen, had risen to welcome Commandant Rattier. The mishap to the latter's horse engrossed their attention—they wandered off together to examine the wounded limb. After a moment's hesitation, Aylmer sank into the vacant chair.

He looked round at the girl. Her eyes met his, but her hand, as if acting by some automatic command of the brain, touched her skirt and pulled it toward herself—and away from him. His lips grew a thought more rigid behind the veiling mustache; but his voice was entirely divested of any semblance of pique.

"And how is my small cousin?" he asked pleasantly. "Has Selim persuaded him to take that long-deferred siesta?"

Old Van Arlen stirred restlessly on his seat. He looked at Aylmer; his lips moved as if for speech, and then closed again. Miss Van Arlen sat up very straight.

"Do you mean—my nephew?" she asked frigidly.

"Your nephew and my cousin," said Aylmer cheerfully. "I hardly expected to find a relation here when I started this morning."

Her eyes grew stormy with suspicion—almost with hate.

"Are you sure?" she demanded.

"Quite sure," said Aylmer, halting for a scarcely perceptible moment before her meaning reached him. "I have only found friends, so far!"

VIII

OUTSIDE their own country, two British types carry their caste-marks patently. They are the tourist and the officer. Gibraltar abounds with both, the number of the first having an occasional and transient superiority when it is swollen by transatlantic arrivals or intermittent yachting-cruises. But the officers of the garrison, and their wives and daughters, are the reigning members of the informal club which makes society on the Rock. They know one another, they discuss one another; the longer they stay the more parochial grow their interests.

Newcomers undergo a period of silent probation. They cannot slip in unobserved. The *who* and the *whence* test is applied to each, with unction—sometimes without justice, but almost invariably with good humor. As a consequence, everybody—within limits—knows something about everybody else.

There are exceptions; and one, an olive-complexioned, gray-clad, gray-haired, dark-eyed man was walking steadily down the Waterport one sunny afternoon as a rush of cabs toward the custom-house proclaimed the incoming of an important steamer.

Mr. William Miller had a pleasantly situated cottage in the South Town. The postman knew that he had many correspondents in Spain, England, Germany, and elsewhere. Moorish visitors from across the straits were not infrequent at a small office which he retained in Waterport Street. Men of letters, desiring information on recondite subjects, separated themselves from the frivolous landing-parties of Messrs. Cook, and called at the same address. No one had ever tapped the sources of Mr. Miller's encyclopedic knowledge in vain. No one had found him otherwise than affable. And though it was understood that his activities were literary, no resident or tourist had successfully probed the nature of his life-work.

The wives of many colonels had recognized this, and had flung themselves

with ardor against the breastworks of his imperturbability. Not one of them could look back with pride on any action in which they had won even a temporary advantage. Mr. Miller spoke freely, showed an intimate knowledge of men and manners throughout the civilized world, and appeared to manifest pleasure in sociabilities. His only attempts to return these lay in small but eclectic tea-parties, whereat he displayed hoards of artistic treasures and discoursed learnedly of carpet-dyes and porcelain-marks.

But he was by no means a ladies' man. He accepted, and was welcome at, the hospitalities of many a mess or gun-room. He sang well, and could play a more than ordinarily effective accompaniment to a comic song after hearing the air whistled half a dozen times by its would-be interpreter. The impersonality of his social attitude prevented his being popular, but he was an institution. As he walked along he bowed, nodded, smiled. Obviously he knew everybody; obviously everybody knew him.

As he walked across the sunlit square and dived into the deeply shadowed tunnel which is the Waterport, a tender fussed noisily up to the quay. Mr. Miller eyed the passengers on its deck.

The steamer was evidently a White Star, in from New York. The load of colossal trunks upon the deck would have told him that, apart from the accent of the passengers and the flag at the masthead. Baggage-agents began to dart here and there; Mr. Cook's uniformed interpreters were in the forefront of the fray; Spanish cab-runners yelled and grimaced.

Mr. Miller stood aside without attempting to force a way into the tumult. His hands rested quietly together on the hilt of his cane. His brow was contemplative and unruffled. Certainly, if he awaited anything, he was in no hurry to find it.

All things come to those who wait, and Mr. Miller had not to wait long. A man strode suddenly out of the custom-house gate, thrust aside the Spanish porter who was snatching at his hand-bag, and made a beckoning motion toward a cab.

Mr. Miller strode quietly forward and reached it simultaneously with the fare.

The man looked at him with a sudden irritable alertness, and then broke into a grin.

"You're here!" he said, and flung his bag upon the seat.

The other responded with a tiny shrug, as if he deprecated the platitudinous nature of the remark. He motioned the man to take his seat, sat down beside him, and told the driver the name of a hotel.

"Your man is looking after your heavy luggage?" he questioned.

"Yes," the other said impatiently. "Not that there's much to look after." He turned and glanced into his companion's face. "I'm getting down to bed-rock now—nothing left to waste on trivialities. I nearly came second-class."

Miller's eyebrows rose.

"That would have been—unnecessary?" he speculated.

"Imbecile—as it turned out," agreed the man. "There were some bridge-playing Southerners on board—old school—couldn't bring themselves to be civil to the New Yorkers, but ready to take an Englishman—and a lord, moreover—to their hearts. No high play, but I'm eight hundred dollars up on the voyage."

Miller nodded placidly.

"Bed-rock is quite a way down yet," he smiled.

"Not if expenses are to mount as you advised me in your last letter," snapped the other. "Has anything been done?"

Miller shook his head slowly.

"Force is beyond us," he said, "for we don't possess it. Bribery is out of the question; there is no one left by the other side who has not had his price. Opportunity may be ours. We must await it."

"And waiting costs twenty pounds a week?"

The gray man turned his opened palm outward with a deprecatory motion which was not English at all.

"My dear Lord Landon, how can Opportunity be seized if there is no one to meet her when she appears?"

Landon gave a dissatisfied grunt.

"How many lackeys have you set to wait on her?"

"Six," said Miller succinctly. "Six men of action—who would have succeeded before now, but for an accident."

Landon's face took on the eager expression of a wolf to whom a distant taint is brought by the evening wind.

"Eh?" he cried. "There has been a chance, then—their defenses are not impregnable?"

Miller shook his head.

"They have been strengthened since," he said diffidently. "But the weak spot in them is the child himself. He has never had—if you will pardon the remark—proper control. He is frankly disobedient of the precautions with which they surround him."

Landon grinned.

"There's my blood in him!" he chuckled. "I'm fond of the little toad, too! It's not only to spite her, Miller—or for the money that's in it. I never took the trouble to whop him—I believe he'd come to me of his own accord, if he had the chance."

"It's a large if," suggested Mr. Miller politely.

Landon made no retort. His face had assumed a meditative mask; his lips were firmly pressed together; he had the effect of one who calculates, *pro* against *con*.

"That's why I think it's time I took a hand," he said suddenly. "We'll knock off three of your six, Miller. I am prepared to be a host in myself."

For the moment the other said nothing. They had swung out of the Waterport Street and turned the sharp corner which brought them to the entrance of the hotel. Miller listened quietly as his companion demanded the number of the room engaged for him, received his letters, and entered the elevator. He accompanied Landon silently. It was not till they were left alone that he pulled out a pocketbook, tranquilly turned the leaves, and consulted an entry.

"I note that I have had no remittance from you, Lord Landon," he announced, "since November."

"Six weeks ago," agreed Landon languidly. "Six times twenty is a hundred and twenty. You reenforce my argument, my good Miller. A hundred and twenty pounds gone, and you show me—nothing!"

The other coughed a dry, perfunctory little cough.

"As far as I am concerned, the money is, as you say, gone," he allowed; "but you have just come by one hundred and sixty sovereigns, owing to the complacency of these Southern gentlemen on board your boat. That puts us right and safeguards another fortnight."

Landon nodded, and answered in a voice as dry as his companion's.

"That is a matter for discussion," he intimated. "I should like to hear these expenses justified to some appreciable extent. What was the chance which failed?"

"Though it failed," rejoined Miller, "it proved the advantage of constant vigilance. The child separated himself from his guardians in the very midst of the late afternoon traffic, and got into the hands of one of our men. They reached the pier together—they were within an ace of success. Then fate interfered—it must have been fate," he interpolated, with the ghost of a grin, "because her instrument was of your own house."

Landon came to a sudden halt in the opening of an envelope.

"What's that?" he cried quickly. "A relation of mine?"

"Captain John Aylmer, R.A., assistant secretary to the new Military Works Commission," answered Miller sedately.

Landon swore; then suddenly began to laugh.

"It's quaint," he conceded. "It's confoundedly quaint, Miller. And he did—what?"

Miller shrugged his shoulders.

"Interested himself in the situation—caused a delay which was fatal, for the moment, to our success. He cross-questioned the child, and our man had to save himself, alone."

Landon laughed again.

"And he knew—this cousin of mine? He knew whose child it was?"

"Not then, but now, I imagine. He has met him since—at the Tent Club. He has also met your late father-in-law."

"What? The Kite—old Jacob—he's there?"

"Personally superintending a situa-

tion which gets daily more impenetrable—for us. Each fright we give them adds another palisade to the defense.”

Landon took up the letters which he had laid down, and went on opening and glancing through them. He pursed up his lips into an obstinately set expression; he assumed the air of a bargainer who has reached the limit of his purposes. For he fully understood the drift of Mr. Miller's remarks.

“We had better be plain with each other,” he said at last. “My little expedition to the States has been a failure. As a matrimonial proposition I am, for the present, out of the running. They told me to come again in a year's time. Title-hunting American women have short memories, but some beastly reporter recognized me and ran two columns of reminiscences of the trial. That queered me; and, after all, the decree is not made absolute for another six months.”

“Is this anticipatory of the announcement that those eight hundred dollars are the only support between you and bed-rock after all?”

“You jump at my meaning. I'm going to take over the duties of your six—or of some of them, at any rate.”

The other's gray eyes reviewed his companion with a keenly calculating glance. There was no irritation in it—rather there was satisfaction. Mr. Miller did not present the aspect of a man whose chances of receiving a debt of one hundred and twenty pounds had been made doubtful. He had more the look of a bull speculator watching a tape as the eighths and sixteenths are added every few minutes to the stock which he commands.

“You will fail!” he said dryly. “Without funds you must fail. In spite of the story-books, one poor man can do nothing against a hundred and wealth.”

“Possibly,” said Landon; “but one may be permitted to try.”

“No,” said the other stolidly. “One may not be permitted—in Tangier.”

Landon looked up, and for a moment silence hung heavily between the two men. The one who stood was the picture of heavy, imperturbable resolution. Landon, sitting back in his chair, was

animate with energy—with a sort of tenseness which was almost magnetic. It was as if a panther faced a rhinoceros.

Then Langdon shrugged his shoulders.

“Am I being threatened, my dear Miller?” he asked quietly.

“You are being informed,” said the other. “The syndicate which I represent is willing to finance you—for an adequate return. Without that, it proposes to make Tangier an impossible residence for you.”

Landon stared his surprise—and his obvious relief.

“They are going to speculate in *me*?” He pondered for a moment. “I don't promise—or I haven't promised—that I shall allow old Jacob to buy the child back—if we get him—at all.”

Miller nodded weightily.

“That does not matter to us,” he announced. “That is as you like.”

Landon's eyes were still wide and debating.

“Then your return comes—where?” he asked.

“We are willing to wait for it,” said the other. “The first service we require from you is that you will renew your acquaintance with your cousin, Captain Aylmer, and endeavor to remove the distaste which I regret to think he feels for your company.”

Landon bent forward, resting his elbows on the table and his chin on his closed fists. He stared at his companion with a concentrated examination which seemed to probe and fathom the depths of the other's impenetrability.

Miller met the scrutiny with no other manifestation than an—if possible—increase of apathy. Landon dropped his hands slowly upon the table, and gave his head a tiny shake.

“I don't understand you,” he said.

“Why has my cousin a distaste for my society? We have never been in collision. As a matter of fact, he was best man at my wedding.”

“It is to be supposed that he read the account of your divorce,” said the other stolidly. “He has now made the acquaintance of your wife's relations.”

“I see,” said Landon slowly. “Is that—all?”

“Isn't it enough? Are you generally—received?”

There was something callous—almost brutal—in the man's tone. The tiny spot of color which began to burn in Landon's sallow cheek was evidence that he recognized it.

"So," he answered, "I am to eat dirt at the hands of Captain John Aylmer! I am to appear to like it! Why?"

"Because," said Miller dispassionately, "you are practically penniless. That is your side of the question. Our side is that your cousin happens to be what he is—secretary to the Military Works Commission—the people who hold the immediate future of Gibraltar in their hands."

For the second time, and through a longer silence, the two stared at each other. As the fiery torch of comprehension burned brightly on Landon's face—rose to his forehead—seemed, indeed, to gleam in his eyes—his lips, which were at first grim and rigid, curled slowly into a sneer.

"By the Lord!" he swore. "By the Lord, Miller, you have an—impudence!"

"I have a knowledge of values," said the other impassively. "I wish to get my commission both ways. I expect it from you, because you get the job from no one else. I expect it from my employers, because you are practically the only tool—at present—which they can use. I am perfectly open with you."

"As open as the pit!" snarled Landon. "As candid as midnight! Let's have a taste of it plainly. What is it you want of me—robbery?"

Miller made a gesture of deprecation.

"I want you to—borrow—unknown to your cousin, certain books, the nature of which will be indicated to you in detail."

"And if I don't?"

"You must, at any rate, try."

"And if I—won't?"

Miller smiled.

"We don't discuss absurdities."

There was nothing manifestly menacing in this, but there was a sense of finality. It reached Landon like a shaft of cold air blown in through a suddenly opened door. Mentally he flinched from it. He lifted his shoulders into a shrug of resignation.

"Where are his quarters?"

"In the South Town, near my own cottage. For the moment that does not matter. You meet him to-morrow—by accident. You do not know, you see, that he is here." He consulted a small time-table. "We should be on the quay about half past three to-morrow—when the steamer gets in from Tangier."

For the second time Landon expressed surrender with a passive shrug.

IX

As Despard and Aylmer passed out of the dark of the Waterport into the sunlight of the square, two men walking in front of them halted, shook hands, appeared to exchange an informal farewell, and separated. One, clad in gray flannels and a gray sombrero, turned to the left and began to mount the ramp behind the barracks. The other strolled slowly on.

The two soldiers, fresh from their crossing of the straits from Africa, were hailed and questioned more than once by comrades or friends who had not been fortunate enough to share in leave for the Tent Club meeting, and who were anxious for the last details of sport. How did pig run this time? Had such and such coverts been burned, as was reported? What luck had they had personally?

Despard and Aylmer had to halt half a dozen times within the first two furlongs. They began to regret that they had not taken a cab.

The man who strolled along in front of them halted, too, here and there. He did not appear to look round, but whenever acquaintances buttonholed the pair behind him it was noticeable that shop-windows or Moorish curio-sellers claimed his attention. He lingered, indeed, opposite a well-known book-shop till his sudden resumption of his stroll brought him into collision with the others at the exact moment of their passing.

He started, muttered a perfunctory apology, and then made an exclamation.

"Jack!" he cried gladly, and held out his hand.

Aylmer met his cousin's glance first with surprise, then with a sudden stiffening of his lips, finally with frowning. He gave a side glance at Despard.

(To be continued)

THE WIDOW ASSISTS

BY LILIAN BELL

AUTHOR OF "LOVE AFFAIRS OF AN OLD MAID," "THE EXPATRIATES," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY THE KINNEYS

WHEN Aubrey's cousin, Colonel John Mockridge, who is commandant of cadets at West Point, asked us to come up and help to stage a play that the officers' wives were getting up, we went with great joy, because Edith and John were exceedingly agreeable people, and, as my husband cared for so few of his relatives—or, rather, so few of his relatives were worth caring for—we eagerly cultivated those who were.

Colonel Mockridge was a big man with a big, booming laugh. He dearly loved to tell the story of how his wife once engaged a negro cook, who had such trouble with the name "Mockridge" that Mrs. Mockridge finally said:

"Well, never mind the name! When you get to West Point just ask anybody to show you where we live. Ask for the commandant's house. You can remember that, can't you?"

"Is dat whah you-all lives?" she answered scornfully. "Den you needn't trouble me wid no moh instructions, 'ca'se I ain't a coming! I wouldn't wuk for nobody what lived in a common dance-house! I'se got moh self-respect!"

We played bridge a good deal in those days; but also, when Bee was with us, and we had six, we played six-handed euchre and bid for trumps.

I always claim that card-playing in general, and this game in particular, can give a very good idea as to the characters of the players. While some are always daring enough to "go it alone" and risk losing twenty, others will be so cautious that they never play a brilliant game, even when they hold the cards. My sister was of this latter character; but, then, Bee was in every walk of life very poli-

tic, very diplomatic. She never took the lead openly in anything. It got to be a joke among us when Bee, holding a hand full of trumps, would say, "I assist," whereupon a chorus always arose from the other five:

"The widow assists!"

But Bee wasn't with us this time, although she had been invited and had intended to come for the week of gaiety, when the play was to be produced—the week holding all sorts of delights for the young people, including a hop, a ballgame between Yale and West Point, and several private affairs.

The second morning after our arrival I received the following letter from Bee:

DEAR FAITH:

Please ask Edith if I may bring with me that pretty Miss Levering, who was the one we called the Girl in White the night we dined at the Plaza and heard Laffin Van Tassel allowing this girl to order a dinner for six. Remember?

I have got to know her very well since then, and find her charming. She lives in the sixties, just off Fifth Avenue, and has a little money of her own—something like three thousand a year. Laffin is playing with her, but I don't believe he means anything by his attentions, whereas, with her tact and her money, she would make an ideal wife for Dusty Miller.

She is crazy about the army, and regards it with the awe of people who had relatives in the volunteer service in the Civil War—you know what I mean. So see what you can do.

Wire me if Edith has room for us. If not, I will take her to the Howes's or the hotel.

With love to Edith, John, and Aubrey,
I am, as ever, devotedly,
BEE.

P.S.—I do hope you will use what little

sense you possess in this matter, which is a delicate one, as possibly even you can see.

When I read Bee's letter to my husband, he said:

"Well, I can see Miss Levering's finish from here!"—which was, from my silent old angel, the highest possible expression of his liking for Dusty.

As Edith had an extra room, she was glad to say yes, and I had just wired Bee to that effect when Dusty called.

We all thought that Dusty was the nicest cadet at the academy. He was neither brilliant, nor rich, nor particularly anything; but he was sweet and high-principled and dear, and in his uniform he was—well, he was enough to make any girl leave all else and cleave only unto him. His dancing was nothing short of divine, and the way he made each one of us feel we were the only woman in his mind for the time being was wonderful.

"I say, Mrs. Jardine!" Dusty cried out. "I've just had the jolliest sort of a letter from your sister, Mrs. Lathrop. Will you read it? I want to talk to you a little about it afterward."

I felt myself go rather cold at this, for Bee thinks I am awfully dull at seconding what she terms perfectly palpable diplomatic opportunities; and I knew that, if I failed her in this crisis, I should have to answer to her like a prisoner at the bar of justice—such being the firm manner in which my sister manages the family into which it has pleased Providence to call her.

But such was Dusty's compelling charm that I took it, and read as follows:

DEAR DUSTY:

I wonder if you will be good enough to help me out of a mess without helping yourself into one?

The fact is that in a moment of recklessness I promised to take an awfully pretty girl friend of mine up to a West Point hop, intending to put it off, if possible, till next year, when Loyal Jerome will be a first-class man, because I have set my heart on getting him a rich and pretty wife. He, as you know, is a sort of cousin of ours, so it behooves us to have him marry the proper sort of a girl.

But, if you please, the minx has decided that she wants to go to one *now*, and she has boldly asked me if I couldn't take her to this one!

I am in despair. I know all the cards are

made out—I know you have probably asked your girl weeks ago—I know you can't get another card filled; but what shall I do?

Will you see if there is room for one more? If not, she will have to wait.

If you find that you can arrange the matter for me, please remember this—Miss Levering is very young; she won't be nineteen till next month; she has an income of three thousand dollars a year, or thereabouts, in her own right, and her father will doubtless leave her more; and she is one of the prettiest girls I ever saw, also the gentlest and sweetest. So I want you to make me a solemn promise that you will not make love to her, nor allow any of the others to do so, unless she should see and take a fancy to Loyal. Try to have them meet if you can. It would look better if you introduced him rather than myself.

Wire me if you can get her card filled. I look forward to my own dances with you with pleasure.

With kind regards to Dutch and Lamps, I am,

Very sincerely your friend,
BEATRICE LATHROP.

P.S.—It will not do you the slightest good to get silly over Miss Levering yourself, as I have determined on my course of action. So beware!

I glanced at him suspiciously to see if the smell of cheese was noticeable on the trap, but evidently it wasn't. I looked him straight in the eye, and I saw there what pleased me so much that I instantly decided that if Amy Levering wanted to settle herself in life with a good husband, she couldn't do better than to let Dusty Miller fall in love with her, were he so minded.

"What can you do at this late day?" I asked.

"Do!" he cried. "Why, do what your sister tells me to, of course! What else is there to do when Mrs. Lathrop expresses a wish? I hustled around and got Miss Levering's card half filled before I wired."

"Have you wired already?" I asked.

"Wired before noon—to set her mind at rest and give them plenty of time to pack."

"You are a thoughtful boy, Dusty," I said.

He beamed.

"Might just as well make people comfortable when one can," he said. "We only go along the road once, you know."

"I know, but you are young to have learned it."

"My mother taught me that," he said simply. "It was her way."

The quiet dignity and sweetness of the boy struck me afresh. I suddenly wondered if this Amy Levering were but "a rag and a bone and a hank of hair," like some girls I knew, and would break his heart.

"Have you ever seen her?" he asked.

"Seen who?" I asked, ungrammatically but comfortably.

"Miss Levering," he answered, a tinge of color coming into his bronzed face.

"Yes, I saw her once. She was in a party at the Plaza, and Laffin Van Tassel was allowing her the joy of ordering the dinner. She was awfully slow, but she was so plainly enjoying herself that he was most patient with her. He is a lovely fellow."

"Beastly rich, isn't he?" demanded Dusty jealously.

"Millionaire!"

"I wonder if she is the kind to marry for money?" he asked wistfully.

"Most girls are," I observed cruelly.

"It is terribly old fashioned nowadays to let preference interfere with business interests."

He looked at me with eyes which gradually grew brighter.

"That's a pretty fair statement of what love and marriage have come to mean in a certain set," he said slowly. "Preference and business interests! You remember what Stevenson says in 'Virginibus Puerisque'?"

I nodded. We had discussed it often.

"I am pretty safe," he said ruefully. "Everybody knows that I sha'n't have a cent but my pay, so I don't stand in as dangerous a position as this precious Van Tassel of yours. The girl I marry can't marry me for anything but that obsolete article, love."

"Stop a moment, silly, and let me set your mind right on that delicate point," I replied. "Army officers, holding established positions, and representing, with our navy, about our only national aristocracy, have as much to offer a poor, ambitious, or low-born girl as the veriest millionaire who ever needed a keeper to ward off bombarding females. Don't be quite so modest."

He laughed boyishly.

"I'm too precious to be allowed out of pink cotton—to hear you tell it!"

"Go on now, find Loyal, and tell him I want him," I said. "I suppose a first-class man can so condescend when afore-said second-class man happens to be a relative?"

"Are you going to tell him about Miss Levering?" he demanded.

"Certainly not," I said with asperity.

"Do you want me to prejudice him against her? Why, if we had wanted you to fall in love with her, my sister wouldn't have written to you like that, would she?"

I reared my crest with pride, feeling that this neat touch was worthy of the tortuous Bee herself; but I felt guilty, not being an adept in her art. Dusty looked thoughtful, then he shook his head.

"I never know what a woman will do, or what she means by what she does do," he said in desperation.

"Which shows that you are in a very healthful state of mind," I laughed. "When a man frankly confesses his inability to understand even the simplest woman problem, all the other women stand ready to explain matters and to help him along."

"I'm glad of that," he said, rising to go and bowing over my hand in his inimitable way; "for I feel that I shall need to send out a C. Q. D. signal before long."

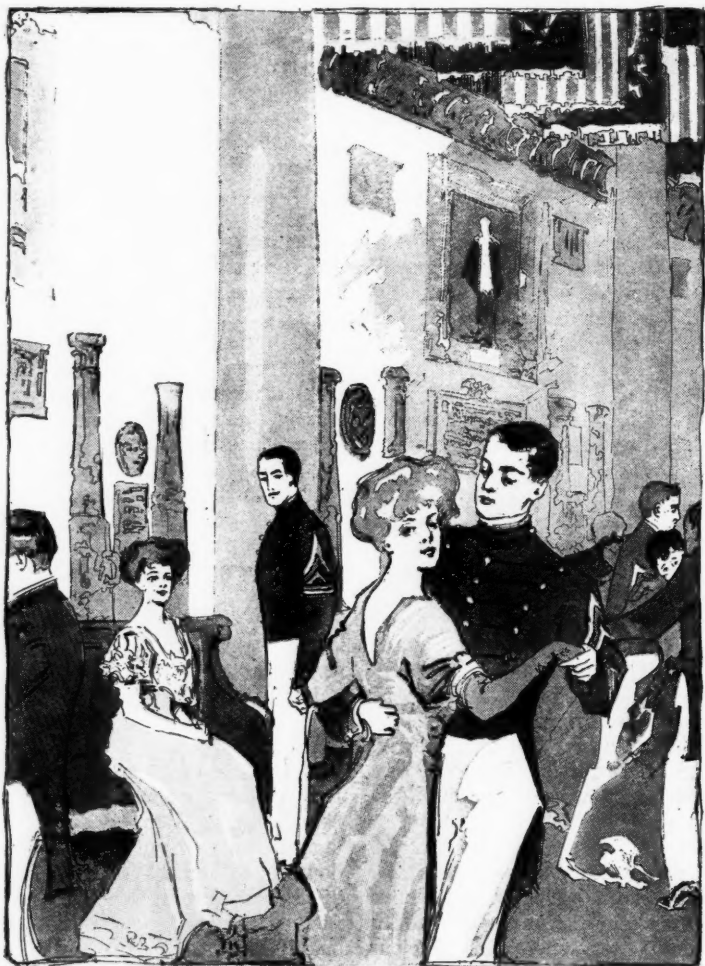
This little talk put me so ardently on Dusty's side that when Bee arrived with Amy Levering I met the girl almost antagonistically. Not that I should have done so, of course, for she—like the rest of us, had we only been able to keep the fact constantly in our minds—was only one of Bee's puppets, who danced at her bidding.

But antagonism could not breathe long in the vicinity of this girl, who reminded me of nothing so much as an old-fashioned moss rosebud—so gentle, so modest, and so fragrant she was. She had in her expression a certain sweet wistfulness, which I have always associated in my mind with moss roses, as if they begged you to treat them with gentleness.

Bee at once gave me particulars about Amy which further enlisted me. Her

father had married a second time, and Amy's little fortune was an inheritance from her mother. Then there was a second brood of children, and Amy's position in the family was rather unenviable.

in full cry after Laffin Van Tassel for Amy. To all appearances, she was in a fair way to bag her game—or, rather, to run down her quarry—when a benign Providence caused the widow Lathrop



I BELIEVE THEY KNEW BEFORE THAT WALTZ WAS OVER THAT THEY WERE
DESTINED FOR EACH OTHER

Her stepmother was not cruel, but she was intensely ambitious for her own children; therefore, the hint for Amy to marry early and take herself out of fifteen-year-old Julia's path was given in a way there could be no mistaking.

The stepmother was clever, however; and, in spite of risking eclipse for herself in not being able to make so brilliant a match for her own daughter, she was

to observe the chase and deign to take an interest.

Mrs. Levering did not know Bee's methods of procedure, or she would have incarcerated my sister in some way, in order to keep her out of the affair. But for some curious reason Bee is never suspected of being a motive-power. Even after the game has been triumphantly won, Bee's esoteric part in contriving the vic-

tory always goes under the modest phrase of "I assisted."

II

THE first time that Dusty Miller and Amy saw each other was at the hop; but, owing to Dusty's popularity as a dancer, he had been unable to write her name on his card before the sixth, which was a waltz. Before that he had not even been presented; but I saw him when his eyes first rested on her, as she entered the ballroom with our party. From the way his gray eyes grew black, I knew he was deeply stirred.

"Who is that?" Amy asked quickly.

"That? Oh, that is Dusty Miller, the star player on the football team. They count on his not allowing Yale to wipe the earth with the army boys."

"Dusty!" she said. "What a funny nickname!"

"There is another Miller here whom they call Moth Miller. And two Bells—one Ding Dong and one Jingle."

"What is his real name?" asked Amy, ignoring all side issues, and still speaking of the man who stood looking at her over the heads of the others as if he had never seen a girl before.

"Willing—his mother was a Philadelphia Willing. He is a cousin of Cynthia Willing—the girl Jermyrn Loring is in love with."

Amy paid no attention to poor Jermyrn's aspirations. She simply drew her breath deeply, and her color rose under Dusty's ardent gaze.

She was a pretty girl at any time, but that night she was enough to turn the head of even the most case-hardened. Her dress was white, and was fluffed out around her feet in multitudinous ruffles. Above these hung what looked like seaweed, or green grasses, in the midst of which were clustered here and there bunches of small pink roses. The skirt was looped with these little clusters. Her sash was green, and her bodice edged with a narrow band of the same green grasses and pink rose-buds. Her curls were dressed in a loose Psyche knot, tied with a broad, soft pink ribbon; her bouquet was of pink roses, with long green ribbons.

This striking but simple costume marked her at once as possessing indi-

viduality and taste. The women critically dissected it, yet were forced to admire it, while the men were enchanted by the picture she made, without knowing in the least how the effect was produced, nor caring one whit. All they knew was that it reminded them of something cool and green and summery, and that Amy's wistful beauty tinged the daguerreotype that her appearance suggested with the old-fashioned romance which lies deep down in every man's heart.

The very first moment he saw Amy Levering, Dusty Miller felt all this and more. He fell in love with her at sight, and fell hard; and I knew from the way Bee drew in her breath and cleared her throat that she, too, had seen and observed his emotion.

Her management was masterly. She prevented an introduction, although Dusty's eyes begged her dumbly, like a dog's. She surrounded Amy with other men. She took Dusty for her own property; and when she could no longer manage him, she gave him to me with a fierce sisterly look which meant:

"Take this away with you, and do what you know I want done with it!"

I generally obey orders, but I am so soft that Dusty at once took advantage of my easiness and came out with a request which Bee would have prevented.

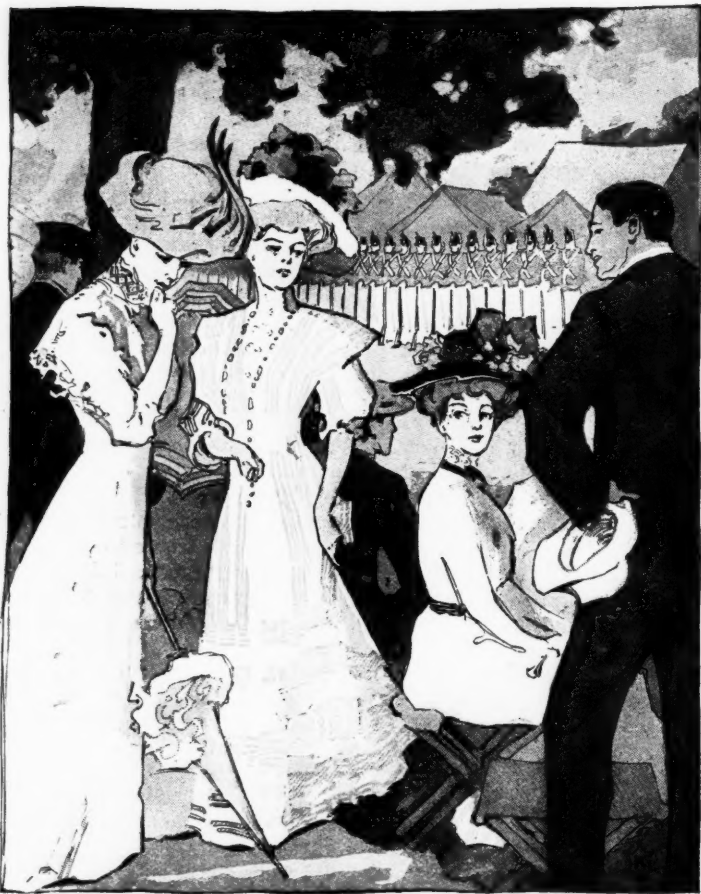
"Introduce me to her," he begged.

"I believe I have gone crazy!"

What use would it have been for me to look bewildered and ask what he meant? I knew, and he knew that I knew. So, instead of obeying Bee, inside of five minutes Dusty and I were rummaging among the cozy corners between dances trying, in the boldest manner, to find Amy Levering.

But Bee was too much for us. She had Amy hemmed in three deep, so that when we found her even Dusty gave it up and turned back to dance sadly with me. Ours was the fourth. Dusty danced the fifth with Edith Mockridge, who, in her capacity as one of the patronesses, kept him on duty until the music for the sixth was about to begin.

It happened that Amy's partner for the fifth was a cadet named Attwood, who was just out of the hospital after a sprained ankle, so they went around the room but once and then sat down



I HAD TO LOOK TWICE TO SEE IF IT WERE AMY

next to me to rest. Presently I saw the boy go rather pale, so I told him to go out and get some fresh air, and said that I would keep Miss Levering with me until the next dance. The poor fellow was profuse in his apologies, but I could see that he had overtaxed himself, and he went.

No sooner were we left alone than Amy turned and looked searchingly in my face for a moment. Then, with a quick sigh, she slipped her little gloved hand into mine.

I don't know when I have been so touched as I was at the simplicity of her appraisal and the confidence betrayed by that little cuddling move of hers. I silently pressed her hand. Presently she lifted her flowers to her face, and, behind that screen, murmured:

"Mrs. Jardine, do you believe that two people ever fall in love at first sight?"

"I do indeed, my dear," I said fervently. "My husband did worse than that—he proposed to me the first night we ever met, and before we had spoken together fifteen minutes!"

Amy turned to me with a face flashing like sunlight on the water.

"Oh, how lovely! How lovely!" she cried. "And you—what did you do? Was it the same with you?"

"I regret to say that I laughed in his face and went on with my precious affair with another man. But why did you ask me that?"

"Because the first man I saw when we came in to-night has the face I always see when I dream. He seemed to

recognize me in just the same way, for I saw, I actually *saw* him straighten up and look surprised, and his eyes turned black, quite black. I haven't met him yet, but all the evening he has kept close to where I was, and his eyes look straight into mine. The next dance is his, and—and—he is coming for me now!"

I don't often allow myself to be foolish or overpowered in public, but somehow both Amy and Dusty struck me as being out of the common, and wonderfully sincere and unworldly. Dusty bore down upon us, looking straight into Amy's eyes; and she, without waiting for me to speak or even introduce them, rose and stood waiting. Then and there—the band striking up at that moment—Dusty just naturally opened his arms and Amy fluttered into them; and when I saw all this, it didn't even seem odd to me—it seemed to be the only thing in the world for them to do.

Nor did I as chaperon find it at all objectionable when I saw him draw her much closer than the exigencies of the occasion seemed to demand. In fact, I saw him deliberately hug her before they had spoken one word or had been introduced, and I smiled at them joyously for doing it. That's the kind of chaperon I am!

But after they were gone, and my angel came to sit out a dance with me, I gasped at my behavior. I wondered if they would be married before I saw them again, or only just engaged.

They have never admitted it, but I believe they knew before that waltz was over that they were destined for each other, for I have never seen such an exalted look on any two people's faces as I saw on theirs. Still, they said absolutely nothing, nor could Bee dig a word out of Amy either then or afterward, which accounts for what happened.

III

I HAVE never seen an army post which did not possess its married flirt, and West Point at this particular time was no exception to the rule.

Mrs. Caxton was pretty, vivacious, and utterly untrustworthy. Hers was a demoralizing influence which was felt by every one who came near her; but she was of the clinging-vine sort, and chival-

rous young men, like those at the academy, were loath to treat her as cavalierly as she deserved. It so happened that Dusty Miller was her latest selection, and seeing the sort of devotion he laid at Amy Levering's feet that night inflamed her shallow heart with jealous hate.

I exonerate Bee entirely in this affair. I do not believe that Mrs. Caxton needed to have any one point out how Dusty was falling in love. Still, I must say that if Bee thought the affair showed symptoms of not moving to her taste, she was perfectly capable of setting such a woman as Mrs. Caxton to stir things up a bit.

But be that as it may, the band was playing "Home, Sweet Home," and the most brilliant hop of the season was almost over. The dear gray and white uniforms against the soft ball-gowns of the girls were circling slowly, and still more slowly, until the end was reached, when Mrs. Caxton caught something of hers in Amy's lace, which tore so shockingly that not one woman in the room believed it was an accident.

Of course, there were exclamations and apologies and introductions, and Amy was the only wholly unsuspecting person in the group, for I saw even some of the cadets exchange glances. Mrs. Caxton insisted upon taking Miss Levering to the dressing-room and examining into the damage; and they went up-stairs together, the elder woman's arm around Amy's waist.

Mrs. Caxton finally wound the matter up by asking Amy to drive with her the next day, in order to prove that Amy did not bear malice. As Mrs. Caxton had a delicious little basket-phaeton, Bee told Amy she had better go, and they arranged to meet us afterward at dress-parade.

I saw Amy at luncheon, and learned that she and Dusty had been down Flirtation Walk together, and that her first view of West Point had been given her by him. I carried the picture of that child's face in my memory for many a long day, for I never saw it exactly the same again.

I don't know what happened during that drive. I only know that when that Caxton woman brought Amy to where our party was watching the parade form, I had to look twice to see if it were Amy,

so white, so wan, so piteous was her look. The woman's face was full of bright malice, and she left us with the wickedest little laugh I ever heard.

I have only a confused recollection of that superb spectacle—dress-parade at West Point. The immaculate uniforms, the clock-like precision, the soldierly bearing of those dear boys, all blurred before my eyes. My whole thought was to shield this white-lipped girl from observation and to get her home.

As I laughed and talked with the others, I felt Aubrey press a paper into my hand.

"Don't read it until you get home," he whispered.

When I was at liberty to look for him both he and Amy had disappeared.

I thought the time would never come when I could find a minute in that gay set of chatterers to read that penciled scrawl. It was from Amy, and said simply:

I have gone home. Let me go quietly, for I believe I am dying.

My husband came into the room just as I read it.

"Where is she, Aubrey? In her room? Did you bring her home? What is the matter with her? Did you see this note? I must go to her at once."

He caught at my hand as I rushed by him.

"I put her on the train—on the New York side. She has gone home alone. The child is desperately hurt, and the best thing is to let her fight it out alone."

"Aubrey!" I cried. "Aubrey! You let that girl go alone?"

"I telephoned Mrs. Jimmie to meet her at the station. She will know what to do."

"Yes, so she will! Poor dear! What was it, do you think? What did Mrs. Caxton tell her?"

"I don't know, but it must have been pretty bad. That woman is a devil!"

It is a serious thing to be a cadet at West Point when you are in love. Although Colonel Mockridge was our cousin, and could have given Dusty leave to go to New York ten times over, he wouldn't do it, for he not only ridiculed the idea that these two were in love, but he rather resented our believing it. Our

interference irritated his usual placid soul to such an extent that he finally declared that he was glad Mrs. Caxton said enough to put a stop to such utter foolishness as a belief among sensible persons that anything serious could come of a twenty-four hour infatuation.

In vain we told of all the instances we knew, as well as some we made up. He was obdurate, and I was forced to see Dusty suffer during that wretched week as I never care to see a man suffer again. I believed in the love of these two, at any rate.

I know this—Dusty wrote to Amy every day for two months, before she would even open a letter. She returned them to him, every one. Still, he told me it was a comfort even to see her handwriting on the envelopes, and that he never tore one open without the hope that she had relented and answered.

In vain did I attempt to find out what sort of a lie Mrs. Caxton had told. Had Dusty been foolish, and written a letter that she could show? Dusty swore he hadn't.

There was a frightful row—about something else, ostensibly, but Mrs. Caxton was finally made to see that she was *persona non grata*, so she left West Point, taking her docile husband with her to stir up trouble in another post. Officially, it read that her husband was "transferred."

IV

FINALLY, Bee did what only a very brave and a very clever woman would dare to do—she set herself to bring Amy Levering and Laffin Van Tassel together.

To be sure, she knew by this time that Amy was a girl of spirit and courage, and we had all come to realize that she would win along any lines she chose to lay down for herself. She had a will of iron under that delicate, wistful beauty of hers; and her self-control was wonderful.

She allowed herself to be paired off with Laffin at dinners, and she seemed, to all outward appearances, to be satisfied with the way things were going; but once, when she was alone with me, she threw herself into my arms, weeping bitterly, and sobbing out:

"Oh, Mrs. Jardine! My *Brushwood Boy*! The hero of all my dreams!"

She listened to my accounts of how Dusty distinguished himself on the gridiron, and how well he acted in the play, but no amount of art could draw from her one word of the trouble between them.

Finally, on Bee's hint, I wrote Dusty a long letter, in which I artfully mingled Amy's and Laffin's names. In fact, I stirred up his jealousy to the best of my poor ability. The result made me feel that my art was almost too strong for every-day use, for the next train brought Dusty to New York.

"Dusty!" I cried, when I saw him. "Had you leave to come?"

He shook his head miserably.

"No; Colonel Mockridge wouldn't give it to me. The superintendent is ill and refused to see me, and so I'll have to resign. But I don't mind even that, if I can only see Amy! Do you think you could manage it for me?"

"Could I?" I cried valiantly. "I'll bring her—dead or alive!"

And I brought her!

I left them alone together in my studio for one whole blissful afternoon; and they made it up—whatever it was. By four o'clock they were safely engaged; for I descended upon them with tea, and demanded to know.

They both kissed me, and Amy would have kissed Aubrey, if she had not seen how queer Aubrey looked when Dusty kissed me, so she considerably forebore. But she looked as if she would like to kiss the whole world, and let it know how much beauty there was in life, and how much to love.

Aubrey, who knows Colonel Mockridge and the superintendent and army discipline better than the rest of us do, looked grave when I told him that Dusty was there without leave.

"Unless we can placate the powers," he said, "it will mean either a court-martial or expulsion!"

"He says he means to resign," I said.

"That would be a pity, for Miller is a born soldier, and would make a fine officer. I suppose, though, with the influence we could bring to bear, that we could get him a civilian appointment afterward."

"Oh, but that would be horrid!" I cried. "He is so near the top of his class that he is eligible for the engineers or the artillery at the worst; and then to miss graduation and enter the army as a civilian!"

"He knew all that before he came," said Aubrey.

"Well, I should think that would prove to Colonel Mockridge that he is in earnest."

Aubrey shook his head. Then he went and talked with Dusty a while. Finally he came back with a serious face.

"I think I'll run up to West Point and talk to John about the matter. You can send Dusty to the Jimmies' for the night. I'll be back in the morning."

The next day, a little before noon, my studio presented an unusual appearance. Amy and Bee and Dusty were there, and Amy, all excitement, brought the news that she had spread the whole matter before her father, who had promised to call on me at twelve o'clock and look Dusty over.

"He didn't even tell mother, so that means that he is all on our side," cried Amy.

When Cyrus Levering entered the room, I knew why he had come to be such a power in the world of finance. He radiated strength, and the iron will that Amy had inherited looked out of his keen, blue eyes.

The young man and the old became friends in that first honest hand-clasp.

"So!" said Mr. Levering. "My little girl has not been herself since she went to West Point with Mrs. Jardine"—I looked up with astonishment, and Bee smiled—"and you are the reason, are you?"

"I wish I could think that I had been," said the young man, smiling. "But if I had had my way, her knowing me would not have brought that look to her face. The reason for that look wore skirts!"

The old man's face broke into a smile.

"Do you love my child, young man?"

"With all my heart," said Dusty.

"Then treat her well, and I'll treat you well. You won't have to live on just your salary."

"Haven't you told him, Amy?" asked Dusty.

"Told him what?"

"That I probably won't have any salary to support you on, unless I can get a civilian appointment."

"What's that?" said Mr. Levering sharply. "I thought you were a cadet at West Point!"

"I am," answered Dusty. "But I

"Well, you're both young. You can wait and prove your mettle."

"I'm willing to!"

"But I'm not," cried Amy. "I don't want to wait!"

"You don't?" said her father, tilting her face up to his. "What do you want?"



I DESCENDED UPON THEM WITH TEA, AND DEMANDED TO KNOW

shall be expelled for absence without leave. I couldn't get leave — Amy wouldn't come to me, nor even read my letters, so I came to her."

The old man worked his eyebrows up and down as he sat watching the young man.

"So! You risked dismissal, and possibly ruined your career, just to see my girl? Was that wise?"

"No, sir!"

"I want to be married the day after he graduates, and to have a big military wedding."

"When I was a boy in Akron, Ohio," said the old man, "I joined the village band, not because I was musical, but so that I could wear the uniform. I guess Amy inherits my love for brass buttons."

"It is barely possible," I said, "that my husband has been successful in avert-

ing any bad results from Mr. Miller's action. He went to West Point last night to intercede for him."

"Your husband did that?" asked Mr. Levering. "Amy, you seem to have made friends."

Just then Aubrey let himself in, and I ran to meet him. I knew by his face that his quest had been in vain. We introduced him, and he told us about it.

"I never saw such a place as West Point," said the Angel wearily. "Influence, talk, arguments, threats, anger, rage, sweetness, tears, pleadings—all in vain. You are up against it good and hard, young man!"

"Did you see the superintendent?" asked Dusty dismally.

"I did. I don't care for him. He's not an affable acquaintance."

"What do they propose to do to him?" asked Mr. Levering.

"Court-martial and dismiss him is the program they sketched out for my entertainment."

"Well, there's this to be said for Major Faxon. He is a sick man. He has asked to be retired, and the retiring-board is to act next week. He doesn't feel like closing his career by making a possible mistake," said Dusty.

"Who is to succeed him?" I asked.

"Major Featherstone," said Dusty.

I looked at Bee. So did Aubrey. So did all the others, just because we did. But Bee never blushes. Her eyes change color.

Then a faint sound made itself heard, something like a snicker. I have since wondered if it came from me, for I was the only one who knew of both facts—one, Major Featherstone's hopeless but none the less interesting passion for my widowed sister; the other, her subcutaneous reason for releasing Lafin Van Tassel from any possible interest in Amy Levering by marrying her to another man.

"Major Featherstone is in town," said Bee slowly. "He is at the New Hotel. I—"

"You what?" I demanded impatiently.

I forgot that Bee might hesitate at placing herself under obligations to Major Featherstone by asking a favor of

him, just at this stage of the game, but I might have known that my sister plays boldly to win.

"I had a note from him this morning saying that—that he had important news for me. It might mean that he is to report at once. In that case—"

"There's no time to be lost," said Aubrey.

"I might telephone," said Bee.

I escorted her to the telephone so promptly that it disturbed her dignity. It seemed ages before she came back, for no one who has not tried it knows the maddening delays of telephoning to any New York hotel. Finally, however, she appeared.

"Dusty," she said, "you are in clover. Major Featherstone has been appointed acting superintendent, and he says you must apply for five days' leave—beginning yesterday."

Dusty's incredulous face showed how marvelous must have been Bee's influence to get such a thing through the frightful red tape of West Point.

"What?" he cried. "Mrs. Lathrop, are you sure?"

"I am sure. Major Featherstone will be at West Point to-morrow morning. If I were in your place, I'd have my letter there to greet him. I told him that we would manage Colonel Mockridge."

"Oh, John is all right," said Aubrey. "When he discovered that Miller was really here, he was on our side in a minute."

"Hum!" said Cyrus Levering. "Well, Amy, you certainly are blessed with influential friends." Here he looked at Bee. "I'm glad you wrote me that letter, Mrs. Lathrop," he added. "I wouldn't have made more trouble for these young people for anything."

"What letter?" asked Amy.

"Did you think I fell into your young man's arms without knowing something about him and his family and his record? You owe more of this morning's work to Mrs. Lathrop than you realize, Amy. In fact, I may say that without her efforts in your behalf it couldn't have been done!"

"Oh, no, Mr. Levering," said Bee modestly. "You held the cards. I only assisted!"



THE MINISTRY AS A PROFESSION

BY WALTER P. EATON

AVERAGE YEARLY SALARIES PAID BY AMERICAN PROTESTANT CHURCHES

Methodist.....	About \$480
Baptist.....	No complete statistics
Presbyterian.....	About \$700
Congregational.....	\$907
Episcopal.....	About \$600

IT is characteristic of our day and generation, perhaps, that there should be a new and widespread attention to the subject of ministers' salaries in the Protestant churches of America. The Roman Catholic Church, with its all-embracing organization, sees to it that every parish priest receives a minimum wage large enough to live upon.

The Protestant churches are alarmed over the dwindling number of students in their seminaries, and the increased difficulty of securing worthy recruits for the ministry. Salaries are considered as a possible factor in this decline, as well as for humanitarian reasons. The minister's lot, if possible, is to be made easier, no less for practical considerations—even if these are not always confessed—than for ethical ones.

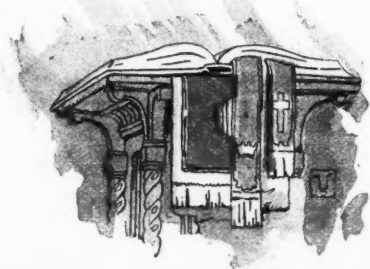
It is undoubtedly true that no man who is worth attention, who accomplished any lasting good in pulpit or parish, ever went into the ministry for the salary. The largest salaries—except, perhaps, the twenty-five thousand dollars annually paid to the rector of Trinity Church, New York—are smaller than the earnings to

which a man of ability can reasonably hope to attain in business or law or medicine. "To feel the call," as the older theology phrased it, is a very real fact of experience, and is behind every worthy choice of the ministry as a life-work, as much to-day as in the past. But while no man should, and few do, go into the church for the money, may not a good many men be kept out by the lack of it? Will not considerations of the comfort, health, and education of wife and family cause many a man to hesitate, to reckon the sacrifice too great? And have we, as church-members, as ostensible supporters of our faith, any right to demand of our pastors the sacrifices they are now so often compelled to make?

Let us see what these sacrifices are.

THE PITTANCES PAID TO MINISTERS

From the reports of the last annual conferences of the Methodist Episcopal



Church, omitting all foreign and mission conferences, and subtracting from the total amount paid for "ministers, presiding elders, and bishops" seven per cent, as about representing the elders' and bishops' share, the average yearly salary paid by the Methodist Church in America to its ministers is four hundred and eighty dollars. This, of course, includes all the Swedish and German churches, all negro and frontier parishes. But, with every allowance made, four hundred and eighty dollars a year is a pitiful pecuniary reward for trying to do God's work in a community. It is not a decent living wage anywhere to-day.

In the Baptist Church of America no complete statistics are available, but the Board of Home Missions helps many churches in small communities to pay the minister's salary, and on the lists of the board some astonishing figures may be seen. Twenty-two churches in the old and prosperous State of Massachusetts pay, with the aid of the board, a total average salary of eight hundred and forty-four dollars. Many of these salaries are as low as six hundred dollars. Seven churches in the city of Buffalo pay an average salary of four hundred and ninety-five dollars. Two of this number pay three hundred dollars, and one pays two hundred and fifty. Any day-laborer is better rewarded than this.

Twelve Baptist churches in the State of Washington give an average of eight hundred and four dollars. Four taken at random from the Colorado list average four hundred and fifty. Eleven in Arizona (white) average eight hundred and twenty-five. A rural church in New York pays five hundred dollars, one in New Jersey four hundred and forty-two, one in Illinois—a mission church—two hundred and fifty. And so on, through the pitifully lengthy list.

The clerk of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of the United States gives out these figures for his denomination:

The general average salary is about seven hundred dollars. East of Columbus, Ohio, it is "fully eight hundred" (*sic!*). In the South and Southwest it is not over five hundred. West of Chicago it is about six hundred. The average in the city of Philadelphia is twenty-

two hundred—which is not a large income for a city-dweller who has a family to educate, appearances to keep up, and entertaining to do.

The last Congregational year-book reported an average salary in that denomination of nine hundred and seven dollars—a showing on which the church officials pride themselves. It fell lowest in North Carolina, where forty-seven churches pay an average of only two hundred and thirty-one dollars a year. The five hundred and seventy-five churches of Massachusetts, the State where the denominational headquarters are situated, and where Andover Seminary so long flourished, pay an average of twelve hundred and seventy.

The Episcopal Church of America, so far as figures can be secured, and according to the estimates of those in the church, pays an average salary to its clergy engaged in parochial work of about six hundred dollars a year. When you consider that Dr. Manning receives twenty-five thousand a year from Trinity, and that many city churches pay from five thousand to ten thousand, it is readily seen that somebody is getting less than six hundred—chiefly, of course, the Western and missionary preachers, who have to be helped out each year by barrels and baskets of clothes and supplies sent from the East, and called "charity." "Inadequate justice" would be a more fitting term. The writer recalls one barrel that went from an Eastern city, containing several discarded silk tea-gowns, to relieve the family of a struggling frontier preacher in Alaska!

LOW SALARIES IN NEW YORK

But not all the needy are in the West and South. Some of them are almost under the shadow of Trinity spire. It was not so long ago that a rector in the diocese of New York appealed to his bishop because he was threatened with eviction if he didn't pay his rent. The following extract is taken from the report of a committee on inadequate clerical salaries, as given in the Journal of the Twenty-Fifth Convention (1908) of the New York Diocese:

Your committee finds that there are in the diocese of New York twenty-two parishes, or mission stations, paying less than one thousand two hundred dollars to the rector,

or minister in charge. Of these ministers sixteen are married, and are in receipt of the following salaries:

- 1—None.
- 1—\$410.00.
- 1—\$749.25.
- 2—\$600.00, with rectory.
- 1—\$800.00, with rectory.
- 2—\$900.00, with rectory.
- 7—\$1,000.00, with rectory.
- 1—\$1,080.00, with rectory.

Six are single, and are in receipt of the following salaries:

- 3—\$600.00.
- 1—\$620.00.
- 1—\$825.00.
- 1—\$800.00, with rectory.

In the opinion of your committee, the diocese of New York should

(a) Guarantee a minimum salary of \$1,200 to each unmarried clergyman, and \$1,200 and a rectory, or \$1,500, to each married clergyman having charge of one or more mission stations under the direction of the diocese.

(b) And offer to cooperate with any parish, paying less than the above-named minimum to its minister, which will agree to raise a sum equal to one-third of the amount needed.

Anybody, married or single, who has tried to live in or near New York on six hundred dollars a year, and to hold his head up in the community, to keep abreast of the times with books and magazines, knows what such a salary means.

In the Unitarian denomination no figures are available, though an investigation has been started, with a view to establishing a retiring-fund. One hundred and fifty churches which have reported give an average salary of seventeen hundred dollars, but this is admittedly too high. About one thousand dollars would come closer to the average of the whole denomination. This, compared with the salaries paid by other denominations, is wealth and luxury; but it must be remembered that the Unitarian Church flourishes chiefly in the East and in the more educated and well-to-do communities. Numerically, it is not strong enough to raise the general average of Protestant ministers' salaries to any appreciable extent.

These figures, fairly representative of the leading Protestant denominations,

show that the average Protestant clergyman in the United States receives a yearly salary of considerably less than a thousand dollars, probably less than seven hundred—the wages, in other words, of a good day-laborer. It is inconceivable that many earnest young men, who might make useful and worthy ministers, are not forced into other occupations by this consideration—and quite blamelessly so.

"They are all poor, and they ought to be poor. Their trial is to be a trial, but it must not be too crushing," said the old *abbé* in René Bazin's story, "The Nun," when he was soliciting alms for the disestablished sisters.

Protestant clergymen's salaries in the United States to-day are too crushing. The sacrifice is more than we have any right to ask, often more than any man with others dependent upon him has any right to accept.

THE PROBLEM OF RAISING SALARIES

With the problem of how to raise these salaries we can hardly concern ourselves here. Any one who has worked in a small church knows the difficulties—knows the endless expedients of fairs and "socials" and lawn-parties and cake-sales, the shameless petty devices, the sanctimonious lotteries, employed to raise a paltry few hundred dollars that should be given freely, gladly, without solicitation, and without return of cakes or aprons. If there were more men in most of the churches to-day, and if religion meant more to those who profess it, the minister's salary would be thus raised—by voluntary contribution, not by trade and petticoat-bartering. And it would be raised in another sense, as well.

As matters stand, however, the smaller and rural churches probably give as much as they can. The minister's salary is not the only one which was fixed long ago, and has not advanced with the increased cost of living. Many of the church-members find themselves in the same boat. Lawyers and doctors can command their own figure, and do; but army and navy officers, government officials of all kinds, and notably preachers and teachers, are still dependent on the good-will of the community, and receive only what they received a generation ago, or but a little more—so little more

that the increased cost of living has far outrun it. Indeed, in some denominations it is said that ministers receive rather less to-day than was paid them a decade ago.

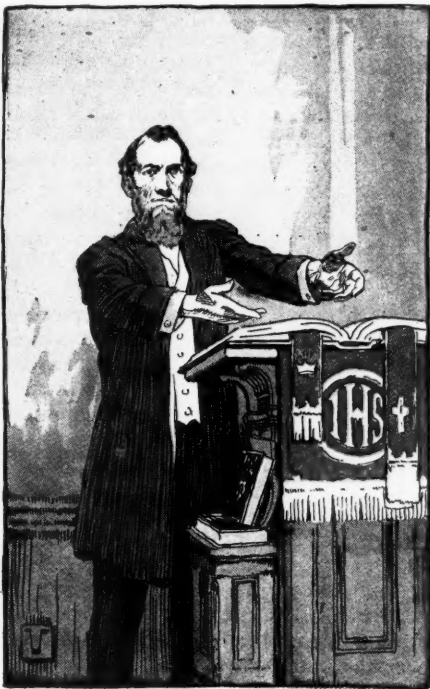
Convention in part keeps the public from increasing their salaries. We all

a church of this size, without some very rich individual member or outside aid, can raise any but a meager salary.

The problem of organized aid for the smaller churches, and for elderly and retired clergymen, is now receiving the attention of all denominations. But this



WE PAY THIS MAN THREE DOLLARS A DAY—
OR A LITTLE MORE—TO BUILD THE CHURCH



WE PAY THIS MAN TWO DOLLARS A DAY—OR
A LITTLE LESS—TO PREACH IN THE CHURCH

know the man who gets up in the parish-meeting and argues that old Parson Smith got only a thousand dollars a year, and sent his son through Amherst, and he guesses there's no reason why young Parson Jones, who hasn't any son yet, should be voted any more money. But in part, too, the waning interest in the church, the dwindling pew-list, or the half-hearted support of the men, keeps salaries down where they were twenty-five years ago.

Out of a total of six thousand and six churches listed in the Congregational year-book, more than half have a membership of less than one hundred, and more than half of this number less than fifty. It is pretty difficult to see how

aid can be carried only so far. Extend it beyond the danger-point, and the assisted church itself, resting too hard on the charity of its richer neighbors, loses its own life and initiative. Organized aid should be given to a church only in proportion to the church's own efforts to increase its revenue.

The problem of larger salaries, then, is an integral part of the greater problem of the life and activity and usefulness of the church as an institution. To raise salaries means to quicken the public conscience in each community, to stimulate anew an interest in organized religion, and a belief in its truth and value. There are those, even within the church, who will tell you that the prospect of an

immediate rise in salaries, therefore, is not very bright.

But there is much that may be said on the other side, and perhaps it is high time that it should be said.

THE MINISTER'S TRUE REWARD

Granted that six hundred dollars a year, even in a rural community, even with a parsonage thrown in, is a pitifully small salary; granted that the minister who receives it cannot buy the books he ought to read to keep abreast of modern thought, still less enjoy the occasional travel he needs to keep him out of a rut; granted that his wife has to consider every quarter, every nickel, to skimp and pinch and toil, to make both ends meet; granted that his children, if he has them—and most poor ministers, like other poor people, have several—present a heart-breaking educational problem; granted that this minister, however, is as well off, if not better, than the city minister who is supposed to keep up a four-thousand-dollar establishment on a two-thousand-dollar salary, and who, unlike the rural pastor, dwells among people who could amply afford to pay him more—granted all this, and there still remains an eternal reason for embracing the ministry as a profession. It is a reason which will go into the scales with money-bags, and bear the beam down.

The ministry is underpaid in money, like most other professions that depend for remuneration on the gratitude of the community. The community is quite willing, since it is not compelled to pay more, to pay as little as possible; quite willing that the minister should take his reward in happiness. And, to a certain point, the community—perhaps without knowing it—is quite right.

To the true minister, the reward of his service and sacrifice is not to be reckoned in dollars and cents. It is the reward of happiness, the reward of constant and sustained intellectual and spiritual activity, of constant intercourse with men and women—alas, more women than men now!—on their best sides, of considerable liberty in the disposal of his time; above all, of constant effort to accomplish some mite of good in the world, to reach his fellows, to help and

to strengthen them, to leave the world a little better than he found it.

To increase the salaries of ministers to a point where they can support and educate their families in decency and have a small margin over for the necessity of books and the luxury of a reserve, to a point where they are beyond the gnawing cares and nervous drain of poverty, is a crying need of the Protestant churches to-day. But to increase salaries beyond this point would be a doubtful good, if not a positive danger.

The reason is simple. While the low salaries, both in the ministry and in teaching, doubtless turn many good men to other professions, the rule nevertheless works both ways. It keeps out many undesirable men—undesirable because their ideals are low, their object selfish.

The demand for young, active ministers is at present greater than the supply, to be sure, and a youth of marked ability is practically certain of a comfortable living almost as soon as he steps out of his divinity-school. It is the young minister who is in demand to-day, especially in the large city churches. The ministers themselves say that their "dead line" is reached at the fiftieth year. A mediocre man may be a very good man, a useful, efficient shepherd of a small flock—but he is the man, in the ministry as elsewhere, who draws the low salary. For the young man of ability the church now less than ever need be barred for financial reasons. This is the universal testimony of the officers in all Protestant denominations. But the youth of marked ability are few in every profession. It is the quality of the rank and file which is assured by low salaries.

For to demand of the clergy a certain sacrifice of worldly goods, the acceptance of a pecuniary reward less than may be secured in business or in the other professions, is to insure the desirable result of securing for the ministry only those men who feel its call strongly enough, who love its ideals passionately enough, who are sufficiently stirred by the Master's ideal of sacrifice to forego pecuniary return. It is now more than ever essential, since the church is on trial before the bar of public opinion, since it is feeling the social unrest, striving to reach the masses

which have slipped away from it, that the noblest and deepest ideals of the ministry should be preserved, should be held aloft. And one of these ideals is sacrifice. The Scriptures do not tell us that a rich minister is exempt at the gate of heaven. So the public is right—if blindly and selfishly right—in imposing poverty on its priests.

The trouble is, it has now imposed more than poverty; because of the increased cost of living, it has come to impose privation, and intellectual, if not sometimes almost physical, starvation. It has pushed a good to the point of evil. Ministers' salaries should be raised nearly everywhere. But they should not be raised beyond the point of decent comfort and security. To ask men to come into the ministry, to tempt them to come, because of the financial rewards, is to debase Christianity and to insult its Founder. Fortunately, there seems to be no immediate danger of this particular insult.

THE OLD DOCTOR AND THE NEW

The medical profession offers a case in point. Physicians and surgeons have been able to dictate their own rewards, and to keep these rewards, in many instances, far in advance of the increased cost of living. But in spite of the tremendous scientific advances the profession of medicine has made in recent years, has it not palpably gone backward on the human side? The type of doctor in men's minds to-day is not the comforting and sympathetic adviser and friend of "the old school," whose accounts, like his office, were always in a jumble, and whose bills floated in, by accident, once a year. The new doctor is a keen, cold, highly prosperous professional man—young, never old—who spends the summer at his country estate, and whose bills come in promptly once a month, filled out—unitemized—by a clerk. He is such a prosperous, imposing, socially important person that you do not dare to ask to check up his arithmetic.

This new man is a good physician, probably better than the old; and sometimes he does heroic and unpaid deeds in hospital and slum. But as often he does not. And certainly he has lost

something that the older generation of doctors had—a sympathy, a comforting fellowship of heart, a warm humanity; in other words, an ideal of his profession into which the rewards of this world did not enter at all. Even the scientific discoveries which have advanced his profession so much have in most cases been made, one suspects, by men working in university laboratories, and quite as unrewarded in money as the parson or the school teacher.

"Undoubtedly ministers of all denominations are underpaid," a prominent clergyman said to me, at a reunion of his divinity-school, where the question of the lack of students was being discussed; "but I doubt if raising the salaries would to any great extent increase the number of divinity students—certainly far less than is popularly supposed. The ministry should be, and still is, a unique calling; nothing but his ideals will send a man into it, and nothing but his ideals will keep him there. Where a hundred teachers leave their profession annually for something that 'pays better,' only one minister deserts the ranks. That shows our ideals are still sound—still the old ones. To make the ministry a highly paid calling would be, I believe, a calamity. All we ask is a living wage. That we do not always get, perhaps even less often in the cities than in the country. The rural communities have had more than their share of the blame for the low average. A rural parson on six hundred dollars may be better paid than a city preacher on sixteen hundred, and the chances are ten to one that his salary represents a greater sacrifice from his flock.

"The Protestant churches should make every effort to increase the salaries of their pastors, even by the guarantee of a minimum wage, to a point commensurate with the increased cost of living. It is often a disgrace that they do not, and it is a bad thing for the church. But more no true-hearted clergyman demands or expects. The rewards of the ministry are not so reckoned. Our returns are in coin of the ideal."

A QUESTION FOR YOUNG MEN

A young man of to-day, facing the choice of a profession, and naturally

drawn to the ministry by a strong ethical and humanitarian bent, if he is the sort of man who would make a useful and sincere clergyman, does not ask himself, beyond the needs of supporting his family, "Will it pay?" But, rather, he asks:

"Is the church any longer the center of ethical inspiration, where I can accomplish the most for my fellows, where I can reach and influence those who are doing the world's work? Or can I accept and profess the creeds and doctrines which are the marks of this sect or that?"

No one can answer these questions for him. They are just now in debate, and perhaps the fact that there is debate about them is for some men a kind of answer. That they are often answered in the negative is the true reason for the dwindling number of divinity students. But, if the young man answers in the affirmative, if he does embrace the ministry as a profession, it is without thought of pecuniary reward, and should be so. His reward is the superb satisfaction of sacrifice; the constant daily intercourse, in sickness and health, sorrow and joy, birth and death, with his fellow men and women; the constant daily stimulation of high thoughts and spiritual elevation—a stimulation to be found in such kind and degree in no other profession; the weekly reward of touching with his words a congregation

of people; the rich return of gathering in the vineyard of charity.

All this spells happiness of a very exalted kind for the clergyman. But it also spells heartache and worry and constant striving; and unfortunately, at the present time, often an incessant added struggle with the personal problems of food and clothes, medicine and education, rent and taxes.

And that is our fault. Since our clergymen, in a commercial age, still stand for ideal things, since they make this great sacrifice for us, the least we can do, as professing Christians, is to see that they are relieved from want themselves, are fed and clothed and equipped with physical and intellectual resources to do their best. As their salary depends on our good-will and our appreciation of the worth of their services, it would seem that the Protestant Christians of America have little gratitude and a pretty low idea of this worth, since they set its average reward at seven hundred dollars a year. We pay as much to the man who shingles our house as to the teacher who trains our children or the pastor who labors for our souls.

It makes you wonder, sometimes, that anybody should still think our souls worth saving. To the band of men who do think so, who are willing to pinch and suffer for their belief, should go our hearts and hands—and a little something more than at present in our hands.

THE SACRED FLAME

He kept his lamp still lighted,
Though round about him came
Men who, by commerce blighted,
Laughed at his little flame.

He kept his sacred altar
Lit with the torch divine,
Nor let his purpose falter,
Like yours, O world, and mine.

And they whose cold derision
Had mocked him came one day
To beg of him the Vision
To help them on their way;

And, barefoot or in sandal,
When forth they fared to die,
They took from his poor candle
One spark to guide them by!

Charles Hanson Towne

THE PERILOUS GAME OF CORNERING A CROP

III—FAMOUS CORNERS IN CORN AND LARD

BY ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

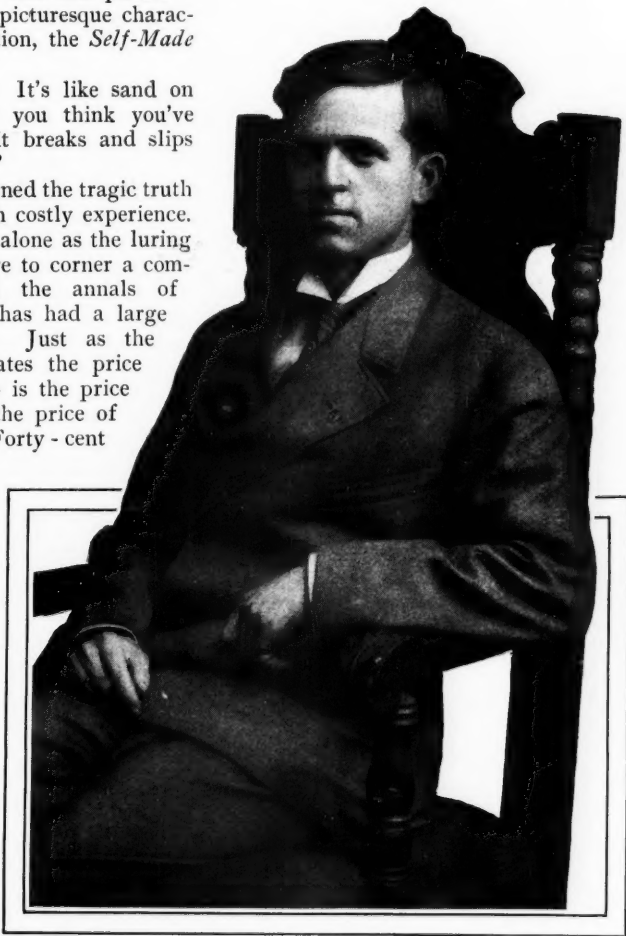
A YOUNG broker on the Chicago Board of Trade once asked the late Philip D. Armour's advice about buying corn. The old packer—the basis of the most picturesque character in all business fiction, the *Self-Made Merchant*—replied:

"Never buy corn. It's like sand on the seashore. When you think you've got it all piled up, it breaks and slips through your fingers."

Many men have learned the tragic truth of this remark through costly experience. Wheat does not stand alone as the luring medium in man's desire to corner a commodity. Throughout the annals of market trading, corn has had a large and significant part. Just as the price of wheat regulates the price of flour and bread, so is the price of corn the basis of the price of beef and pork. Forty-cent corn means four-dollar hogs, and seventy-cent corn means seven-dollar hogs. Thus corn touches the whole mass of the people. When you inflate its price, you lay violent hands on the cost of the every-day food supply.

You get some idea of the terrific task that confronts the man who desires to corner corn when you realize that the United States produces each year more than two and a half

billion bushels of it. As in corners in other foodstuffs, corn has relentlessly performed an avenging service by over-



GEORGE H. PHILLIPS, THE CHICAGO BROKER WHOSE SPECTACULAR OPERATIONS GAINED HIM THE TITLE OF "THE CORN KING"

whelming the would-be cornerer with grain at the supreme moment when he thought he had the market at his mercy.

THE COSTER-MARTIN CORN CRASH

In the long, shifting list of such manipulations, select at random any corner in corn, and you will find a story that will serve as an unhappy model for all the

tively easy matter to buy the corn when it was low and hold it until it was higher. In May they began to buy heavily, their first purchases being at forty cents a bushel. They counted on Providence to come to their aid in the shape of bad weather and other crop interferences; but Providence withheld its support.

Their constant buying, and the fact that contract corn was somewhat scarce, forced up the price right along. Still they kept on buying. At one stage in May they stood to clear nearly three hundred thousand dollars, but they wanted a bigger profit. All the while they continued to drive up the price. The brokers who had sold short got into trouble about deliveries, and wanted to settle; but Coster & Martin refused to settle, and squeezed more than one unfortunate. Fate settled with them later.

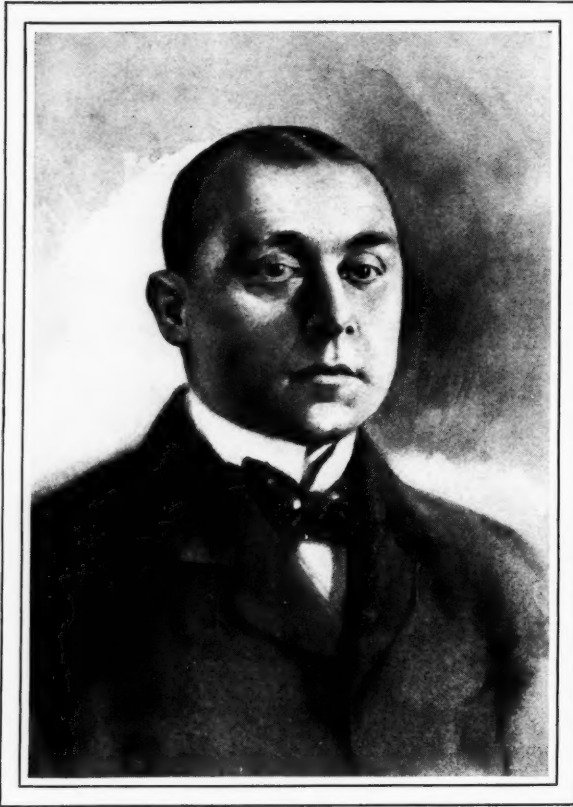
On the last business day of the month, a Coster-Martin broker rushed into the pit, shouting:

"Buy or sell May corn for one dollar!"

There was great excitement, for corn had touched the dollar-mark for the first time since 1868. Coster & Martin took a long chance when they bid it up to this price, but they thought they had the market sewed up, and they were

reckless. But this high-water mark was their undoing.

The elevator people who received corn that day, instead of delivering it to the forty-cents-a-bushel buyers, whose contracts had been filed for some time, delivered it to the dollar buyers, and demanded cash payment for it. In order to protect their large holdings, Coster & Martin had to keep on buying, and thus they were paying a dollar for their corn. And then, as had happened in many



CHARLES COSTER, WHO PLAYED A LEADING PART IN THE DISASTROUS COSTER-MARTIN CORNER OF 1892

rest. Take the Coster-Martin deal of 1892, which was one of the most characteristic and disastrous of all.

The partners in the firm of Coster & Martin were energetic brokers who had lots of nerve, and who thought they had the market sized up right. Having had some success in wheat operations, they decided to go in for corn. The old crop had not been particularly plentiful, and the new corn had not begun to come in. They thought it would be a compara-

other corners; scarcity suddenly became plenty. Farmers hired special trains to rush their corn down to Chicago to profit by this golden opportunity for riches.

The cry of dollar corn rang through the floor and was caught up in the banks, which, after all, were the real strongholds of the traders. When the news reached the Bank of Montreal, a large check from Coster & Martin, covering a "dollar-corn" trade, had just been presented for payment. The shrewd old manager of the bank knew that a dollar a bushel was an inflated and impossible price for corn, so he stopped payment on the check.

Almost at that moment, a broker rushed up to W. H. Bartlett, one of the stalwarts of the floor, whispered something in his ear—in all likelihood the news of the action taken by the Bank of Montreal; whereupon Bartlett shouted:

"Sell May corn at ninety!"

It was the first blow at the corner. In another moment he yelled:

"Sell May corn at eighty-five!"

There was a rush toward him. A few minutes later he roared:

"Sell May corn at eighty!"

The break began, and from that moment corn went to pieces. Everybody wanted to sell, and bedlam reigned. In the midst of all the turmoil, the secretary of the board appeared on the members' balcony overlooking the floor. A great hush suddenly fell upon the place. It could mean only one thing—catastrophe.

Hardly had the din of the pit ceased, when the fateful words went out over the heads of the brokers:

"All parties having trades with Coster & Martin are requested to close them out!"

These were the doom words. Coster & Martin had failed; their corner had gone to smash, and corn broke to forty-nine cents a bushel. The profits of a few days ago had swiftly changed into heavy losses, for they were practically wiped out.

Curiously enough, misfortune seemed to pursue Coster, for he later established himself in New York as a member of the Stock Exchange firm of Coster, Knapp & Co. One day he was found dead, with a bullet-hole in his head. He had died by his own hand; and when an investigation of his firm's affairs was made, it was found that there were many irregularities, and that the fear of discovery had driven Coster to suicide.

THE CAREER OF GEORGE H. PHILLIPS

In the later nineties, a farm-bred Illinois boy came to Chicago to earn his fortune. He had hoed and shocked corn at home, and it was natural that he should seek a business that involved some farm product. He was slender and smooth-faced, but very earnest and exceedingly ambitious. His name was George H. Phillips.

He got a job at one of the big grain-elevators that skirt Chicago, and he spent his days, clad in dusty overalls, keeping tab on shipments. The sound of corn or wheat hurtling down to the chutes reminded him of the old days on the farm. As he chalked up the cars, he dreamed of being a Board of Trade operator.

One day, when he was still in the twenties, he made up his mind that the time had come to make a change. He left the elevators and got a job as buyer for a big corn house on the floor of the board. He did his work so well that he soon became known to all the big traders.

The year 1900 found Phillips in close touch with market conditions. He had become a broker and had prospered. As the year crept on, he made two or three observations that seemed to him to be significant. Among other things he noticed that the export houses were buying corn at thirty-eight cents, and that big operators like James A. Patten—the same Patten who put through the memorable wheat deal of the present year—was selling it to them. This meant that there was a premium on corn for export purposes.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the third of a series of articles on the great corners in staple American commodities. The first paper, published in *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE* for August, dealt with the recent operations of James A. Patten, and with the disastrous attempts of James R. Keene and E. L. Harper. The second, printed last month, told of the famous wheat deals in which "Old Hutch," P. D. Armour, and Joseph Leiter were the leading figures. The next article will deal with the great corners in cotton.

To understand fully what Phillips now did, it is necessary to state that the new corn is ready for the market in November, and that this is the beginning of the crop year in trading. For contract purposes, the grain must be "reasonably sound, dry, and clean."

Phillips, who had barely turned thirty years of age, began to see what the grizzled, market-battered veterans had failed to understand. Despite the fact that the United States had had six big corn crops in succession, and that all summer the farmers had burned up their corn rather than pay the freight for hauling it, there were only seven hundred thousand bushels stored in Chicago. He asked himself the question:

"Has the consumption of corn overtaken the supply?"

The new corn, which had just been gathered, was rather poor in quality. It would not be up to contract requirements for some time. He said:

"If I can now buy corn quietly at thirty-seven and a half cents, it will be worth at least thirty-eight and a half for export purposes."

He went to an old friend, who had come from the same little town, and said to him:

"Will you bet fifty thousand dollars on a sure thing? I have twenty-five thousand, and I want fifty thousand more."

He outlined his plan. The friend was receptive. Together they went to the bank where Phillips did business. The young operator again explained his scheme, after which the head of the bank said:

"George, you are a long way from the commission business. Your plans sound good, and I'll stand by you."

Phillips began buying November corn at thirty-six and a quarter. As he bought, the price advanced. By November 27 he had gathered in a line of three million bushels, and the price had advanced to fifty-one cents. This price brought out a lot of corn, but not enough to make much change in Phillips's affairs. He took it all.

Then the shorts got into trouble. They could not get corn to deliver. To get out of the trap into which Phillips had led them, they bought No. 3 corn,

dried it out in a hurry so as to make it eligible for the contract grade, and poured it in on him. The inspectors let it pass, and Phillips had to accept it; but he held his own until the end of the month, and closed out a large part of his holdings at thirty-nine and forty cents, cleaning up nearly two hundred thousand dollars by the transaction. It was a clever manipulation, and it earned for this young man from the farm the title of the Corn King.

THE DOWNFALL OF THE CORN KING

On the strength of this operation, Phillips built up a big commission business. He was especially strong with people in the small towns and in the country districts. He organized large pools to buy corn, and his customers stood by him. Then he planned another coup. But corner history only repeats its failures; its successes stand as solitary accidents. It was so with Phillips.

In the next year—1901—he started a big deal in corn, and became overloaded with the grain. This time there was no export demand to fall back on. The supply at home was large and growing. When April 2 came, he had a big holding. This day was an election-day in Chicago, and the Board of Trade was closed. It was not a holiday elsewhere, and consequently all the other grain market-places were in full blast.

As if by some preconcerted arrangement, there began everywhere a raid on corn. Phillips had to sit helplessly and watch the price hammered down, for his own exchange was locked, and he could not go to the rescue of the market. He knew that on the next day he would have to face a tidal wave, and the only way to stem it was with money. The manager of the bank where he did business was fishing in Canada, and could not be reached.

When the gong sounded for the next business day, the young speculator went against a hostile force, and, lacking his usual financial support, he went down in defeat. Not only was his corner wiped out, but he personally was bankrupted. His loss would not have been so heavy had not his clerks been speculating with the firm's money, and had they not made costly errors in charging off customers'

accounts. At any rate, Phillips's career as a big factor in corn operations suddenly ended. At the age of thirty-two he had felt the triumph of market supremacy, and also the sting of being buried under the ruins of a corner.

Phillips's experience was simply a repetition of the usual record. He has had many colleagues in misfortune.

One of the greatest of all corners in corn was pulled off in July, 1902. It lacked the tragic element, because all the principals were rich men and could afford to lose. On one side of the deal were arrayed D. G. Reid, the late W. B. Leeds, Judge W. H. Moore—the so-called "tin-plate crowd"—John W. Gates, Michael and John Cudahy, and a group of other rich men, whose total resources aggregated much more than a hundred million dollars; on the other side were the elevator-men and the grain-dealers. It was wealth against experience and knowledge, and wealth lost. Twenty million bushels of corn changed hands; and when the gold-dollar brigade figured up its accounts, it was several millions on the wrong side.

The J. B. Hobbs corner in 1893 and the S. V. White corner in 1891 also resembled the last Phillips operation, for both ended in failure and collapse.

THE GREAT DEALS IN LARD

It is an easy step from corn to lard deals, for the way has been well greased by many market slips. Although occupying a much more lowly place than wheat or corn in the category of commodities, lard has the distinction of being the only commercial product in which no man has ever run a clear-cut and successful corner. Hazardous as is speculation in wheat and corn, the manipulation of lard is still more dangerous, because it is the most "unknown" of all quantities.

One reason for this is in the picturesque remark once made by a Chicago trader who said:

"God made meat, but man made lard."

There is practically no limit to the lard supply, because you can fender the whole hog into fat. The normal yield of a hog in lard is from ten to fifteen per cent of his weight. If the hog

weighs three hundred pounds, the return in lard, under ordinary conditions, will be about forty pounds; but the packer can make this yield larger or smaller. If meat is dear and lard cheap, all the packer has to do is to "keep away from the tank," as they say out at Packing-town. This means that the fat is left on the meat. If lard is high and meat cheap, the process is reversed. Hence you can now understand the wisdom of one of Philip D. Armour's celebrated observations:

"The packing-business is done with a lead pencil, not with a knife. It is a matter of calculation, not butchering."

Lard comes in tierces, each one containing three hundred and forty pounds; but the price is usually quoted in terms of a hundred pounds. A normal price is about ten dollars a hundred, or ten dollars and fifty cents. The supply depends upon the number of hogs and their weight. If the hogs are "running light," as the phrase goes, the packer will buy, for it means that the yield of lard will be light, and the price is likely to rise.

You find no examples of spasmodic or chance success in lard-cornering. It is simply a long succession of bad failures. None is more characteristic than the experience of old Peter McGeoch, of Milwaukee. By an odd coincidence nearly all the great operators came from Milwaukee, which at one time was the home or abiding-place of P. D. Armour, the Cudahys, and C. J. Kershaw, who, you will recall, figured in many notable wheat deals.

McGeoch was a deaf Scotsman with an eagle eye and a marvelous instinct for trading. He had been a successful speculator in wheat, and then turned to lard. It was the same step that many other trained wheat-traders had taken, but they all found that lard was just about the one thing that would not adjust itself to the rules of the game.

Early in 1883 McGeoch began to buy lard. He forced up the price a dollar a tierce. Lard seemed to be scarce, and the shorts who sold got into trouble. McGeoch made them settle, and ground a good many unwilling dollars out of them.

One day, however, there was a flurry in the market. The shorts were getting

even, and lard broke heavily. It went down to nine dollars a tierce overnight. But the hard-headed old Scot kept on buying, and the speculators kept on selling to him. The Chicago traders even cabled to Germany, and had lard rushed to this country in the holds of the fastest steamers.

The inevitable thing happened. One day McGeoch questioned the quality of a delivery of lard from Fowler Brothers. This led to an investigation. Any kind of investigation at the high tide of a corner is dangerous. In the case of McGeoch it started talk that was both destructive and suspicious. Before he realized it, the banks began to refuse him loans.

"He has bought too much lard," they said.

Without more money, he could not support the position he had taken, and the price collapsed. On the day the market broke, he owned a quarter of a million tierces. He was literally sold out, and retired almost penniless from the deal.

THE CUDAHY-FAIRBANK CORNER

Now you come to the greatest of all deals in lard, one which in magnitude of operation is exceeded only by Joe Leiter's celebrated operation in wheat. It was the Cudahy-Fairbank corner in 1892, and it failed for the same reason that Leiter's deal failed.

Early in 1892 there were two picturesque characters in Chicago board-trading. One was John Cudahy, a member of the numerous family of that name, who began his self-supporting life as a meat-cutter in a Milwaukee packing-house. He was a rough-and-ready Irishman, uncouth, but strong, nervy, and square. He had learned the meat business so intimately that he easily succeeded when he started out to run an establishment of his own. He became a great factor in packing, whom even Armour recognized as a rival, and with his brothers he established a chain of packing-houses all over the country.

N. K. Fairbank represented another social order. He was well groomed, polished, suave, and of distinguished appearance. He wore short side-whiskers, and looked more like a philanthropist

than a refiner of lard. No two men of more widely remote antecedents or temperaments could have been brought together. But the lard business knows no social caste; neither does the ambition to run a corner need a family-tree.

Both Cudahy and Fairbank had noticed that there was an actual scarcity of hogs, and this indicated that lard would be scarce. They started to buy lard on joint account—which means that each man paid his share and took his proportion of the profits or losses. They had vast financial resources and ample credit. In a short time they had acquired a hundred thousand tierces. The price of lard kept on advancing, and in February they sold out at a profit of ten cents a pound.

So far, their operations did not constitute a corner in any sense. They had sized up the market right; they had sold out at the proper time, and had cleaned up a big profit. The man with the corner bee, however, can never let well enough alone. Cudahy and Fairbank made the mistake that all other ambitious cornerers have made. Instead of stopping, they went into the lard-market again, and bought the lard that they had sold a short time before. Soon they had taken on a hundred and fifty thousand tierces.

But it was an unpropitious year. The summer was hot and long, and before it ended storm-clouds hung over the world of business. The Reading Railroad got into trouble; the money-markets shrank, and, to top off a succession of financial misfortunes, the great firm of Baring Brothers failed, casting gloom and apprehension over all the markets. Panic was at hand. It was at such a troublous time that Cudahy and Fairbank found themselves carrying an enormous load of lard, a task which would have been difficult and even precarious in the most sunny financial times. The scarcity of hogs had continued, and lard was not plentiful; but money was scarcer than hogs, and, as the year progressed, the banks began to call in loans, and money ruled at a high premium.

Still Cudahy and Fairbank kept on buying. Under any ordinary trade conditions Cudahy, with his immense resources, might have bridged things over.

But early in the same year he had been mixed up in a big deal in May wheat with Armour, and had been badly trimmed, losing several millions of dollars. In order to accomplish Cudahy's defeat in this deal, Armour had built a grain-elevator on Goose Island almost overnight. He had a small army of men at work, and was offering fifty cents an hour to any one who could drive a nail.

Even Cudahy could not combat such methods. With his finances crippled, however, and with Fairbank's credit almost exhausted, he continued to run the lard deal. For a time the price still rose. The shorts were in trouble and found it hard to deliver. It was said that the packers who were short to Cudahy "tanked every part of the hog but the squeal" in order to produce lard for delivery.

Meanwhile panic had broken over the country, and everybody was cautious. One day, late in July, the house of Wright, which had been dealing heavily in lard, failed, and several other Chicago firms went down. The lard situation became demoralized, but Cudahy stepped in. His buying steadied matters, and there was a recovery; but the old-timers in the pit began to wonder how long he could hold out.

Up to this time his credit had been unimpaired. As the deal lengthened, suddenly the brokers and banks began to call him for margin. This was wholly unexpected. In all board trades a margin of ten per cent is required to bind sale or delivery; but it is not always demanded, save in times of panic, corners, or otherwise. The call on Cudahy for margins was a serious matter. It meant producing a fortune in cash at once.

Then it was that Armour did one of his characteristic business tricks. He knew that his old-time foe, John Cudahy, was nearing the breakers, so he quietly went from bank to bank borrowing all the available money they had at a good rate of interest. He had no particular use for it, but what he was doing made it difficult for any one else to borrow big sums.

Cudahy appealed to the banks for help. There was a hurried conference of bankers. They sent for Armour, and said:

"Mr. Armour, we are informed by Mr. Cudahy that four hundred thousand dollars will tide him over. What do you think?"

"It won't be a drop in the bucket," said the packer.

That settled Cudahy's chances. He was unable to buy any more lard, and his corner went to smash on the first of August, amid scenes of turmoil, and with brokers failing all around. Lard broke to six dollars a hundred pounds.

It is estimated that fully fifteen million dollars was at stake in this deal. Cudahy, let it be said, faced the music like a man. He gave notes for one, two, three, and five years, aggregating six millions. It was his share of the loss, and he paid every dollar of it. He is now living quietly in Chicago. Fairbank likewise discharged his obligations.

This great deal failed because the operators could not buy all the lard that came to market, and because they put the price too high at the start. It was the story of the Leiter deal all over again; and in many other respects it was the story of all the other corners in commodities. Man must live, and to live he must eat. He will not brook any tampering with the sources of his food.

MIRACLES

FROM the mold as murky as night,
Lo, the lily's stainless white!

From the mollusc's cell obscure,
Lo, the pearl's perfection pure!

From the nest-egg, dumb so long,
Lo, a mounting flame of song!

Unto the discerning eye
Miracles are ever nigh!

Archibald Crombie

LIGHT VERSE

AUTUMN PINXIT

AUTUMN is a painter bold—
 Wields a virile brush,
 Gilds the heavens with his gold,
 And on tree and bush
 Lavishes his scarlet tints,
 Dazzling to the eyes,
 Masterfully wondrous hints
 Fresh from Paradise!

Maple-tree and bayberry,
 Sumac and the elm,
 Blazon forth in colors free,
 Eye to overwhelm.
 Everywhere is gorgeousness;
 Earth and sea and sky
 All appear in gala dress
 When the autumn's nigh.

Crisp and chill the autumn air,
 With a touch of frost;
 Golden glory everywhere,
 Reckless of the cost.
 Cold above, but warm below—
 Autumn hath the art,
 Spite of chilly touch, to know
 How to warm the heart!

John Kendrick Bangs

PSYCHOTHERAPY

NEW things to-day are in the air—
 The world has found out wonders rare;
 But that which looms most large and free,
 Just now, is psychotherapy.

Have you an ailment that defies
 Powders and pills and cauteries,
 Till sorrow seems your lot to be?
 Then summon psychotherapy!

You hate the weather—damp and foul,
 It makes you inly rave and growl;
 And yet 'tis said this grief will flee
 If you try psychotherapy.

One you desire for fiancée
 You find looks far the other way;
 But you her welcome mate may be
 If you trust psychotherapy.

If Wall Street has pinched up your purse,
 And later plungings made things worse,
 Why, just cheer up, and soon you'll see
 Good luck, through psychotherapy.

Aladdin's lamp gave not so much
 To him who had that gift to touch
 As we now have—if only we
 Cling close to psychotherapy!

Joel Benton

THE AWAKENING—A SARTORIAL ROMANCE

'T WAS love at sight—ah, wo is me!
 I glimpsed her Sunday after tea,
 And straightway in my heart there sprang
 A love so keen it seemed a pang;
 She looked so fair, she looked so true
 Clad in her little gown of blue.

On Monday morn my love it gained,
 And waxed in volume unrestrained.
 It measured such a vast increase
 It left my spirit void of peace.
 Of aught but her I could not think,
 She looked so lovely, clad in pink!

On Tuesday, well, I loved her more;
 Here was a maid one could adore!
 All other maids seemed wan and pale
 Beside this goddess tall and hale.
 She seemed like some majestic queen,
 Clad in her regal gown of green.

On Wednesday noon I met her near
 The rustic arbor by the mere.
 Her eyes—oh, well, what use to tell
 What beauties in those optics dwell?
 Suffice to say she bore the crown
 Of beauty, in her yellow gown.

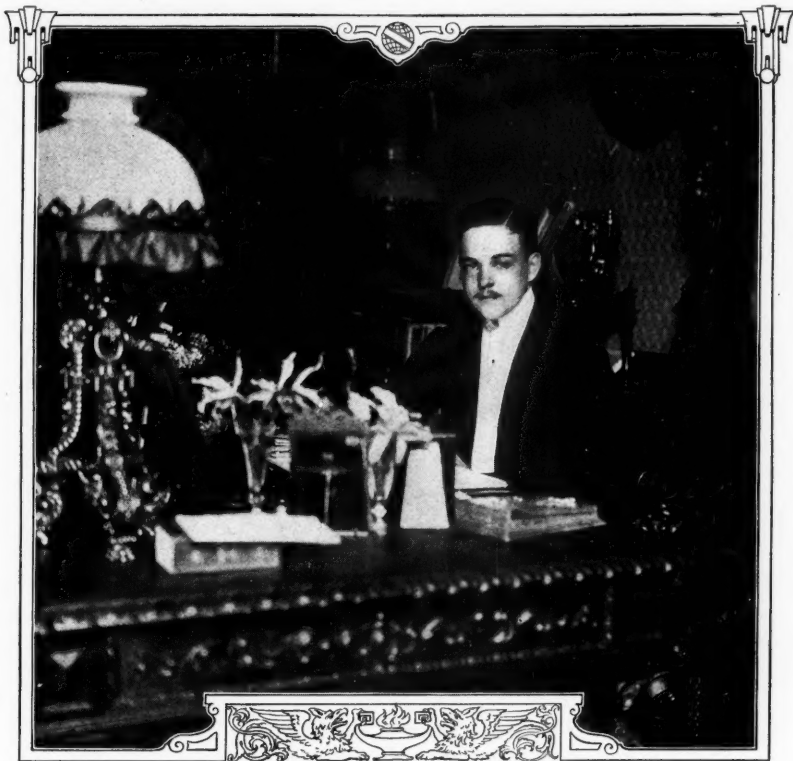
Then Thursday came. My case grew worse;
 I took to writing spoony verse.
 The sight of her so dazzled that
 I had to shade it with my hat.
 'Twas grace imperial—no less,
 In her delightful purple dress.

On Friday? Yes—there was no cure;
 My love I scarcely could endure.
 It grew some sixty-cupid power
 With every passing golden hour.
 How wondrously she held her head
 The while she wore that gown of red!

On Saturday, we had a fête.
 The gardens were illuminate,
 And 'mongst the lights and glitter there
 She walked, a figure wondrous fair!
 I never saw so sweet a sight,
 Clad in that robe of silver white.

he incurred in connection with the entertainment of the King and Queen of England, of the German Kaiser, of the King of Spain, and of other visiting sovereigns. Now, foreign rulers know, in the first place, that Dom Manuel of Portugal can ill afford the cost of any stay which they might make at Lisbon.

for a brief and strictly private call which King Alfonso made, during the course of an automobile trip, upon Manuel and his mother, at their country seat of Villa Viçosa, they have been left to their own devices. For companionship they have to depend entirely upon the society of the Duke of Oporto, who is the only



KING MANUEL IN HIS STUDY AT THE PALACE OF THE NECESSIDADES—ON THE DESK ARE ORCHIDS, THE KING'S FAVORITE FLOWERS, AND SEVERAL FAMILY PHOTOGRAPHS

And then, too, aside from the peril of assassination, they do not relish the idea of becoming the cause of fresh attacks upon a monarch whose position is already so very difficult, not to say shaky. Neither would it be agreeable to them to be called upon to meet statesmen and politicians whom they have reason to regard as more or less directly implicated in the tragedy of a year ago, but whom the government at Lisbon has not dared to bring to justice.

The consequence is that foreign royalty has kept aloof from the court of Portugal for the past sixteen months. Save

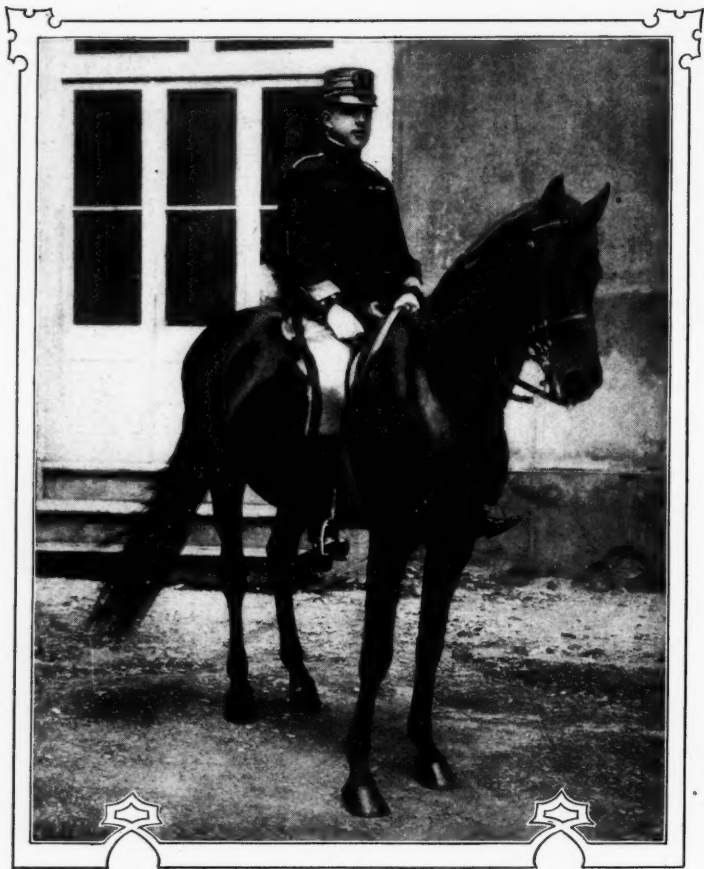
brother of the late king, and the next heir to the throne. Queen Pia, formerly so brilliantly clever, and so active a factor in the social and political life of Portugal, has become a complete nervous wreck since the assassination of her son and grandson.

I have mentioned the Duke of Oporto, who has been his young nephew's most loyal supporter and wisest mentor during the past year, as the next heir to the throne. He is unmarried, and a confirmed bachelor. Next after him in the line of succession is not, as so many people seem to believe, the legitimist pre-

tender, Dom Miguel, Duke of Braganza — whose eldest son and namesake is about to marry Miss Anita Stewart, of New York—but the Infanta Antonia of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, sister of the late King Luiz of Portugal, and a grand-aunt, therefore, of Manuel II.

crown were to become the subject of another European imbroglio, such as that which his father's pretensions to the Spanish throne caused forty years ago.

While Dom Manuel's condition excites general sympathy abroad, he finds but little in his own dominions. Al-

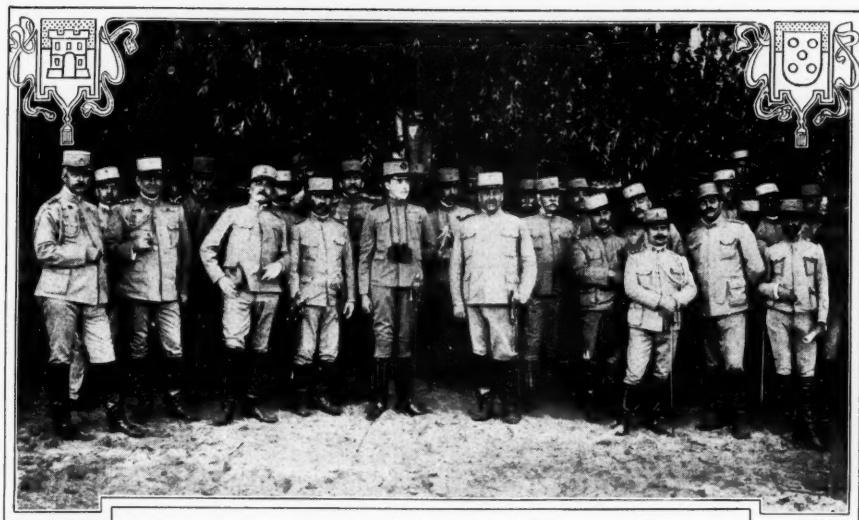


KING MANUEL LEAVING THE PALACE OF THE NECESSIDADES FOR A RIDE
IN THE PALACE GROUNDS

Princess Antonia is the widow of that Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern whose candidature for the throne of Spain, in 1870, brought about the memorable war between Germany and France. Her eldest son, Prince William of Hohenzollern, who relinquished his status as Crown Prince of Rumania to his younger brother, Ferdinand, stands at the present moment as third in the line of succession to the throne of Portugal. It would be strange if his right to the Portuguese

though he fulfils his duties as a sovereign with the courage that comes to him by inheritance from both sides of the house, he spends as much time as possible within the precincts of his palace of the Necessidades.

It is something very much like torture to him to show himself in the streets. For on the anniversary of the murder of his father and brother, last winter, there were no signs of public grief or of respect for the memory of the royal dead.



KING MANUEL IN FIELD UNIFORM, WITH A GROUP OF OFFICERS, TAKING PART IN ARMY MANEUVERS NEAR LISBON

On the contrary, there were a number of disgraceful burlesques of the murder and of the obsequies of the king and of the crown prince, which seemed to meet



KING MANUEL WITH A GROUP OF HIS CIVIL AND MILITARY AIDS, INCLUDING HIS PRIVATE SECRETARY, HIS CHAMBERLAIN, THE COMMANDER OF THE ROYAL YACHT, AND THE KING'S ORDNANCE OFFICER

with public approval rather than remonstrance. Not only leading politicians and statesmen, but even officials, and actually men in naval and military uniforms, were found taking part in the procession to

from any interruption. Periodicals that teem with the most atrocious indecencies in word and picture concerning the young king, his widowed mother, and his murdered father and brother, are on sale in the very entrance-halls of the government offices of the Hôtel de Ville and of the Palace of Justice.

DOM MANUEL'S PERSONALITY

King Manuel is passionately fond of the sea, and would have adopted the navy as a profession had his parents allowed it. From childhood he has always been dreaming of a revival of the former maritime glories of his country.

This fact, together with a pronounced taste for mathematics of the higher order, may afford some clue to the character of the lad. Up to the time of his accession, he was always a much greater favorite at court than his elder brother, owing to his sunny temper and his freedom from affectation.

Dom Manuel's education has included extended visits to Greece, Egypt, Turkey, the Holy Land, and Italy. For three years he was a pupil of the Polytechnic High School in Lisbon, one of the foremost educational institutions in Portugal. He would have graduated last year, had it not been for his accession to the throne. He still devotes a certain portion of the day to study, realizing that his education is not yet complete, and manages to keep himself in fairly good physical condition by fencing and tennis-playing, by exercising his favorite horses in the palace riding-school, and by walking in the extensive grounds of the Necessidades.

He uses the late king's private room as his own sanctum, and it is there that he attends to his correspondence with his secretary, reads the newspapers, and receives his ministers and palace dignitaries. On every Thursday there is a meeting of the privy council at the Necessidades, attended by the whole of the cabinet, and presided over by young Dom Manuel.

The palace of the Necessidades is not situated in the city of Lisbon, but outside, in Alcantara, farther up the river, and nearly midway between the city and



KING MANUEL AS A FENCER

the tombs of the two assassins, where speeches extolling their merits and deploring their fate were delivered, and their graves were covered with flowers.

Perhaps the condition of affairs will be best understood when I say that the city of Lisbon, the ancient metropolis of Portugal, and the residence of the sovereigns of the House of Braganza, has been handed over without a struggle to an antimonarchical municipal council. At the violent antidynastic gatherings, which are constantly being held in the Avenida da Liberdade, municipal police protect the abusers of the royal family

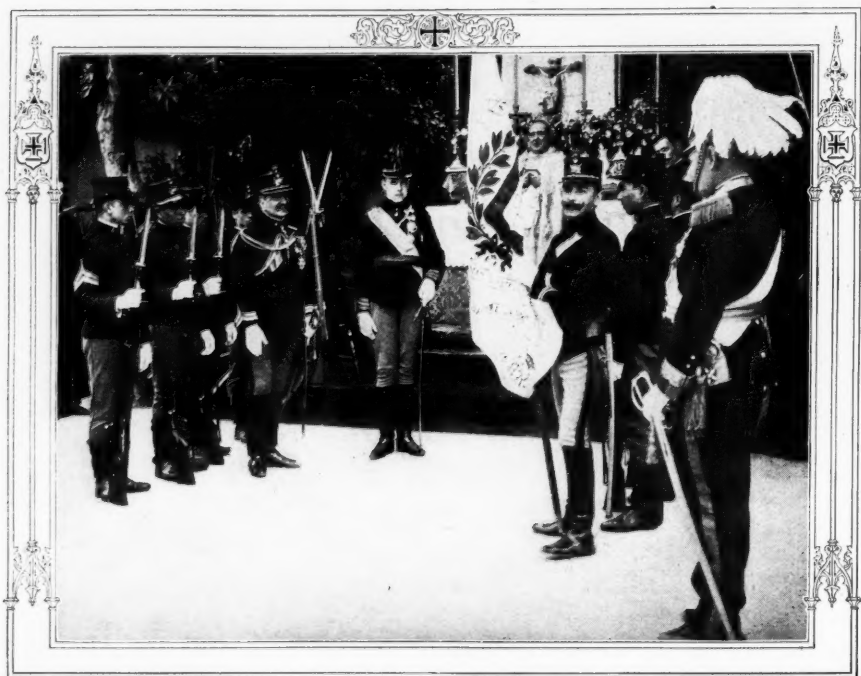


KING MANUEL IN A EUCHARISTIC PROCESSION ON THE FÊTE DIEU, OR FESTIVAL OF
CORPUS CHRISTI



KING MANUEL ON HORSEBACK AT A REVIEW OF PORTUGUESE TROOPS

the old castle of Belem. Once Alcantara and Belem were altogether in the country, but now they are virtually joined to the metropolis by rows of



KING MANUEL PRESENTING A FLAG TO A REGIMENT OF PORTUGUESE CHASSEURS

houses. The road from Belem to the palace of the Cortes passes along the front of the Necessidades, and from that point is known as Necessidades Street. The principal front of the palace resembles that of Buckingham Palace, in

Manuel is fairly tall, but, curiously enough, takes after the house of Savoy, with which he is connected by his grandmother, Queen Pia, rather than after the Bourbons, to whom he is related through his mother, or to the Saxe-Coburg fam-



KING MANUEL AND HIS MOTHER, THE WIDOWED QUEEN AMÉLIE, IN THE LATTER'S PRIVATE APARTMENTS AT THE PALACE OF THE NECESSIDADES

London—a statement which is no great compliment to its architectural beauty.

At the time of his accession, Manuel had other palaces; but these he turned over to the national treasury on the reorganization of his civil list, which was fixed at an amount equal to about a thousand dollars a day.

ily, from which he is descended on his father's side. It was Queen Pia who suggested that he should bear the name of Manuel, in the hope that it might prove a happy augury for the dynasty and for the nation. The only other Manuel in the history of Portugal was King Manuel I, whose reign, in the fif-



KING MANUEL ON THE TENNIS-COURT

teenth century, constituted the most glorious part of the nation's record.

It was during the first Manuel's tenure of the throne that Vasco da Gama rounded the Cape of Good Hope, and that another Portuguese commander, Magalhaes, or Magellan, discovered the straits at the southern extremity of South America, which to this day bear his name. It was under Manuel I that Albuquerque first established the rule of the white race in India; that Fernando Andrada founded Portuguese settlements on the coast of China, and visited Peking; that Pedro Alvarez Cabral dis-

covered Brazil, and that Amerigo Vespucci gave his name to the New World. Owing to this, Manuel I has always been surnamed "the Fortunate" in the annals of Portugal; and since he, too, was brought to the throne through the murder of an elder brother, it may be hoped that the present king, despite the shocking tragedy which signalized his accession to the throne, and the inauspicious character of the first sixteen months of his reign, may yet, like his namesake, be favored by destiny, and may eventually be enabled to restore to Portugal some of its former prosperity and glory.



KING MANUEL IN NAVAL UNIFORM

BROADWAY

BY WALTER E. PATTERSON

ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS D. FANCHER

IT was little Carrie Smith's angle on the tragedy—if a thing so lacking in spiritual heroics may be called tragic—from which I viewed it with the most interest and sympathy. I knew it more directly, too; but the road to our sympathies is not always straight.

Carrie handed me down my box from the shelves at the laundry every Friday, and we were good friends. I don't know with what girlish adoration she had worshiped Craig Weston from afar—from aloft, rather. We are prone to make light of the matinée maid's infatuations; but I am sure this was no light matter to Carrie. She was pale from ten hours spent daily in the steaming heat of the laundry, amid a wilderness of collars and cuffs. Her memories of those evenings high in the gallery, and of Craig Weston's caressing voice floating up to her, meant more, perhaps, than I care to probe.

Craig Weston, when he made his first hit on Broadway, as leading man for a well-known woman star, was certainly pleasant to look at and pleasant to hear. "Where did she get him?" was the burden of excited chatter in the lobby of the theater on the opening night, after the curtain fell on the first act. The star had found him, the wise ones said, playing the lead in a small stock company in the middle West. She had been playing east from the coast; her own leading man was taken down with typhoid; and young Weston had been drafted hurriedly to fill the part. He had "made good" at once, and so he was brought to Broadway.

The wise ones might have added, had they known, that Craig Weston was born to the boards, the child of traveling actors who had never quite reached New

York; that he himself had "gone on" when he was three, and had seen his mother buried in Dakota and his father in Australia. He had taken up his heritage from them, the dream of some day appearing on Broadway, because that was all he knew—that, and half a hundred parts, and how to play poker, please a certain class of women, and drink whisky. He knew all these things almost before he had reached his majority.

Born as he was to the theater, and familiar with all sorts of plays from "A Texas Steer" to "Romeo and Juliet," and to all sorts of audiences, too, from Cripple Creek miners to the Shakespeare-loving Australians of Sydney, Craig Weston did not have to read a part many times to judge of its possibilities for him, nor to play it many times before he was at his best in it, getting from his audiences the responses he desired. He was quick in mind and body, with a curiously caressing voice which had weathered hard usage by a miracle and come out rich and mellow beyond his years. He had a good head set on his broad shoulders, and though the face was by nature rather weak, its very absence of pronounced features made it a ready mask for the play of simulated expression.

On the stage, he had few mannerisms, but a touch always of the professional manner. For instance, he always said "me" for "my."

But when the great chance came to him out of a clear sky to appear on Broadway, when only Pittsburgh, Scranton, and Newark stood between him and the goal his parents had died still dreaming of, he had a stroke of inspiration. He resolved to cast aside even the "me,"

to play the "lead" in this modern drama of polite society in exact imitation of the graduates he had seen at big football games, or the young men walking down Euclid Avenue.

He was sure of his voice, and of the

as she was a woman of polished grace as conspicuous as her dark, stately beauty, he watched her receive distinguished callers of an afternoon in her drawing-room, taking mental notes in his corner, as if he were at a school.



CRAIG WESTON, IN HIS YELLOW SPATS AND GLOVES, WITH HIS BAMBOO CANE, BECAME A FAMILIAR FIGURE ON THE RIALTO

technique to make his "points." He was shrewd enough to be not at all sure of his clothes and his manners. So he went to an expensive tailor whose goods were all unobtrusive, and heroically submitted to the tailor's choice of cloth and cut. And he went frankly to the star, who, perhaps, in her tactful way had slipped the suggestion into his mind; and,

That was how Craig Weston emerged on the New York stage, apparently a finished product of urbanity. He rebuked the incompetence of the ordinary leading man by the range and flexibility of his voice, and by the ease with which he mastered what were, after all, the slight demands of his part. Having played *Romco*, *Charles Surface*, and half

the male characters in the Hoyt farces, he was secretly conscious that this part was ridiculously easy, if he could maintain the manner demanded by his new and critical audience. What he chiefly missed was the sound of crunching peanut-shells. The diamonds in the boxes, the white shirt-bosoms, even the critics, would have had less terror for him could he have heard that familiar sound.

The next morning his first act was to sit up in bed and read the newspapers, feverishly tearing them open to the dramatic page. Finding himself almost everywhere hailed with praise, he rose, drank a glass of whisky, had his breakfast, and sought out a tailor. The clothes he had ordered for his part hung carefully folded in the theater. They belonged to his stage character. Craig Weston was not a complex person, nor yet a hypocrite. He knew they belonged to the part, not to him. He did not aspire to them for himself; he did not even understand them. He was just now burning with elation, puffed up with an enormous happiness and satisfaction; and his emotions demanded suitable sartorial expression.

The clothes he selected were conspicuously checked. Then he ordered yellow spats, several pairs of yellow gloves, and chose a bamboo cane tipped with gold at the crook. After making these purchases he sauntered along Broadway to the hotel at the corner of Forty-Second Street, and went in for another glass of whisky.

In a few days the clothes came. He put them on, together with the yellow spats, and was surveying himself in the glass when a reporter from the *Herald* was announced.

Weston was childishly glad that his clothes had come. He still shared the minor actor's exaggerated opinion of the *Herald's* importance as a maker of reputations. The *Herald* man was a cynical sort of person who took no notes, and, Weston felt, was making fun of him in some uncomfortable, secret way. But the actor was too happy, and too genial by nature, to be offended. He chattered on and on, till he found himself indulging in promises of what he would do when he was a star. Noting the reporter's smile at this point, the

effect of his words in print came suddenly home to him, and he begged the *Herald* man to "keep that out of the paper." Then, selecting a pair of his immaculate new yellow gloves, and hanging his new cane over his arm, he proudly led his interviewer forth to Broadway, for a drink.

From that day, Craig Weston in his yellow spats and gloves, with his bamboo cane—and wearing, as the cold weather advanced, a great-coat with elaborate fur—became a familiar figure on the Rialto. The play was an all-winter success. He was assured of an engagement in almost any company that he might elect for the following season. Various managers had dickered with him, some of them talking vaguely about "starring him season after next."

His own talk of it, in private conversation, was less vague. Already, as he strolled along, he read his name in electric letters over theater-entrances. And William Winter and the *Evening Post's* critic, who had praised his acting only with safe reservations, who had even ventured to speak slightly of some features of it, should eat their words!

As he rapidly became acquainted with more and more players and Rialto habitués, as his genial nature and his professional success opened a desirable actors' club to him, the temptations to drink increased. His afternoon stroll down Broadway took longer and longer, for the stops became ever more frequent. He learned to play bridge, though secretly he still preferred poker; and he seldom reached his rooms after the evening performance before five o'clock in the morning. Nor were other temptations lacking.

Broadway, that he had dreamed so long of conquering, that had loomed ever before him like a shining goal, was now his! He loved it, its glitter, its roll of cabs, its parade of men and women of his own "profession," its hectic, never-ceasing flow of life. By day he could not bask enough on its sunny corners, taking a childish delight in seeing and being seen, in nodding to his friends, ogling the passing chorus-girls under their enormous hats, watching the great ones of the theatrical business come out of their offices, sometimes even taking a



TO LOOK ACROSS A TABLE INTO HER EYES WAS A SENSATION NEVER TO BE TOO MUCH ENJOYED

drink with them on familiar terms. He knew all the gossip of this gossipful world, and rolled it like a sweet morsel 'neath his tongue.

By night, Broadway for him put on a glory. When the steam plumes blew by the *Times's* tower, like clouds across a mountain-top, he thought that the Rockies held no sight more beautiful. The endless purr of motor-cars thronging to the opera-house with jeweled women gave him a sense of limitless luxury and wealth, in which he seemed somehow to share.

On sloppy nights the second yellow radiance on the pavements was to him more alluring than the first. To hand a woman out of a cab and into the warm, scented air of Rector's, and there to look

across a table into her eyes, one of the figures in this gay world, was a sensation never to be too much enjoyed. Later at night, after he had bought his copy of the *Morning Telegraph* for ten cents, and the electric signs were dark along Broadway, there were still good fellows and a game at the club; or there were still lively places to visit in the Tenderloin underworld.

So his days and nights were spent. Sometimes he strolled to Fifth Avenue, but never farther eastward. Westward his bounds were set by the American Theater on Eighth Avenue. He did not know that Washington Square existed, and the Casino, in Central Park, marked his farthest north. He who had once roamed a continent and crossed half the

globe, longing for Broadway, now had no desire to move out of the magic circle.

II

THE play ran well into June. When the heat closed the theater, and the beautiful star departed for England, Craig Weston remained on in New York. He had accepted an engagement for the next season to play *Romco* to the *Juliet* of a young star with ambitions which overleaped her judgment. Rehearsals were to begin in September. Why leave town for so short a time, said Weston?

He passed his days at the Sheephead or Brighton Beach tracks, his evenings at a roof-garden. A Panama hat with a red band adorned his head. He wore a white waistcoat with large pearl buttons, his yellow gloves, and, in spite of the heat, his yellow spats. Of course he carried his bamboo cane. He was usually accompanied by some woman whose clothes matched his own. A careful observer would have noted that at the roof-gardens he always secured, if possible, a seat on the aisle, crossing one leg over the other in such a way that his yellow spats were plainly visible. They—and the gloves—were his trade-mark, as it were. Already the *Morning Telegraph* had spoken of them several times, and a funny man on the *Sun* had written a story about them. As he put them on each morning, Weston felt himself a well-known character.

One night, at Hammerstein's roof-garden, I found Oscar himself gazing at Craig Weston's yellow spats.

"That man has Broadwayitis," said the impresario. "It's more deadly than the grand-opera germ!"

"His spats will put your hat into obscurity, if you don't watch out," said I.

Oscar twinkled, in his characteristic manner, wrinkling his eyes.

"Augustin Daly once remarked," said he, "that anybody could be made famous by an eccentric hat; it takes a genius to make an eccentric hat famous." And he strolled off to inspect the domestic live-stock behind the last row of seats—the famous "farm." "Some of my geese may have turned out swans, you know," he flung back. "Then I can give 'Lohengrin'!"

In October, Craig Weston opened as

Romco, and it was then that Carrie Smith first saw him act. This *Romeo* was his best performance. The chap had a heaven-sent faculty of making passionate music of the verse. Elocution was an art not lost to him. He was graceful, caressing, with at any rate the semblance of a sudden moonlit passion over him, but with a strain of gay-heartedness, too, that kept him from the lugubrious tempo of certain more famous impersonations. It was not till near the close, when *Romco* is converted into a man of action, that Weston's performance became mediocre. And it shone always by contrast to the pitiful floundering of the ill-equipped little star, trying in vain to portray the impassioned daughter of the Capulets.

Craig Weston woke up the next day a matinée idol, his image shined in more than one heart, but most devoutly, perhaps, in the heart of Carrie Smith. For the first time, I remember, she handed me the wrong box of laundry. I asked her the reason.

"I seen 'Romeo and Juliet' last night," she answered quite frankly. "I can't get the—that out o' my head, I guess."

Craig Weston did not wear his yellow spats as *Romeo*, but the revival lasted long enough, in spite of the feeble *Juliet*, to be burlesqued in the Casino "Review," and Weston had the satisfaction of seeing himself caricatured with his yellow spats buttoned over green tights and his bamboo cane worn as a rapier. This to him meant fame, and he beamed from a box at the professional matinée. That very evening he took the comedian who had burlesqued him to a midnight supper which lasted till morning, extended over most of the Tenderloin, and required at the end two cabs and a policeman.

After the Shakespearian revival, Weston appeared again as leading man in a modern comedy of manners. The deadly worm of conceit had been gnawing within him, and he neither gave his tailor full command nor took lessons in deportment of the star.

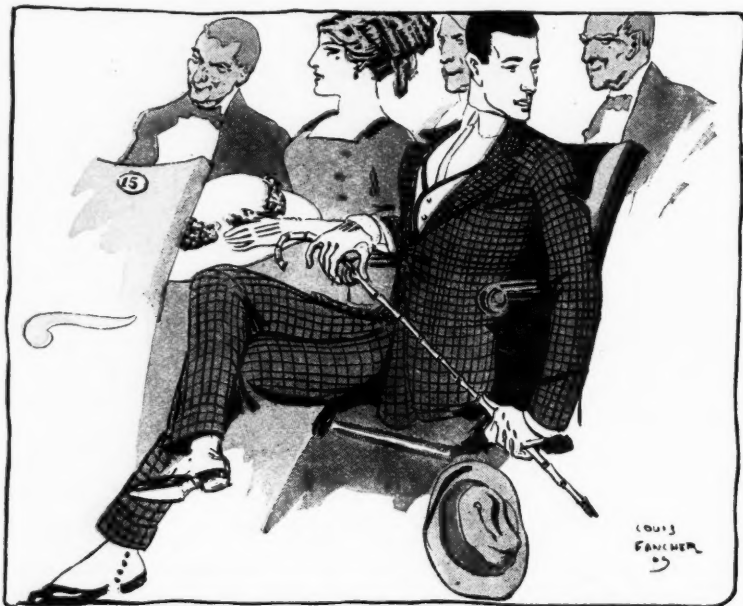
Unlike the dark, stately beauty who had brought him out of the West, this star was a product, not of training, but of a made-over-night popularity. She possessed neither the insight to compel right manners in her company, nor the

force of character to insist on a competent stage-director. She was the tool of an ignorant manager.

Not only did the play fail, but what little praise there was for Weston was at best half-hearted. The public and critics felt a lack in him; they were vaguely disappointed. He, however, was past learning. He wore his yellow

gloves and spats, on credit. But his luck, turning all at once, as he bitterly complained, was gone at cards, and he lost on the races, too.

Finally, in sheer desperation, in the first heat of summer, he began the rounds of the managers' offices. He was inclined to be haughty at first, but a few rebuffs and some plain speech put him in



AT THE ROOF-GARDENS HE ALWAYS SECURED, IF POSSIBLE, A SEAT ON THE AISLE

gloves and spats the more aggressively; he blustered and talked of "the fool critics." And he drank constantly and heavily.

Refusing to leave Broadway with any company, however good, he waited for a new offer; but none came.

"Go around and look for one," his friends said.

"What, me?" he answered. "Not much! The managers know who I am and what my address is. Let them come to me!"

And he inserted a "card" in the *Dramatic Mirror*, reading "Broadway engagements only."

When the managers did not come, and the months passed, Weston's funds began to diminish with alarming rapidity. He bought a new spring suit—light blue with white stripes—and renewed his

a humbler mood, and at length he secured an engagement for the following season.

"You're all right, Weston," said the manager. "You can act all round most of these stiffes. The trouble is, you got the public and the newspapers keyed up to expecting you to be a second Eddie Sothorn, and then you began to hit the booze and play the cheap sport all over the stage. You promised a grape-fruit and delivered a lemon. Now, cut it out—cut it all out! It ain't too late. Get on the water-wagon, if you ever expect to be a star."

"I will!" thought Weston, as he walked meekly and penitently out into the hot street, perspiring through his yellow gloves. And his resolution lasted all the way to the Hotel Knickerbocker.

Before the play opened, he had ap-

peared at two rehearsals drunk, he had been sued for debt by a hotel and a tailor, and he had figured in a midnight automobile scandal which reflected no credit on anybody concerned. Had his acting been of its original quality, probably these later things, which were reported in the newspapers, would have made no difference to the public; but, though I am sure he honestly tried, he could not act with the same freshness and imitation of distinction. He had revolved in the narrow orbit of the Tenderloin so long that he had blurred his memory of the men and manners which he had previously copied.

Dissipation, too, had left marks on his face and in his carriage that the make-up could not conceal. He was coarsened. He seemed to make his points obviously now; the critics spoke of the "staginess" which had come over his acting. He drank more heavily than before, not genially any longer, because he could not say "no" to a friend, but almost sullenly, as in defiance.

But he still appeared daily on Broadway, wearing his yellow gloves and spats, and twirling his bamboo cane.

Then came the word one evening that Craig Weston was ill, his understudy taking his part. A few days later he "resigned" from the company. The theatrical reporters knew that he had been too drunk to appear, which had resulted in his discharge at the hands of the irate manager; but they mutually agreed to print the story as the press-agent sent it out. They liked this weak, conceited fellow; and their humorous appreciation of his sartorial vanities amounted almost to affection.

Pressed with debt, the cause of his discharge acting like an iron bar to an immediate Broadway engagement, Weston, in desperation, turned to "stock" again. It must have cost him many bitter moments. He joined a stock-company in Harlem as leading man, and there he rehearsed every morning, played twice a day, and, as a reward, saw his pictures on every fence. There Carrie Smith hung on his words, from the first instead of the second balcony. He became a hero of One Hundred and Twenty-Fifth Street; but Broadway still called him with its siren voice.

Sometimes, after his afternoon performance, he would hasten down to Times Square by the Subway, bravely wearing his yellow gloves and spats, and twirling his cane defiantly, and would stand for a while in the lobby of the corner hotel, "the Forty-Second Street Country Club," while the throngs passed in for dinner. He had been suspended from his own club for non-payment of dues. It was his ambition now to get out of debt again and be reinstated.

But the task was too much for him. Two performances a day, with rehearsals every morning and on Sundays, tax the strength of the most temperate of men. Before many months had passed, Craig Weston was in a hospital. He emerged thin, pale, looking five years older, and more heavily in debt than before. His immediate needs were so pressing that he could not dream of seeking a Broadway engagement then. A cheap company that needed a leading man in a hurry was going on the road. He enlisted with it, and vanished from New York. Out of sight is out of mind on Broadway. Craig Weston had faded back into the unknown world from whence he came.

Carrie Smith had spoken to me of him once, when he was in the hospital. I suspected that she sent him flowers, which she could ill afford. But she said no more, and I had forgotten, almost, his existence.

III

It was two years later that she passed me my box of collars, in evident perturbation. "Did you see it in the papers to-day?" she cried.

"See what?" I asked.

"About him."

"Him?" said I, still not making the two-year mental leap backward which Carrie Smith, in her excitement, demanded of me.

"Why, Craig Weston!" she exclaimed.

She produced a morning newspaper. There, under a small heading, was a brief account of his attempted suicide the preceding day, at a cheap theatrical boarding-house far west down a Tenderloin side street. A paragraph or two followed, telling of his brief career on

Broadway, and mentioning his gloves and spats. That was all. He was no longer "news."

I was shocked into silence, the more as I saw Carrie's face.

"My sister seen it—my sister seen it all, or 'most all," she said, speaking quickly, jerkily. "My sister lives right across the street from that house. He come there a couple o' days ago, an' yesterday my sister hears an ambulance an' goes out onto the stoop, an' there was a crowd gatherin' an' somebody says a man's tried to commit suicide. It was him! Nobody'd engage him, they say, an' him such a noble actor! He'd turned on the gas an' plugged up all the windows. But somebody'd smelt the gas, an' they broke in the door. While my sister was watchin' he come out down the steps. A cop was holdin' him up one side an' the ambulance surgeon the other. My sister says he looked perfectly awful—all pale an' haggard an' weak, so's he just flopped, an' his clothes was worn an' seedy—him as used to dress so swell! But my sister says he was clutchin' his gold-headed cane in one hand, an' a pair o' dirty yellow gloves in the other, an' on his feet was his yellow spats. Some o' the people in the crowd

laughed when they seen that—oh, the brutes!"

Carrie clutched her hands together as if she would strike some one.

"I went to the hospital to-day," she continued without restraint. "They told me he was doin' better first, but he's so weak he ain't got no constitution left; an' now they don't hope he can live. They wouldn't tell me nothin' at first; but a doctor come along, an' he told me. I guess he'd seen him act."

Carrie, fighting for self-control, turned to a customer who entered at that moment. When she came back to me she was calmer.

"Don't you think it was noble?" she said. "About the cane an' gloves an' spats, I mean. He was always such a swell dresser, an' he just wouldn't give 'em up!"

"Yes," said I, "it was noble. They were a symbol."

"A symbol?" she asked.

"A symbol for him," I answered, "of an ideal, of a goal he never really reached. But we saw him at his best, didn't we?"

"As *Romeo*!" said Carrie Smith, and turned her pale face quickly toward the wall.

THE EVENING STAR

WHENE'ER I see the evening star
My thoughts fly far away to you—
Thank God, there is no ban or bar
To what a loving thought may do,
Though hands and lips must oft forego
The dear delights that lure them so!

Whene'er the evening star appears
Before my raptured sight,
A veil falls from mine eyes and ears,
I see and hear aright;
Thank God for memory that brings
Close to the heart the dearest things!

The evening star—I cannot tell
Wherein its magic lies;
Thank God, it nightly deigns to dwell
Within these lonesome skies;
And ever may the fair star be
A mizpah-light for you and me!

Clarence Urmy

"WHAT A MAGNIFICENT VOICE!"

AN ARTICLE WHICH SHOULD BE READ BY EVERY GIRL
AMBITIOUS TO WIN FAME AS A SINGER

BY ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON

"O H, what a magnificent voice!" Five simple English words, but they have wrought more mischief than perhaps any other phrase common to social circles.

"Oh, what a magnificent voice! You really ought to do something with it."

And in the "doing" lies the tale.

The Mendelssohn Quintet, composed of charming amateurs, is giving its annual concert at—well, let us say Augusta, Georgia. The patronesses are receiving the club's guests, the most conspicuous of whom is Mrs. Delancey Stuyvesant Jones, of New York. Among the singers is a pretty daughter of Georgia, with a delightful natural voice, a piquant face, and a real endowment of temperament—that elusive gift which amounts almost to genius. Her song is one in keeping with her vocal register, her complexion, and her temperament. She shines out above the less temperamental amateurs, and Mrs. Delancey Stuyvesant Jones singles her out for patronizing compliments.

"My dear little girl," she exclaims as the inexperienced one is brought up for the requested introduction during the intermission, "you have a magnificent voice! You

ought to be doing something with it. Miss Langham, did you say? Well, my dear girl, I expect to hear you some night from my box at the Metropolitan!"

The story of Mrs. Delancey Stuyvesant Jones's compliment travels like wildfire through the assemblage. It reaches Molly Langham's parents, who beam for a few minutes, then sit quietly during the rest of the concert. After it is over,



"MY DEAR LITTLE GIRL, YOU HAVE A MAGNIFICENT VOICE!"

and the young people are dancing, Mr. and Mrs. Langham drive home silently in their old-fashioned carriage. Just before they reach the house, Mr. Langham sighs and says:

"I suppose we ought to do it, mother. There's Peggy Wallace, living in Paris—she could chaperon Molly."

And Molly goes to Paris to study with Jean de Reszke. The Wallaces know all the "nice people," and the American colony takes the lovely Southern girl to its heart. She studies and makes good progress, but she is told that it is necessary for her to be seen everywhere, and to make acquaintances among people of influence. It costs Papa Langham not less than three thousand dollars a year—all because Mrs. Delancey Stuyvesant Jones told Molly that she ought to do something with her magnificent voice. Oh, yes, the voice is all right. It would now amaze its patroness—who has forgotten all about it long ago. She hears so many Molly Langhams sing!

The years roll by—three of them—and Molly has not been home. There is no money for transatlantic trips. And then the unexpected, dreadful thing happens. Papa Langham dies, and those disagreeable persons, the family lawyers, learn that he never could afford to send Molly to Paris. He has been sacrificing prodigally to make Molly a grand-opera singer. The lawyers write this and many other things that Molly might just as well have been spared, and add that she must now find a way to support her mother.

Then there comes an awakening for Molly!

The fair American girl with a voice to be developed, and the still fair girl with the voice cultivated, seeking a position, prove to be two distinct persons. With all her "influence" and her social standing, Molly finds that she cannot pass the barricade of French prejudices, opera-house politics, and managerial likes and dislikes.

Well, never mind! With the prestige of her Parisian training, she will have no trouble in her native land. With high courage, seven trunks, and a dozen opera-scores, she sails for New York, where her widowed mother meets her.

They find a dull but respectable board-

ing-house, and Molly interviews managers. Whatever her Parisian training has done for her voice, it has not developed her business instinct, nor given her a practical head. She has letters of introduction from Americans in Paris, and she presents these to impresarios, who read them and forget them.

Then she remembers Mrs. Delancey Stuyvesant Jones, and writes her a note. Mrs. Jones, after a little thought, faintly recalls Miss Langham, but she does not understand why she should be held responsible for the young woman's penniless reappearance on her social horizon. Still, as a patron of music and the arts, she gives Miss Langham some more letters of introduction.

Molly has arrived in the middle of the opera season, when companies are already complete and rôles have been allotted. Nevertheless, the managers must notice Mrs. Delancey Stuyvesant Jones's letters, so hearings are arranged. Miss Langham sings for two or three big managers, who admire her voice, take her address, and promise to send for her when an opening occurs.

Rôles are changed, singers for small parts come and go, but no manager sends for Molly. She appeals again to Mrs. Delancey Stuyvesant Jones, whose patience now almost snaps.

"But, my dear girl," she says, "why did you come to America without getting a hearing, a name, in Europe?"

"It would have cost me five thousand francs to get even a small rôle in Paris, and I had to take care of mama at once," Molly replies.

"Well, I'll get you a concert engagement. The Society for the Manual Training of Indigent Gentlewomen will give a concert at the Plaza next month. You sing there, and we'll get some managers out to hear you, and the newspaper people, too."

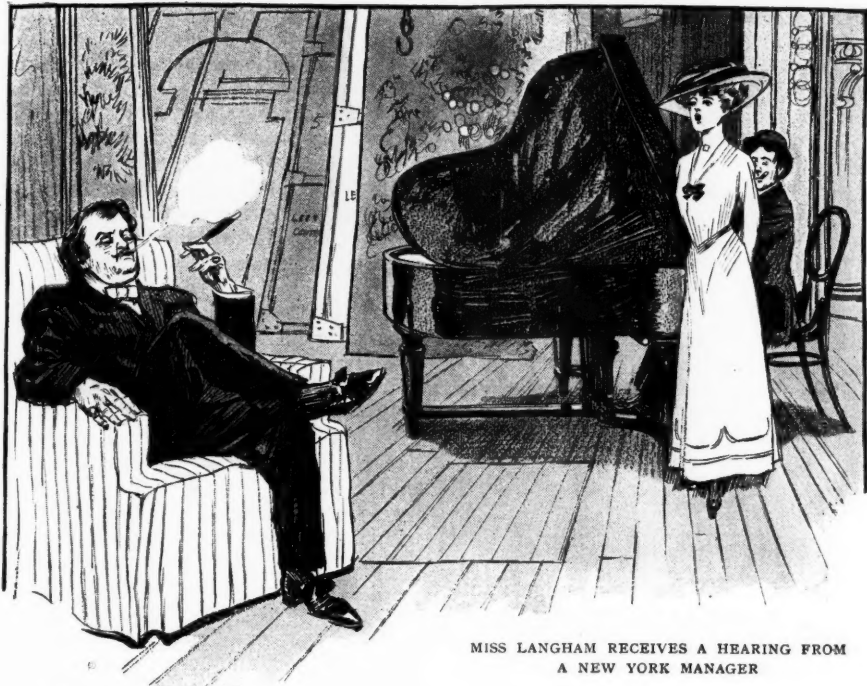
Of course, there is no monetary consideration—it is merely a hearing before the right sort of people. But Miss Langham is past quibbling. Anything to be heard by some one, somewhere!

She practises desperately for a fortnight, pays her own accompanist, and has one of her now *passé* Parisian gowns freshened. On the night of the concert she finds that no one has thought to

send a carriage for her, so she orders a taxicab. She sings well, and receives the ovation of the evening. Next morning she rushes madly through the newspapers, to find a column devoted to the gowns worn by the society leaders, while to herself is accorded this brief note:

Miss Molly Langham, who has recently returned from Paris, was the contralto soloist.

and mental nausea from the cigarette-smoking and coarse jests of her associates, so different from the student-life of her beloved Paris. Accustomed to all the niceties of life, to personal privacy and fastidious cleanliness, she is obliged to dress in a room with a dozen noisy, quarrelsome, jealous chorus-girls, and her daily struggle is to keep her towels and make-up cloths hidden.



MISS LANGHAM RECEIVES A HEARING FROM
A NEW YORK MANAGER

She sets her lips, moves her mother to a shabbier boarding-house in the theatrical district, and joins the stream of actresses in search of a rôle. They drift together along Broadway, genteel, shabby-genteel, and plain shabby, from managerial office to managerial office. Yes, the managers like her voice, but what experience has she had? None? Well, then, she must start in the chorus. Again she sets her lips and goes to see less important managers. Anything but the chorus!

Eventually, however, hunger and her mother's sad face drive her into the chorus, where she acquires headache from the shrill singing voices around her,

Yes, she starts as a chorus-girl, precisely where she would have started four years before, if she had come straight to New York instead of going to Paris to "do something with her voice."

By and by a musical director, sitting down front on a pass, notices her voice and offers her a small bit in his new comic opera. The opera is a failure, and Molly is soon out of work again; but she has had a hearing on Broadway, and she begins to climb.

Her mother, worn out by many changes and uncertainties, dies and is laid to rest in the family plot in her dear old Southland.

Molly has her salary raised. She buys

better clothes, puts money in the bank, and studies business diplomacy instead of voice-culture. Perhaps she even marries a manager. Then she becomes a prima donna in light opera. Her name blazes out in electricity along the Great White Way.

On that first night of her stardom, Mrs. Delancey Stuyvesant Jones, grown a bit broad and beefy, gives a box-party, throws violets to the singer, and wonders afterward why the new prima donna curtly refuses to sing at her musicales.

"And just see what I did for her!" sighs the New York matron. "If I had not pointed out the possibilities of her voice, she might have lived unheralded and unknown in that sleepy Southern town!"

If Molly Langham had heard her, she would shrug her shoulders and say:

"Perhaps it would have been better so."

Because, you see, there were the long and weary years between the original discovery and the final exploitation of that magnificent voice—years that the now faded Southern beauty would like to forget.

II

MRS. DRAPER SMYTHE, of New York, starts trouble along different lines. She is president of the Don't Sell Your Vote Club, and goes West to promulgate anti-suffrage sentiment. She is invited to address the Eclectic Club of—well, let us say Sedalia, Missouri. A musical program precedes and follows her speech.

The soprano, Miss Frawley, is a finely proportioned and genuinely magnetic young woman with a fairly good voice. Mrs. Draper Smythe is a bit tired from much travel, and a bit bored from the many platitudes peculiar to club-women. She likes the singer, her strong hand-clasp, and the splendid health she radiates. She draws her aside for a chat:

"That's a magnificent voice you have! What are you doing with it? You really ought to be studying in New York."

The next morning Miss Frawley, the soprano, and her parents invade the speaker's presence, and during the ten minutes before train-time they gather what information they can about studying music in New York.

"I think you have decided very wisely for your daughter," says Mrs. Smythe as they start for the station, Mr. Frawley carrying her bag and Mrs. Frawley her umbrella, while the young singer brings up the rear with flowers for which she spent the last penny of her allowance. "It would be a shame to waste that magnificent voice!"

Before the floral offering has faded, Mrs. Draper Smythe has forgotten the giver and her magnificent voice. Three years later they meet again, in New York, but in the meantime many things have happened to Miss Frawley.

On reaching the metropolis, she seeks rooms, per Mrs. Draper Smythe's direction, at a home for art-students. After much wrangling, and on condition of paying extra room-rent for the privilege of annoying her neighbors by practising, she secures the chaperonage of the "home."

It takes weeks for her to find a satisfactory teacher. Every time she thinks the question settled, some of her fellow boarders, or musicians whom she meets in a social way, earnestly warn her against that particular teacher's methods. Voice-culture in Missouri was a simple process. In New York it proves highly complicated—a pathway hedged with experiments upon that wonderfully delicate organ, the human throat. New York seems to be filled with fraudulent teachers.

Miss Frawley's Western training, however, was good, and her progress is rapid. She pays three hundred dollars to a concert-agent, who secures her not a single engagement. No, she does not want to go on the stage. She wants concert and church work.

Mrs. Draper Smythe, secretly wishing she had never urged the girl to study, suggests that she should sing before a fashionable woman's club and get a "hearing." Miss Frawley is delighted. She buys a new afternoon-gown. She creates a good impression, is warmly applauded, and is served with lukewarm tea and infinitesimal cakes. It rains, and she hires a cab to return to her student club.

The next day the papers devote a column to the quarrel at the business meeting of the club which preceded the

program, and four lines to the program. The club passes a vote of thanks to Mrs. Draper Smythe for providing such a charming musical program, and quite forgets who sang—for nothing, of course!

Mrs. Draper Smythe goes to a fashionable church, but her husband is not on the music committee; so, being without influence, Miss Frawley makes the rounds of the agents who supply choir-singers. She pays her fee, hears her method of singing criticized by the man who has taken her money, and receives postal-cards telling her to call and sing for this choir-master and that. They all say "Thank you; I enjoyed your singing"—and then hire another soprano.

Finally, through the medium of a girl friend who is studying art, and who is engaged to an assistant organist in a church where moderate salaries are paid, Miss Frawley gets a real hearing—and a position at six hundred dollars a year. Thank goodness they wear robes, for she now has no Sunday-suit.

Her father has been sending her a hundred dollars every month. She writes a brave letter, and tells him to stop her allowance. She has a "fine position," and her sisters must have their chance. Then she makes a campaign of her own—singing free for other struggling artists—until musical agents, seeing her name over and over again on programs, begin to believe that she really must be able to sing.

By and by the man who a year or so before took her three hundred dollars, and gave her nothing, comes to her with a contract for oratorio work, which she declines. Another agent offers her a concert-tour with a rising violinist if she will put up twelve hundred dollars; and this also she declines. She is living

in a hall bedroom, and eating delicatessen-shop food, to say nothing of making over her gowns; but between the choir work and a few concerts at fifty dollars per night, sandwiched between many at nothing per night, she is keeping body and soul together and getting press-notices. These last are sent to the home newspaper and faithfully reprinted.

At last she announces, with a flourish of trumpets, in the aforementioned home newspaper, that she is suffering from homesickness and is about to return to her na-



THE MORNING
AFTER THE
CONCERT

tive city. There, with the prestige of New York training, she secures a good choir position, has all the pupils she wants, and is in demand for concerts in her own State. She has secured recognition in her home, *via* New York, but the name of Mrs. Draper Smythe brings a grim smile to her face. She is not sure that the game was worth the candle which she burned at both ends.

III

ONE girl who had returned thus to her own home—and incidentally to decent bed and board—blossomed out under appreciation and admiration into a fine singer. Her fame came back to New York, where the musical agents had scorned her, and she was offered a position in a metropolitan church. A year later she was chosen as the soprano of



MISS LANGHAM IN THE CHORUS—SHE IS OBLIGED TO DRESS IN A ROOM WITH A DOZEN NOISY, QUARRELSOME, JEALOUS CHORUS-GIRLS

one of the best quartets in the concert field. To-day she is one of the most popular soloists in oratorio work.

One day, not long ago, while walking through a side street with her choir-master, she stopped before a fruit-stand to buy bananas. The Italian vender bowed to the ground as he accepted her money.

"Bananas are not good for you," said the choir-master sharply. "They make flesh."

"I will not eat them," said the singer. "I will give them to the janitor's little girl; but I cannot pass Pietro's stand without stopping to buy something from him. Pietro often stood between me and hunger in the old days. If I had not the penny, he would give me a banana just the same!"

The choir-master did not wince. He laughed; yet he was one of those who had refused the now successful singer a hearing!

When the music season is at its height, not fewer than five thousand girls are studying singing in New York. Five thousand—and from every quarter of this great country they come because some one has said:

"What a magnificent voice! You ought to do something with it."

"Five thousand Molly Langhams and Miss Frawleys, and all of them would be opera stars and choir soloists. Think of it!"

Miss Flora Wilson, daughter of the Secretary of Agriculture, says that no girl can hold her own in the musical world of Paris on less than twenty-five hundred dollars a year; and Miss Wilson speaks from personal experience. A singer in one of the finest metropolitan choirs, who nearly starved and almost ruined her health before she secured recognition, says that no girl can study properly, live decently, and dress as she must in order to obtain engagements in

New York, on less than a hundred dollars a month. And then, with five thousand "magnificent voices" in competition, can you see what a gamble it is to take the familiar advice:

"Such a magnificent voice! You must do something with it!"

Out of the five thousand there may be five who have the financial backing, the physical endurance, the capacity for work which amounts to genius—and the voice—to reach the goal. Torn by the thorns that beset their path, they finally feel the thrill of triumph which they will tell you repays for all that came before.

But what of the remaining four thousand nine hundred and ninety-five ambitious girls?

Ask the musical directors of theatrical productions, who hear their pleadings for a place in the chorus at fifteen dollars a week. Ask the choir-masters of New York and its suburbs, who must fairly hide from their importunities and their voiceless singing. Ask the women of means and kindly instincts who contribute again and again to send these discouraged, penniless girls back to their homes.

And ask the disappointed parents in a thousand cities, towns, and villages of the United States to whom these girls sooner or later return, embittered, incompetent, yes, and voiceless. For the thin "drawing-room" soprano voice, subjected to the strain of the Italian method of teaching, at the hands of a none too conscientious teacher, oftentimes cracks, or even vanishes in thin air.

Then, drooping under the realization of failure, her high hopes blasted, the one-time village Melba degenerates into the family drudge, to assume the position always assigned the one who has sallied forth only to fall short of success, at once pitied and scorned.

Or, if she has awakened in time to the realization that grand opera is not for her, she may acquire a "method," a smattering of musical lore, which, with the prestige gained by New York experience, will draw pupils in her native town. There she settles, to tell more innocent, trusting creatures that they have "wonderful voices," calculated to lead them directly to the golden heights of grand opera.

This you may call a compensation or a revenge—as you like.

SONG AND MELODY

SILVER moon, silver moon,
Through thy velvet night,
Sawest thou a tiny bird
Wing its airy flight?

Silver dipped its fluttering wings
To the silver sea;
Silver breeze, silver breeze,
Bear it back to me!

Silver star, silver star,
Through thy mystic night,
Sawest thou a silver dream
Take its silent flight?

Sailing o'er the silver wave,
Riding high and low,
Silver breeze, silver breeze,
Do not let it go!

Silver bird and silver dream—
Song and melody—
Through silver night 'neath silver stars
They escaped from me!

Margaret Erskine

MARTIN SHERIDAN, THE WORLD'S CHAMPION ALL-AROUND ATHLETE

BY ROBERT EDGREN

WORLD'S RECORDS HELD BY MARTIN SHERIDAN

Discus throw from eight-foot two-and-a-half-inch circle.....	140 ft. 5½ in.
Discus throw from seven-foot circle.....	138 ft. 10½ in.
Discus throw (Greek style, from pedestal).....	124 ft. 8 in.
Pole vault for distance.....	28 ft.
All-around contest (ten events).....	7,385 points

SHERIDAN'S PERFORMANCES IN THE ALL-AROUND CHAMPIONSHIP

Hundred-yard dash.....	10 3-5 sec.
Shot put.....	43 ft. 1¼ in.
High jump.....	5 ft. 7 in.
Half-mile walk.....	3 min. 43 sec.
Hammer throw.....	125 ft. 10 in.
Pole vault.....	10 ft. 9 in.
Hundred-and-twenty-yard hurdles.....	17 1-5 sec.
Running broad jump.....	20 ft. 7½ in.
Fifty-six-pound weight.....	29 ft. 11½ in.
Mile run.....	6 min. 5 sec.

I NEVER see Martin Sheridan hurling the historic discus of wood, weighted with brass and lead and rimmed with iron, without imagining him a reincarnation of one of the ancient heroes of Greece. He is another Phaylos of Croton. Two thousand years ago Phaylos of Croton outjumped and outthrew all competitors, and made records that astonished even the Greeks, who had been holding great athletic meets constantly for more than a thousand years.

Phaylos leaped fifty-five feet in the triple leap, which is nearly five feet better than any modern athlete can claim. The ancient account, however, fails to tell whether or not Phaylos held in each hand a rounded piece of stone, which he thrust behind him at the finish, to add impetus to the third leap. Phaylos also threw an iron-bound discus weighing, as

scholars tell us, something like twelve pounds, a distance of ninety feet or better. Sheridan's throwing has been with a lighter missile, and it is hard to make comparisons.

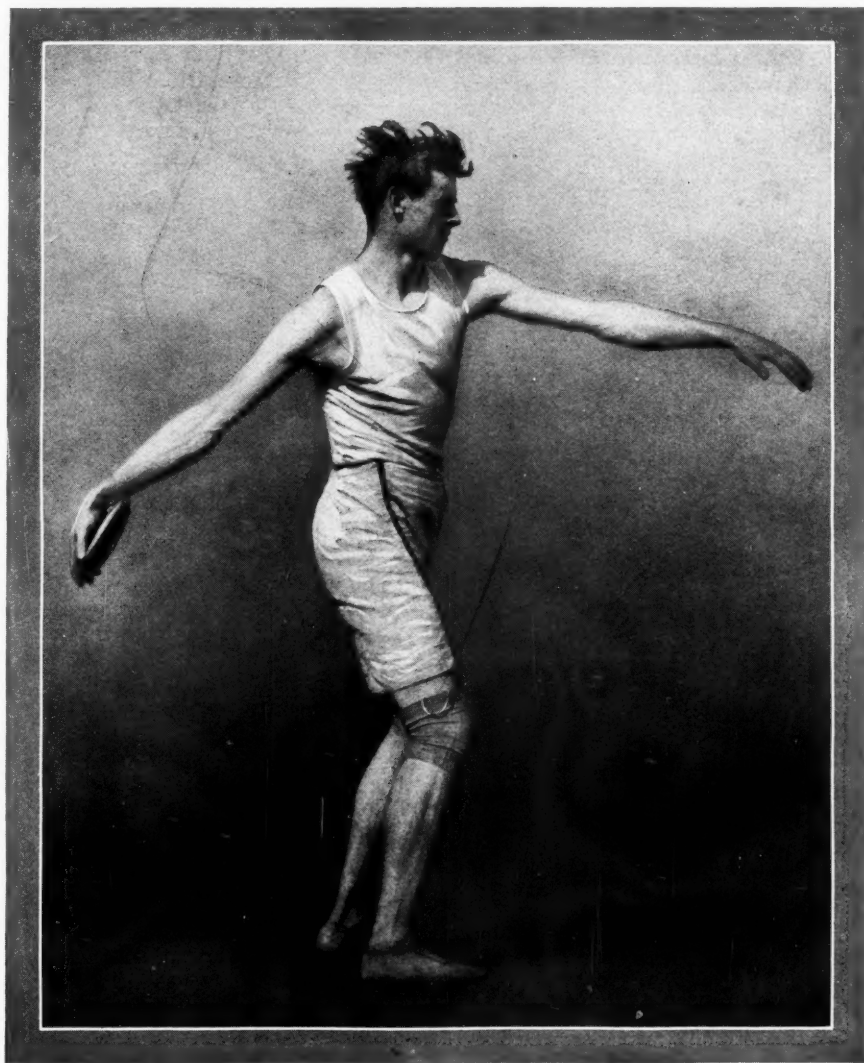
But Sheridan is another such man as the old Greek champions—six feet tall, broad and brawny, yet supple and sudden in action. Among our modern athletes he has no near rivals. No other living man can class with him as an all-around athlete, and in six events he holds recognized world's records. There's small doubt that he would give old Phaylos of Croton a hard rub for the honors, could the Greek hero be resurrected for the occasion. One thing is sure, Sheridan would try to the last ounce of his strength and grit and nerve-energy; for that's the kind of a man he is.

"I'm lucky," he said, with a laugh, when congratulated upon having won

both the Greek and the "free-style" discus throws in the Olympic games at London. But was it luck?

Going to England, there was no chance

"I just walked up and down all the time with my hands in my pockets," he told me. "I had pieces of paper crumpled into a ball in each hand, and I



MARTIN SHERIDAN, OF NEW YORK, THROWING THE DISCUS, A SPORT IN WHICH HE HOLDS THE WORLD'S RECORDS

for the American weight-throwers to keep in practise. One must have more room than that available on a steamer-deck for throwing a discus or a hammer. While the other athletes were sitting around, Martin worked out a training-system of his own.

kept gripping them. Every time I tightened my grip I imagined that I was giving the final lift to a discus with my finger-tips. I was training my mind and my muscles to work together, and developing the forearm, which does the best part of the throwing, and nobody

on the ship knew anything about what I was doing."

Landing in London, the Americans went into training-quarters. Day after day Sheridan and "Big Bill" Horr, the Syracuse giant, with Garrels, of Michigan, and M. W. Giffin, of Chicago, threw the discus together. In that preliminary work Garrels and Horr both threw better than Sheridan. They were great men—splendid men, both of them. But when it came to the day of the contest, and the discus was thrown from a wet, slippery clay ring, the thing that has made Sheridan supreme showed again.

Sheridan was behind in the Greek discus-throwing. His team-mates threw beyond his best until the last trial came. Then, drawing on that marvelous reserve energy, he whipped the platter-like weight a foot beyond the best, and won. The same thing happened in the throwing from a circle. Again Sheridan looked hopelessly beaten until his final throw.

THROWING THE DISCUS IN ATHENS

I stood by when Martin made a new world's discus-throwing record at Athens, three years ago. The event was held in a public athletic ground near the Stadium. Sheridan led from the first throw, holding safe Georgantas, the Greek, and Jaervinnen, the huge Finn. Prince George of Greece, himself a gigantic man, standing nearly six and a half feet, and strongly built in proportion, was much interested.

Sheridan's fourth throw sailed clear across the field and fell on the edge of the running-track beyond. On the other side of that was a stone wall, separating the grounds from a small stream between precipitous banks.

"That was a magnificent throw," said the prince. "It will be told for many years that Sheridan, of America, threw the discus into the running-track. If you could send it to the stone-wall, now, you'd have a monument there to measure the throw for centuries."

"Sure!" said Martin, laughing. "If I get a good whip of it, I'll not alone throw it to the wall, but over into the creek beyond."

The "creek" was the famed Ilissus, written into the history and song of Greece for a score of centuries.

"In that case," said Prince George, "you'll have a still more memorable mark."

Sheridan threw the discus to the foot of the stone-wall—not over it. Each of his last three throws broke the world's record. His ambition now is to return to Greece some day—perhaps next year—and throw that old Greek discus from the iron circle at the Gymnasium over the low stone-wall and into the "creek."

A FAMILY OF IRISH ATHLETES

Followers of athletic sport often notice that strength and nerve-force "run in families." Perhaps that is one explanation of Martin Sheridan's surprising all-around ability in athletics. He was born in Bohola, near Swinford, County Mayo, Ireland. And I might remark incidentally that Mayo turns out more famous athletes than any other spot of its size on the face of the globe.

The elder Sheridan was a great jumper and weight-thrower, and Martin was brought up on athletic exercises—principally jumping and throwing the "smoothing-iron." The latter sport is common in Ireland. An ordinary flatiron is grasped by the handle and thrown with a full-arm swing closely resembling the discus-throwing motion.

Martin had several brothers—all athletes. Dick, the eldest, was a champion among hammer-throwers. Three uncles—his mother's brothers—were "grand leapers," and could top six feet in a high jump, or forty-eight feet in a triple leap, any day in the week. But Martin's father was really the family champion. There were not many meets in his day, but he trained constantly, and was always ready for a trial of strength or skill. Jumping with a stone in each hand, old Irish fashion, from a stand, he cleared thirty-six feet and six inches, and this in his forty-fifth year. He jumped in heavy brogans instead of light spiked shoes, which makes his performance remarkable even in a country famous for its jumpers ever since Finn McCoul crossed Ireland in three leaps and left the marks of his heels in the solid stone where he took off.

After the Olympic Games in London, Martin Sheridan visited his old home. His father was sixty-four years old, but

still active as ever. They had a family field-day, and Martin had all he could do to defeat the veteran.

"In fact," he says, with a chuckle, "there was one day he beat me well throwing the smoothing-iron. He jumped twenty-seven feet and nine inches in the standing triple jump, without weights, and near thirty-three feet with them."

HOW SHERIDAN CAME TO NEW YORK

Part of Sheridan's success lies in his determination to do everything he attempts just a little better than any one else. It was twelve years ago that he left County Mayo and started out to see the world. First he went across to England. Landing at Southampton without any too much money in his pockets, he looked around for work. A gang of Italians was laying steel rails in the street. Martin watched the men for a moment. Three or four were slowly and deliberately driving spikes with heavy sledges. Stepping up, Martin pushed one of them aside, took his sledge, and began driving spikes himself with heavy blows—a blow to each spike, and no more. Down they went one after another—smash, smash, smash.

The foreman engaged Sheridan on the spot, and set him to driving spikes. He did three men's work. All day long he swung his sledge without stopping for a rest. The others, ashamed, tried to keep up the pace he set. When the day was over, Sheridan, with an untamable Irishman's desire to proclaim himself still fresh as a daisy, cleared both tracks in a standing jump, and then jumped back again, all of which vastly amazed the weary and wondering Italians.

For a few weeks Sheridan swung his sledge, and then, with money in his pockets, he set sail for America.

"And mighty glad they were to see me go—all but the foreman," says Martin naively.

Big brother Dick had already come to New York, and was quite a figure in weight-throwing circles. Dick was a giant. I remember that I listened with some incredulity when Dick boasted that his "kid brother" could beat him at discus-throwing. But in 1901 Martin began competing. He started like a champion, hurling the discus one hundred

and thirteen feet and nine inches, which is a good performance even to-day. In a year he was the best discus-thrower in the world, and since that time he has suffered but one defeat—a matter of a few inches—by any rival placed on scratch with him.

THE ALL-AROUND CHAMPIONSHIP

This summer he turned his attention to the American all-around championship, which he had already won twice. Every year the A. A. U. holds this meet. It is practically a world's championship, as Kiley of Ireland, Europe's best all-around athlete, came here one year and set a record; and no rival for Kiley has yet appeared on the other side.

The "all-arounds" comprise ten events—hundred-yard dash, shot-put, high jump, half-mile walk, hammer-throw, pole-vault, hundred-and-twenty-yard hurdle-race, running broad jump, fifty-six-pound weight-throw, and mile run. These are run off in quick succession, with only a five-minute rest-interval between events. To go through the program takes marvelous endurance. Most contestants cut out three or four events. Sheridan goes into every one. The points are figured on a basis of one thousand for each event, the full thousand being allowed for equaling a world's record, and a proportionate number for performances of lesser merit.

Harry Gill, of Toronto, broke Kiley's record and that of Ellery Clark, of Boston, another former champion. Kiley's score was six thousand two hundred and eighty; Gill beat him by eighty and one-half points. Aiming high, Sheridan determined to better seven thousand points.

All spring he competed in jumps and sprints and hurdle-races, making some splendid marks. At last he was fit for the test. The first race was the hundred yards, which he covered in ten and three-fifths seconds. Of course, it is impossible to score in each part of an all-around contest as if it were the only event to be competed in that day; yet in every event Sheridan did a remarkably good performance.

Last on the program came the mile run. He had only to cover the distance in about six minutes and a half in order to smash the record to smithereens; and

Sheridan had often run a minute faster than that in training. It was necessary, however, to finish the mile, for he was still a few points short of the mark.

Sheridan stepped up for that last race filled with a sense of strength and confidence. He knew he held the record safe—if he finished the mile.

"Seventy-five hundred points!" he told himself triumphantly.

A GRIM TEST OF ENDURANCE

The starter's pistol popped, and Martin swept into the long grind around the cinder-path. It was easy going for a quarter of a mile, and then suddenly a terrible cramp caught him in the side and bent him double. He staggered along in agony. The Princeton coach, running beside the track, called:

"Keep moving, Martin; keep moving! Only finish, and the record's yours!"

Sheridan, staggering and reeling along, could not answer; but his grim determination never flagged.

"I've worked too hard to lose now," he thought, "and I won't!"

One more lap—that was the half mile. Another half to go! Around the course again, and now the three-quarter mile.

"Only a quarter more, Martin!" called the coach. "Steady, boy, you'll make it. Keep going!"

And then, with a quarter-mile more to go, Martin Sheridan went stone blind from heat and pain and exertion.

"My head was clear," he told me afterward, "but I couldn't see a thing. Everything turned black in front of my eyes. I could hear some one running on the turf beside the track, and the boys begging me to stick it out.

"Only a hundred more, Martin!" they said. 'You'll make it yet! Only eighty, Martin! Steady, boy—fifty yards—don't fall. Keep going—keep going—keep going!'

"My legs were like lead, and the pain in my body was such that I thought I'd break in two at every stride. Yet they tell me I spurted at the finish. I didn't know it. It was all black, like running in a tunnel.

"Twenty yards!" called somebody.

"Then I felt myself falling. I nearly went down, but I pulled my legs under

me and lurched on. My knees gave way again, and I barely caught myself for a couple of strides more. I could hear the coach saying:

"Only ten yards more, Martin!"

"It sounded as if he was crying. Then my legs went from under me for fair. I tried to fall forward as far as I could, and reached out in the dark to get my arms over the line. The last thing I knew I was thinking:

"Six yards short—I miss breaking the record by six yards!"

"Then, the next thing, they were carrying me off and throwing cold water on me, and everybody was slapping me on the back. You see, I happened to be right over the finish-line when I fell, and I carried the tape down with me, so I got the record after all—seven thousand three hundred and eighty-five points. But it was lucky I didn't fall a minute sooner. I know now just how Dorando felt in London.

"Next year I'm going to train until I can finish with a mile in five minutes and a half, after bettering my other marks. I've figured a way to raise the record to eight thousand points. If I succeed, some other fellow can have the all-around title after that. I'll be through!"

That's Martin Sheridan. He'll set his mark, and he'll never stop until he makes it. The all-around contest is a terrible strain. I've heard physicians say that it is impossible for a man to do so without dying on the spot, but I know it to be a fact that Martin Sheridan lost a little more than twenty pounds' weight during the three hours that the contest lasted. And it wasn't fat. He was a well-trained, lean athlete when it started. At the date of this writing, a month after the test, he is still ten pounds below his normal weight of one hundred and ninety-four pounds in athletic costume, and it will be another month before he gets back to record-breaking condition again in his favorite events.

Still, I'm satisfied that Sheridan will raise the all-around record to eight thousand points next year, unless he takes it into his head to run across to the Olympic Games of 1910, in Athens, and toss that iron-bound discus over into the "creek."

THE DOCTOR'S CLUE*

BY HAMLINE ZIMMERMAN

XXV

WHILE this wordless, frustrated tragedy was preparing itself, other events took place below. The door-bell, whose sound disturbed the man up-stairs, was rung by Allen, accompanied by Vayle and Anthony. Marie, who admitted them, offered no objection to their entrance or to their examination of the telephone.

Allen stepped into the booth, took the receiver from the hook, and raised it to his ear. He waited, but heard nothing.

"That's strange!" he remarked to the others.

"Nothing doing, eh?" said Mr. Anthony.

"No," said Allen, "although the girls have had strict instructions to watch carefully for a call from this number."

"Give them a little time," said Vayle.

But Allen was already gazing frowningly at his watch.

"A full minute!" he cried at last. "Ryle is certainly wrong this time. But he said he used the telephone yesterday morning."

"He did use it, Mr. Vayle," put in Marie, who had lingered near by.

"How do you know?" asked Allen, turning an irritated glance on the girl.

"I saw him go into the booth, and heard him talking."

"How do you know it wasn't a bluff?"

"Why on earth should he want to bluff?" inquired Vayle. "Try again."

Allen tried, but again there was no response.

"I can't understand your man Ryle," he said. "It's dead certain that this telephone is wrong. We must pull it

to pieces to find out where the break is. Yet he says it is not out of order, and never has been. I advise you to keep a close eye on him."

"Here he is," said a familiar, quiet voice, and Ryle stood at his elbow. "Who was it spoke? You, Allen? Keep a close eye on Ryle now!" He put the receiver to his ear. "That you, Central? Riverside Exchange?" he said. "Can you hear me plainly? No, it's not Mr. Allen. Do you want Mr. Allen? Hold the wire a moment."

He handed the receiver to the amazed telephone-man, and stood back, crowded up against the side of the booth.

"Hello!" said Allen angrily. "What does this mean? I've been trying for five minutes to get you! What's that? Haven't heard me before? Be careful now what you say. This is Allen—B. S. Allen. You recognize my voice? Then, why the dickens didn't you answer before? Didn't hear me? None of that now! It's true? We'll see about that!"

He stopped, again mystified. Neither he nor Vayle nor Anthony had noticed a slight movement of Ryle's foot on the floor.

"Hello! Hello!" said Allen into the receiver. "Hello, Central! Why don't you answer me? I didn't ring off! Speak up there! Do you realize that this is Allen—B. S. Allen—talking? Hello, Central, I say!"

Ryle moved his foot again.

"Hello!" shouted Allen. "There you are again! Why didn't you answer me? You were cut off! How can that be? This isn't a party-wire. Do you hear me now? Where have you been? On the wire all the time? I don't believe it. Ask Mr. Watson to step to the board."

* This story began in MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE for April

Again Ryle, unnoticed, moved his foot. There was a sarcastic little smile on his face as Allen, finding himself again cut off, floundered through a maze of angry, fruitless questions.

"Was it a Mr. Watson you wanted?" asked Ryle, with tantalizing politeness. "Let me take the phone. Perhaps I can get him for you."

In a moment he had done so. Allen, taking the receiver again and recognizing Watson's voice, perceived that he had been tricked, and soon closed the conversation, admitting that the trouble was certainly not at Watson's end.

"Well," said Ryle, smiling ironically at him, "did you keep your eye on me? Are you satisfied?"

"I don't understand it at all," confessed Allen.

"You didn't keep your eye on me," said Ryle. "I had to get even with you for your little remark, you know. Now, we'll call it square, if you like. Look here!"

He pointed out the molding that joined the wall of the booth to the floor. It had been sawn in two, and a small section of it was movable.

"Here is the solution," said Ryle. "Move this to the right, and the telephone is disconnected; move it to the left, and the connection is restored again. Under this molding the wire runs. It has been severed, and the end of it fastened to the loose section of molding, so that a contact is made or broken by a movement of less than half an inch in distance. Consequently, the telephone has really never been out of order. If you had watched my foot, you would have seen me cutting you off and putting you in again as I pleased."

"Well!" cried Allen, voicing the amazement of the others with his own. "What a simple scheme!"

"It was simple—and rather clever," said Ryle.

"But what was it for?" asked Allen.

"These gentlemen understand it, I think," said the doctor. "Suppose you tell Mr. Allen as much as you judge advisable, Mr. Anthony. I would mention no names, however. By the way, Allen, have you found out where the call came from which brought the police here the night before last?"

"No!" cried Allen. "That was in Watson's hands."

"Can't you tell in the office immediately," asked Vayle, "when a call is given, from what number it is?"

"Certainly, if we have any reason for noticing at the time. But if it is not instantly observed, it passes, in the multitude of calls which come in, one on top of another."

"But suppose there was something in the conversation which arrested the operator's attention; might she not then remember what two numbers she connected?"

Allen smiled at Vayle's question.

"There are a few rules which we enforce with the greatest strictness, and the most important of these is that the operator must under no circumstances listen to a conversation between subscribers. We discharge more girls for that one offense than for all others put together."

"They do sometimes listen, then?" queried Mr. Anthony.

"I am sorry to say they do," said Allen.

"I'm not sorry at all," said Ryle. "Therein, as we hope, lies one of the missing links in our chain of evidence. You say Watson is at work on that point?"

"Not personally," said Allen. "He could never find out anything. Jones, of the detective force, is on it. All that Watson can do is to give him a list of the names and addresses of the company's employees."

"So," said Vayle, "Jones has a long job on his hands?"

"Yes; and a difficult one," said Allen. "We have had to do so much detective-work among the girls that they are dreadfully afraid to admit anything now."

"You haven't adopted my suggestion, then?" asked Ryle.

"My dear doctor," protested Allen, "do you want to demoralize the office completely? What would become of our discipline if we offered immunity from punishment as a reward for confessing the violation of our strictest rule?"

"Still," said Ryle, "if worst comes to worst?"

"We will do what we can for you."

"How did Jones happen to get in on this?" queried Ryle.

"Why, he appeared," said Allen in a tone of surprise, "just after you did, with the same inquiries, and I set him at the thing. Isn't he working with you?"

"Did he say he was?"

"Certainly!"

"Then," said Ryle, with his enigmatical smile, "the affair is in good hands. I hope we shall not need to upset the discipline of your office. I presume you will not feel called upon to suggest such a thing to Jones?"

"No, indeed," said Allen. "And if he suggests it to us?"

"It will be up to you," said Ryle, with a shrug of his shoulders.

At this point Marie appeared and drew the doctor aside. After a moment's talk with her, he turned to the three others.

"Your car is outside, Mr. Anthony?"

"Yes."

"Then you all can help me best by taking a little jaunt. Some friends of ours are coming, but I don't think they would care to see us. Come back in an hour, if you like. Things may happen before then."

And as Vayle, Anthony, and Allen passed out of the front door, Ryle, after another word or two with Marie, stepped into the back parlor and stood behind the portières.

XXVI

"WHERE is Chastain?"

It was the voice of Flaherty at the front door.

"About the house somewhere," answered Marie.

"You are sure?"

"Yes, sir. We don't any of us dare to leave, with the police around the house. Shall I see if I can find him for you, sir?"

"Never mind. I'll find him. Has Dr. Ryle been here?"

"No," answered Marie, in obedience to Ryle's previous coaching; "not since this morning."

Her little triumph at the inquest, rendered possible by the doctor's suggestions, had made her his firm ally.

"Well," said Flaherty, "you keep your eye out, and let us know if you see him."

"Yes, sir."

"Don't forget about that trip to Coney, Marie," said Drowne in an undertone, with a lady-killing glance.

"Thank you, Mr. Drowne," she answered coquettishly. "You'll be the one to forget, I guess."

"Never!" protested the reporter. "Run along now, there's a good girl, and keep a sharp lookout."

She tripped away down-stairs.

"That's a foxy little girl, Jim," said Drowne. "Maybe I don't pull a stroke there, eh? She's on our side in this game, all right!"

"Well, if your taste runs that way," responded Flaherty, "I don't see why you shouldn't use it to help us."

But if Drowne could have seen Marie's face when she was out of their sight, and heard the intonation with which she exclaimed "The sassy thing!" he would not have been so well satisfied with himself. And if he could have known who was listening behind the portières, he would not have been so sure of Marie.

"Chastain!" said Ryle to himself. "Why are they asking for him, I wonder!"

He tiptoed across the soft carpet toward the rear door of the room, but was arrested in his course by Drowne's next words:

"This is our best chance, Jim, to look at that carpet before that confounded Ryle gets here."

"Time enough yet," thought Ryle. "I wish Vayle could hear this, though!"

The two entered the office and stood looking at the carpet. Nothing was to be seen until Flaherty stepped forward and peered behind the screen, finally moving it aside.

"By Jove!" cried he. "Will you look at that, now?"

Drowne looked where he pointed. There was the bare spot, denuded of its nap, which Ryle had described to Vayle and Anthony.

"You see!" crowed the reporter. "What did I tell you?"

But Flaherty had whipped out his magnifying-glass and was down on his

knees. Drowne bent over to look closer. The lens passed slowly over the whole region round the clipped spot. It stopped, and the detective, reaching into his pocket, took out a pair of scissors, with which he cut off a small bit of carpet-wool adjacent to the bare spot. This he carried to the window and examined closely with his glass.

"It's blood!" he exclaimed at last.

"Blood!" cried Drowne. "Hooray! How about Ryle's screen theory now?"

"What?"

"Calder was shot, wasn't he? And he bled, didn't he? Well, whose blood is that, then?"

"I don't suppose it's Calder's, if that's what you mean," said the detective. "Calder was never moved from his chair. Grant will tell you that."

"I know what Grant says," Drowne returned. "But how about the time before he arrived, while Vayle and Talbert were in this room?"

"Then, you think they lied?" asked Flaherty.

"Remember how pat their story was, and how well it fitted in with Ryle's screen theory? Think how they were all aiming the same way—to get the Garman girl off and save their own skins. They put up what appears to be independent testimony; but, on second thought, it looks like a put-up job. It is a pretty theory, but is it the only one?"

"What other theory is there?"

"Here you have it," said Drowne. "This blood on the carpet starts us off. Nothing was said about that. Nobody bled but Calder. Now, look! These people—Vayle, or Talbert, or Miss Garman, or all three—killed Calder at the spot where the screen stands. Some of his blood fell on the carpet. They moved him to the chair, and stalled off the coroner with the screen theory put up by Ryle, who is in Vayle's employ. Now we have found the blood—"

"How?" interrupted Flaherty. "By this letter? A fake, pure and simple, if ever I saw one! But, even if it is a fake, the man who wrote it knew that blood was there!"

"Exactly!" cried Drowne. "Some friend trying to help us out with information."

"Why doesn't he come and tell me, then, if he's a friend?"

"Perhaps he has reasons for keeping out of it."

"Of course!" said Flaherty. "He knows too much about it."

"He is not the guilty man, though."

"Probably not," mused the detective; "and yet—"

He stopped, as if puzzled.

"Well?" interrogated Drowne.

"I can't seem to see which way this blood points. If it's Calder's—"

"Then I am right," cried Drowne eagerly, "and the whole testimony at the inquest is discredited."

"But if it's not Calder's, it may be anybody's—the murderer's, for example."

"How would the murderer's blood get on the carpet? Calder had no chance to shoot."

"We don't know that," objected Flaherty stoutly.

"Only one shot was heard."

"No shot was heard, except by Talbert, who *says* he heard one."

"But a shot was fired," said Drowne.

"You can't get around that."

"Two or three may have been fired, for that matter. Once throw Talbert's testimony out, and anything may have happened."

"Then, you think this is the guilty man's blood?" queried Drowne.

"Whose else could it be?"

"Calder's."

"And then, as you suppose, Calder was carried over and placed in the chair. No, for more blood would have fallen from his wound upon the carpet."

"Well, let's look for more," said Drowne, suiting the action to the word, while Flaherty stood by with folded arms.

After a fruitless search, Drowne looked up and saw the detective's decisive smile.

"What are you laughing at?" asked the reporter.

"You."

"Why?"

"Have you found anything?"

"No," acknowledged Drowne; "but what is there so funny about it?"

"Why, you darned fool, you don't stop to think! Somebody has clipped off the carpet here where the screen

was. That was to remove evidence, wasn't it?"

"Perhaps," was Drowne's grudging admission.

"Sure!" Flaherty insisted. "If the carpet was not clipped to remove blood-stains, and if the blood-stains were not evidence, I'm a Dutchman, and you can publish any old theory you like. Evidence against whom? Not against Calder; therefore, it wasn't Calder's blood. Now, whose blood was it?"

Drowne was silent.

"Whose blood?" repeated Flaherty. "Some innocent person, who had an accident of some sort?"

"Possibly," said Drowne. "Perhaps he didn't want Calder to find it out."

"And so he ruins a two-hundred-dollar carpet, when he could have had it cleaned for ten! Go on with you, and don't stop till you get to Matteawan! You're not fit to be at large. That blood was the murderer's!"

"Very well," said Drowne, "suppose it was. Who removed it?"

"The murderer, of course."

"Thereby giving a much stronger clue than the blood itself," said Drowne. "Suppose he had left the blood there; what harm would it have done?"

"We should have found it, of course."

"We *have* found it. You've got some of it there in your hand. Now, whose blood is it?"

Flaherty looked at him, disconcerted by the question.

"How do I know?" he growled.

"Don't you know?" asked Drowne in well-feigned surprise. "Oh, I see what you mean; you haven't analyzed it yet."

"Naw!" said Flaherty in disgust; "and if I had, I wouldn't know. You can't tell one man's blood from another's."

"Not chemically, or by the microscope?"

"No; I've seen it come up a hundred times. You can tell an animal from a man by his blood, but you can't tell one man from another."

"Then," said Drowne triumphantly, "will you please tell me why the murderer should have gone to all that trouble to remove evidence which is no evidence?"

It was now Flaherty's turn to be silent.

"You've demolished my theory," continued Drowne, "and I've demolished yours. Now we must try again. The blood was evidence; the murderer did not remove it. Who did?"

"Search me!" was Flaherty's sultry answer.

"And who wrote the letter? The same man who clipped the carpet?"

"No," said Flaherty in his most sarcastic tone; "some friend of mine, of course!"

"Why don't you have educated friends, Jim?"

"The fellow who wrote that was educated all right."

"Yes, at a night-school where they forgot to light the gas!"

"Stop your jollyng now, Drowne!" Flaherty was losing his temper. "Ryle may be here any minute. Let's call this off now, and have a look at that man Chastain."

The listener in the back parlor jumped in amazement. What clue had these men that could lead to Chastain? He started on tiptoe across the soft carpet toward the back stairway, but paused a moment longer. They were still talking, and had made no move to leave the office. He had time to hear a word or two more.

"Here, let's see that picture again," continued Flaherty. "I tell you, that brow and that forehead are just like Chastain."

"And I tell you they are just as much like Vayle," retorted Drowne, passing it over. "Chastain is fat; this fellow is thin, like Vayle."

"Thinner even than Vayle," observed Flaherty.

"And therefore just so much less like Chastain."

"It won't do any harm to confront Chastain with it."

"I'd rather try it on Vayle first," said Drowne.

"That's only because you hate Vayle."

"What good is it, anyhow?" asked the reporter.

"I'd arrest on it," said Flaherty, "if I were convinced that I had the man in the picture."

"And then where would you be?"

"What? With Bannet, Hébert, and a woman in the picture with this fellow, and a night meeting of the three in Hébert's room, at which they keep saying 'Revenge!' I should say it was evidence, most decidedly!"

But Drowne shook his head.

"You don't even know that the third man at the meeting was the fellow in the picture," he said. "The Tranchet woman couldn't recognize him. Besides, the picture would prove nothing in court, nothing before the grand jury, and the arrest would silence the man effectually, just as Bannet and Hébert are silenced. I don't think that's the way to work it."

"What would you do, smarty?"

"Use it on Vayle or Chastain, or, for that matter, the three prisoners, and see how they act. The picture isn't worth much as evidence, but may be very valuable as a crowbar to dig evidence up."

"All right," said Flaherty, "let's try Chastain, then. Go and find Marie, if she's so much stuck on you, and tell her to bring Chastain here."

This was enough for the listening Ryle. He stole out of the room and made his way noiselessly up the stairs. For the faithful Marie had told him that on the third floor, in his room, Chastain sat writing, writing, writing.

Left alone, Flaherty pondered once more over the blood-stain, the clipped carpet, the letter. It did not seem likely that the guilty man had tampered with the carpet; certainly he had not written the letter. Who had done these two mysterious things? Suddenly the detective began to walk about in excitement, struck by an idea. Considering it, he paced the floor. It seemed more and more plausible. He looked out into the hall, seeking Drowne, who appeared in a moment.

"Where's Chastain?" demanded Flaherty.

"Marie's gone to find him and send him here. What's the matter, Jim?"

The detective seized Drowne's coat, and was pulling him into the office.

"Drowne, I called you a darned fool. Please call me one."

"All right, you darned fool; but why?"

"Because I couldn't think who sent that letter. It was that devil Ryle."

"Ryle!" exclaimed the reporter.

"Sure! He monkeyed with the carpet, and then sent me this frightful fake. It's a stall of the worst kind."

"But what is he after?"

"Why, he wants to get me started on a false clue, and then have the laugh on me. Meanwhile, he has time to work on his own lines."

"What are his lines?"

"How do I know?"

"So!" cried Drowne. "You're not on to his curves at all? You think he did it just to flimflam you?"

"Yes," said Flaherty.

"Then," said Drowne, "if the letter is a frightful fake, giving a false clue, will you please tell me why the blood is actually there?"

Both were silent after this inquiry. The wide and trackless sea of conjecture on which they had been tossing grew wider; blank fog shut down on them. Ryle's desire was fulfilled. His two rivals had been stopped, excited, mystified, completely bewildered by the stain on the carpet and the letter.

Flaherty at last opened his mouth to answer the reporter's question. But the answer was destined never to be made; for at that instant the shot, so happily turned aside by Ryle, rang through the house!

XXVII

RYLE'S purpose on starting up the stairs had been to arrest Chastain before Flaherty could do so. He had gone noiselessly. The butler's agonized inward struggle, which made him oblivious to outward things, had also rendered him careless of discovery. He had left the door ajar, and had moved about the room with no thought of spies.

The whole affair astonished Ryle not a little; and when he had come up from behind in time to frustrate self-slaughter, and had laid the fainting Chastain on the bed, he was still further amazed to see the name which was written on the envelope. The torn fragments of Lucia's photograph, the picture of the beautiful foreign girl—what did they mean? The revolver seemed less mysterious—it was a thirty-eight River-Thompson.

All these objects, their significance partly clear, partly hidden, were safely

stowed away in the doctor's pockets, and he left the room. He stood in the hall, listening. From below came the sharp voice of Flaherty, calling Marie. Soon she appeared, with Katie and Nora, all three of them frightened, shrill-voiced, half-hysterical.

The detective questioned them. The first news he obtained brought a light into Ryle's mind. The servants had been in the kitchen, it seemed, with the two or three connecting doors shut, and they had not heard the shot. It was now clear why the shot which killed Calder had not alarmed the house.

Marie had promised Ryle to keep Chastain's whereabouts from the knowledge of Flaherty and Drowne, but she soon broke down under their questioning, and they started hot-foot up the stairs, while Ryle stepped back into an adjoining chamber.

Drowne and Flaherty hurried into Chastain's room.

"He has been shot!"

The words, in Drowne's voice, came to Ryle's listening ear, laid against the partition.

"No sign of it on him," said Flaherty.

"Can't you smell the powder-smoke, you idiot?"

"There isn't a mark on him, I tell you," the detective growled.

"Is he dead?"

"I don't know. He has no pulse, but his body's warm."

"Now's your chance to arrest him," suggested Drowne.

"How?" asked the officer angrily.

"He might as well be dead. Shall I take him in my arms and carry him to the station-house?"

"Yes," said the reporter; "it may come to that."

"If we only had a doctor," began Flaherty.

"At your service," said a quiet voice behind them, and Ryle stepped into the room.

Neither of the two men answered a word. Only their sullen, angry looks told how unwelcome this intrusion was.

"What can I do for you?" Ryle went on. "Why, bless my heart!" he cried, as if catching sight of the butler for the first time; "what is the matter with Chastain?"

He stepped over to the bed and opened the unconscious man's clothes, listening for his heart-beat.

"Is he dead?" asked Drowne, breaking silence at last.

After all, a newspaper man's business was to get the news. Flaherty might sulk over his ill-success, but Drowne was not bound to go down with him in the waters of defeat.

Ryle did not at first reply to the reporter's question, being busied with a careful examination of the body.

"I don't find any wound," he said finally.

"No," said Flaherty; "there is no wound."

"But," said the doctor, sniffing the air, "somebody has been shooting."

"Yes," snarled Flaherty; "anybody but a deaf man would have heard the shot."

"Chastain," said Ryle, paying no attention to the sneer, "has not been shot. Have you looked for traces of the bullet?"

"Did you hear the shot?" asked the detective. Curiosity had got the best of him at last.

"Yes," said Ryle, "I did. That was what brought me here. It sounded as if it came from this room. Suppose we search for the bullet."

He began to look round the bed and the floor, keeping a sharp eye all the while on the unconscious man.

"There is no sign of it here," he said, standing up and gazing round him. "Why, look there!" he cried, pointing to the corner of the room where the struggle had taken place. "What is that?"

He made as if to start toward the place, but both Flaherty and Drowne had anticipated him, and he stepped back carelessly.

"Here is where the bullet struck!" cried Flaherty in triumph.

He had scored now, and in his elation he had failed to observe the doctor's careful watch of Chastain. The butler's chest heaved. A sigh came from him, and his eyes opened wide.

"Chastain," said Ryle, "I arrest you for the murder of Dr. Calder!"

The butler looked at him comprehendingly for a moment. His eyes closed

again, but not before Ryle had seen a look of assent in them.

Flaherty, white with rage, turned like a flash and gazed at the doctor. His triumph had faded into defeat. For some moments he stared, speechless. Then the flood-gates were opened, and a torrent of profane abuse burst from him, which poured forth until he had to stop for breath.

"Why, Flaherty!" drawled a new voice mockingly.

Ryle turned to look. In the doorway stood Mr. Anthony, with Vayle by his side.

"It's too bad, Flaherty," said Ryle, with a quiet smile. "I had to do it, you know—you abused me so the other day. Now you can have your man, and take all the credit, if you want to. You see, Mr. Anthony," he continued, "things have been happening. I'm very glad you appeared when you did. I have just arrested Chastain, and Mr. Flaherty naturally is somewhat piqued. He had intended to reserve that pleasure for himself. I have no doubt, however, that by the aid of his friend, Mr. Drowne, he will appear in the *Forum* as the chief solver of this mystery."

"I should like to see that picture, Flaherty," continued Ryle. "It will complete the chain of a very pretty investigation. Where did you find it?"

"I found it," said Drowne, in amazement at the question.

"Ah!" said the doctor suavely. "Then the only clue Flaherty has found is the letter?"

The detective's rage was swallowed up in astonishment that Ryle knew of the letter and the picture, but a bright thought came to him.

"I suppose you've been listening," he snarled.

"I will not deny that I have been listening," said Ryle. "Your unidentified correspondent told you I was 'on,' did he not?"

Flaherty was again speechless. He and Drowne had spoken of the letter, but not a word had been said of its contents.

"I believe," went on Ryle, "that he referred to me as 'a amachoor,' and said you were 'so dern smart.' And did he not allude to you as a 'defective'? That, of course, was a wholly unintentional

slur. The writer seems to have been a poor speller."

"You see, Drowne," said Flaherty; "I told you the confounded smarty wrote the letter!"

"If you mean me," said Ryle sweetly, "you are mistaken. I did not write the letter."

"No," put in Vayle. "I had that pleasure myself."

Drowne and Flaherty looked at each other with a foolish expression on their faces.

"But," said the reporter slowly to Ryle, "if the letter was a fake, how does it happen that we found real blood on the carpet a few minutes ago?"

"You found some, did you?" inquired Ryle. "Chastain and I did not remove it all, then. In alluding to the letter as a fake, you do Mr. Vayle an injustice. The letter contained a real clue, which I suggested to him. If you had followed it up properly, you would have been led unerringly to Dr. Calder's murderer, this unfortunate Chastain."

"But why," asked Drowne, "did you give Flaherty a real clue?"

"Because," said the doctor, sharpening the suavity of his tones to a cutting edge of irony, "I was sorry to see Mr. Flaherty without any clue at all. I had already worked out the evidence it afforded, and I was interested to see whether Flaherty would be able to follow it up as I did. But I see some more of our friends arriving."

Jones, Smith, and Grant now entered the room, and behind them lingered the white-faced women servants. Jones, with an air of importance, stepped up to Flaherty and whispered in his ear.

"Officer Jones," said Ryle casually to the others, "is giving Officer Flaherty an important piece of news. But, inasmuch as the murderer has been already found, and the chain of evidence against him is complete, perhaps Jones will not mind if I tell these gentlemen what his information is. He is saying that the telephone-message has been traced, and that it came from this house."

Jones turned round sharply.

"How the dev—" he began.

"Don't swear," said Ryle. "It is quite superfluous, after the exhibition Flaherty has given us in that line."

"But—" exclaimed a new voice.

"I know, Grant," interrupted Ryle. "You could not telephone that night. But Chastain could, and then, by a mere touch with his foot, he could put the telephone out of business. His going to market in person that morning was merely a blind, part of a deep-laid scheme."

"Then Chastain telephoned?" cried Vayle.

"Undoubtedly," said Ryle. "Now, gentlemen, if we go at this thing piecemeal, we shall never be done. Suppose you let me outline this affair as I have put it together. Afterward I shall prove and illustrate my story with written evidence which I have."

"This man Chastain—together with Bannet and Hébert, in all probability—plotted the death of Dr. Calder—"

"I have evidence that they met secretly on the night before the murder," interrupted Drowne.

"Additional evidence will make my story all the stronger," said Ryle. He paused and looked at the motionless Chastain. "He is a very sick man," said he. "I doubt if he will live to stand trial. He would have been dead by his own hand a few minutes ago, if I had not come in in time to turn the shot aside." The doctor produced the revolver from his pocket. "That is the weapon you heard," said he. "He was just about to shoot himself when I luckily frustrated his purpose. I think, furthermore, that it is the revolver which killed Dr. Calder, but of that we may never be sure."

"As I was saying," continued Ryle, "these men plotted Dr. Calder's death. Why, we do not yet know. Nor do we know what the bond was between them, nor why Chastain chose that particular moment to execute his vengeance, for vengeance it was, undoubtedly. But whoever outlined the plot—and I feel sure it was Chastain himself—had some knowledge of the law. The other two were to give themselves up independently as the murderers immediately after the crime. Meanwhile, the real criminal was to remain here in the house, going quietly about his business, and *making no attempt to escape!*"

"That is the point I want to emphasize. The man who disappears, who does

the unusual thing, is the man who draws attention to himself. The man who can commit a crime, leaving no direct clue—and that is not necessarily difficult—and can then muster the strength of soul to remain on the spot, unruffled in demeanor, unperturbed by his own conscience, until the cloud of investigation has blown over, is the man who has the best chance of escaping. Such was the plan. Bannet and Hébert, having separately surrendered themselves, had, by law, the right to say nothing more. Furthermore, they could not by law be executed on their own statements alone, and they would in time be released. Bannet's alibi is perfect; he could not have been guilty. Hébert probably relied on the complete inability of the police to trace him; though, from what Drowne says, I fancy there is some slight evidence against him. If so, there is the first slip in their plans.

"The second slip came when Talbert, waiting outside the door of the office, heard the shot and burst in. At first this was a help, rather than a hindrance, to the murderer, for it threw suspicion on Miss Garman and Talbert. The man hidden behind the screen during those frightful moments must have had a partial, though imperfect, knowledge of hypnotism. He must have supposed that it was possible for Miss Garman to shoot the doctor at his command; whereas, that was the very point which instantly showed me that she could not have done so."

"He has now thrown suspicion on Miss Garman. Indeed, my surmise is that for that very reason he chose the moment of the hypnotic experiment to commit his crime. He has got away. Now comes the second slip in his plans. Vayle spirits Miss Garman away, and Talbert gives himself up as the murderer. There are now three self-confessed criminals. Miss Garman's friends have come to her aid in time to save her from a confession; attention is strongly drawn to her; investigation clears her and Talbert. The case is already marked as an unusual one; and no short time will quiet the stir it has made."

"The telephone has been previously prepared with an ingenious arrangement by which the wire can be severed or

connected at will. The criminal, getting out of the room unobserved, telephones to the police. They arrive; the telephone will not work. What is the presumption? That the telephone-call came from outside the house; that is, that the knowledge of the crime lay outside the house. This is a false indication of the strongest kind, and it is possible that before it can be run down the vigilance of the police will have relaxed, and the murderer can make his escape.

"He does not seem to have known, however, that a telephone-call can sometimes be traced. If so, that was another slip. But, on the other hand, he may have known and relied on the extreme difficulty of tracing such a thing. Jones will tell you that he has had to work for many hours and examine scores of telephone-girls to get the information he has just brought in; and that he might have failed altogether. If the girl obeyed the rules, she did not listen to the conversation; if she did not listen to the conversation, she did not notice the number, and the clue was lost, as irretrievably as a drop of water in the sea. I am surprised that Jones has succeeded.

"But now comes the great, the fatal accident, which seems to have been directed by the hand of God Himself—the blood on the carpet. The man counted on leaving no traces. He was not wounded; his felt-shoes were noiseless; he carried his weapon away with him. How, then, did the blood come there, and how do we know instantly that it was the blood of Chastain and no other?"

He paused. Flaherty leaned forward, in great excitement.

"You don't know!" he cried. "It may be Calder's blood."

"No," said Ryle; "it isn't Calder's blood, or Vayle's, or Miss Garman's. It is Chastain's."

"You lie!" cried the detective. "Human blood is all alike. I've seen it a hundred times."

"Your limitations, Flaherty," Ryle answered calmly, "are precisely what I counted on. I suggested to Vayle the clue which he gave you in the letter. You had the case in your hands, if you had known enough to follow it up. Listen!"

The doctor now explained carefully

the peculiar symptoms of Chastain's disease which had attracted his attention, and told of the microscopic investigation which Vayle and Anthony had witnessed.

"It is wonderful!" cried the district attorney, when he had concluded.

"By no means," said Ryle. "It was a mere diagnosis, and no very difficult one at that. Walk the hospitals, or sit in any doctor's office for a week, and you will see diagnoses far more marvelous than that. Besides, it was a mere chance which set me on Chastain's track, after all—his nose-bleed after the excitement of the inquest. A little special knowledge, a little observation, a little putting two and two together, and the thing was done. I knew at once that it was Chastain's blood, and I knew that it was not twenty-four hours old at nine yesterday morning, when I discovered it."

"But," said Drowne, "your evidence is only circumstantial, at that. Chastain may have dropped that blood on the carpet earlier—before dinner, for instance."

"You are right," said Ryle, bowing his head. "We do not yet know positively as to that. Nor do we know why Chastain spent more than an hour this afternoon in writing, nor why he placed the sheets which he had written in an envelope, nor why"—he paused a moment, his eyes gleaming with excitement—"he addressed that envelope to me."

He drew the envelope from his pocket, and held it up.

"Can any one here identify Chastain's handwriting?" he asked.

There was silence for a few moments. Then Marie spoke.

"I can," she said, in a hesitating tone, and with a deep blush, looking round in some embarrassment, and yet defiantly. "No, you needn't laugh," she said to Drowne, with a toss of her head. "There's more than reporters has been mashed on me. That's his writing," she said. "He used to write me mash notes till I shut him off."

"Very well," said Ryle. "I know it is his writing, because I saw him put the name there not a half an hour ago. Please take notice, all of you, that it is addressed to me; and observe that I have not yet opened it. Mr. Anthony, will you do so?"

The district attorney tore the envelope

across, and took from it a number of sheets of manuscript.

"It is in French!" he exclaimed, glancing at it.

"Mr. Anthony, can you read French?" asked Ryle. "Good. Now, gentlemen, we are going to get at the heart of this mystery, I hope, if Mr. Anthony will be kind enough to translate this document for us."

The district attorney took the sheets and began to read.

XXVIII

"I MUST go from this world"—so the narrative began—"and that speedily. I knew it would be so. Something told me that I could not accomplish my purpose and live. I have accomplished my purpose, and I thought for a time that I might cheat Nemesis and escape with my life; but now I find myself facing two alternatives, and each alternative is death. If Dr. Ryle finds me out, I shall die by the law; and if I escape the law, I shall die by this fatal disease which has fastened itself on me. Therefore, since I cannot escape death, I will die to-day quickly by my own hand, and at least avoid the slow tortures of a trial and the lingering agony of disease.

"This being so, I want the whole world to know why I killed Owen Calder. For I killed him—I, Gustave Fleury, known in America as Chastain. My brother Henri, who calls himself Bannet, did not do it; nor my friend, Pierre Duvernoy, whom the police know as Hébert. They did not kill him, but they wished to; and if I had not done so, he could not have escaped their vengeance."

At this point Mr. Anthony stopped his reading and whispered a few words to Vayle, but the latter shook his head.

"No!" said he decidedly. "I will hear it all. As well now as later."

The district attorney hesitated, and looked doubtfully at Vayle.

"Of course," he said, "this will have to go in as evidence, but there is no reason why it should be read now in the presence of so many. Let me see—we can eliminate the servants, most of the police, and Mr. Drowne, if you wish, Arthur."

"No!" repeated Vayle, looking at

Drowne with a stern and meaning glance. "I want Mr. Drowne to stay, and all the rest of you to hear just what this narrative contains. Then I shall have a check on Mr. Drowne's subsequent statements. We cannot keep this out of the *Forum*, but we can perhaps make sure that no garbled accounts are published. Go on, Mr. Anthony."

"It was vengeance that reached Owen Calder," continued the narrative. "It was a just vengeance. He was a villain, without heart, without conscience, without remorse. I lived in his house three months; I studied him. No memory of the grief he had caused disturbed his appetite or his slumbers; no thought of the innocent young life he had cut off, of the radiant beauty he had blotted from human eyes, troubled him. All those weeks I watched him. He did not know me. I was ready; the moment of recognition would have been the moment of his death. Ah, but when I sprang out from my hiding-place and pointed my pistol at him, then he knew me! Then I laughed within myself to see his terror, to see him flinging out his ineffectual arm as if to parley with me. But there was no parleying with the just vengeance of Heaven; and I was glad that before I sent him to his eternal punishment he knew the hand that slew him.

"But I must tell my story, that the world may know this man's wickedness. One year ago I had a sister, the most beautiful girl in Paris. She was the youngest, I the eldest, of us. Renée Fleury, the youngest; Henri, her brother; and I, Gustave, much older—that was our family. We were poor, and we two brothers worked as servants. I had found a place in England, when Renée was but a child, fatherless and motherless. I left her under Henri's care. Through the years of my life in cold, aristocratic England, he was father and mother to her. I sent money to help him, and sometimes, when I could escape from my work, I would pay a visit to the little home in Paris, where she was the light of my brother's life. Each year I found her more beautiful; and when she bloomed into a woman, the promise of her childhood was fulfilled. Suitors began to crowd about her; but

she was no coquette, my little Renée. She would work to help us. There was no need of it, but she would not be denied. So she took service in the house of Dr. Calder, the rich American.

"I paid a visit to the house to see what kind of man this Calder was. I could find out nothing. Such reserve! The inscrutable English were nothing to him. I could not read him. I feared him and warned Henri, but he laughed at my fears. Renée could take care of herself, he said; and, besides, this Calder paid no attention to women. Only his studies occupied his time. I asked what his studies were, and was told that he busied himself with hypnotism. I distrusted him still more. Hypnotism, it is the devil's engine of wickedness!

"She became the doctor's subject. Then his power over her began. For a long time I did not know this. Meanwhile she had grown to be seventeen years of age, sweet, trustful, and so beautiful! Her face would have brought her thousands of francs on the stage, but she would have none of it. She was always good, my little Renée. Only this hypnotic power of Calder's—that was her one weakness. I learned finally of it; she was a wonderful subject, the best in all Paris, they said. I was frantic with alarm. What might happen to her in the hypnotic state? I hurried to Paris; I pleaded with her; I entreated her. She laughed at my fears. She was well paid for her services. Henri would not see things as I did. She grew angry at my persistence, and at last accused me of insulting her with distrust of her virtue. What, she asked, when she was already betrothed! The money she earned was to be her dowry. The man to whom she was betrothed was my friend Pierre Duvernoy.

"Do not anticipate that I am going to tell of her ruin. It is her death, not her downfall, that I lay to Dr. Calder's charge. The experiment which brought his own death upon him, that same one ended the life of my poor little Renée. Calder did not compass, did not even seek, her ruin; but he did cause her death, and in the manner of a heartless, cold-blooded, cowardly villain.

"Duvernoy distrusted Calder as much

as I did. He tried persuasion, threats, anger, to dissuade Renée from continuing the experiments. But she was proud of her success as a medium, and, as is the way of girls, she resented her lover's attempts to control her. They quarreled; the betrothal was ended; she was determined that the experiments should continue. Duvernoy was heart-broken, yet he did not give her up or cease to love her. Instead, he determined to save her in spite of herself.

"The experiment was a difficult one. I did not understand it then, but I have studied the subject since. In the hypnotic state she would obey him. She would get down on her hands and knees; she would bark like a dog; she would strike at an imaginary enemy—she, my little Renée, who never knew hatred of any one! Calder would place a pistol in her hand, and she would fire it off at his command. But with the time of the experiment his power always ended, and he was not satisfied. His desire was that she should repeat the experiment later from a previous command given to her. And so the experiment was tried again and again with the pistol, and again and again it failed.

"Duvernoy could do nothing to help her. His influence was gone; she would not even see him. At last, one night, wild with apprehension, he broke into the room. Renée stood there in the hypnotic state. Calder was commanding her to shoot, telling her that her enemy was there and she could now destroy him. Frantic with rage, poor Duvernoy rushed forward, aiming a weapon at the doctor, who turned immediately and shot him.

"He fell as if dead. Soon she came out of the hypnotic state. Calder had fled, and she saw her lover lying there. What could she believe but that she had killed him? She ran to him and tried to call him back to life, but without avail. She disappeared; we found her body in the Seine. She had drowned herself from grief and remorse at having killed her lover.

"That is why I say Calder was a villain. He fled immediately, leaving many of his possessions behind him. Had he been a true man, he would have remained and faced his trial. Then Renée

would not have killed herself. For Duvernoy did not die, but was nursed back to life after many weeks of illness.

"He told us his story, and we made a compact of vengeance. But it was long before we could discover whither Calder had fled, and longer still before my brother and Duvernoy could get away to seek our revenge. Their money was gone; my own savings were nearly spent. They would not let me carry out the plot alone. Each of us wished to fire the shot himself.

"I came to America, and later Henri followed me. I found Calder after months of searching. I had grown stout—from this mortal disease, as I know now—and it was a good disguise. I spoke English perfectly; it was easy for me to find employment in Calder's house. Henri became a waiter in a French café.

"I wished to kill Calder at once, but Duvernoy had not yet arrived, and I could not break our sworn compact. Meanwhile I had discovered that Calder, living in great retirement, was still practising his hypnotism, still trying the same experiment which had caused my poor sister's death. His medium was now his niece. The cases were strangely parallel. A thought came to me. I would shoot him, as he had shot Duvernoy, at the moment of the experiment. I hated the girl because she lived, while Renée had died. Suspicion would fall on her, and all three of us might escape.

"I studied the law, and, learning that a man cannot be executed with no evidence but his own confession, I contrived the plot which has now been carried out. Duvernoy was long in coming. I had time to work out the details. I cut the telephone-wire and arranged it so that I could connect it or disconnect it at will. That would deceive the police, and I could remain in the house, untouched by suspicion. Duvernoy arrived at last, and we met in his room to arrange our plan. Each of them wanted to kill Calder, but my plan was a good one, and prevailed.

"But my inner forebodings were all too true. Heaven demanded a life for a life. My illness was growing on me; I was subject to frequent bleeding at the nose. After I had fired the shot, I re-

treated behind the screen. Talbert came in, and I laughed within myself to see how suspicion had fallen on Miss Garman. I felt no remorse; I was not afraid. Talbert might discover me, but I had my revolver. I listened to the girl's words as she half cried, half whispered that she had killed her uncle. I crept from the room, a fierce excitement of joy singing through my body. I went to the telephone-booth and notified the police. As I stepped noiselessly out, I saw Vaile, with his back to me, standing in the door of the office. Then I looked down and saw my shirt and waistcoat drenched with blood. My nose had bled, and I had not known it.

"I reached my room unobserved, and changed my clothes; but I was somewhat uneasy in my mind. Had I left my blood in that room? The carpet was red; perhaps it would not be discovered until I had time to remove it in some way. Reflection, however, showed me that it would not furnish any definite clue which would lead to me, since a man's blood is indistinguishable from that of other men. Moreover, I could not get back unobserved into the office, such was the vigilance of the police. I learned that Henri and Duvernoy had carried out their part of the compact; that Miss Garman and Talbert had disappeared; and later that Talbert, too, had given himself up, with magnificent self-sacrifice, to save Miss Garman.

"Now came my hardest task—to live on day by day, calmly performing my duties. But the fears and apprehensions which I had anticipated did not beset me. I felt a deadness, a callousness of soul, as if I had ceased to live when my great purpose was accomplished. The police began their work. Clumsy, stupid, they could learn nothing! But when Dr. Ryle appeared on the scene, all was changed.

"At the inquest my nose bled again. Unobserved, as I thought, I stanching the blood, but my handkerchief was filched from me. Who had done it? Was there a clue, after all, in the blood? That night I stole past the sleeping policeman and entered the office. From a spot behind the screen the thick pile of the carpet had been clipped away! I examined the place and found more

dried blood, which I cut away as well as I could. Then I began to think; and at last I took from the bookcase a medical book on the blood, which I carried to my room.

"I spent that night in study, dull-hearted, oppressed with a foreboding I could not define. I had planned to live, yet I did not fear to die. Only to cheat the law, if possible, and to bring death to the girl whom I hated—that had been my desire. As I read, the truth began to dawn on me. I knew why the handkerchief had been taken, why the carpet had been mutilated. Furthermore, I began to find the symptoms of my illness, and I knew that the disease which doomed me irrevocably had also furnished a clue which would lead unerringly to me. And this morning, when I found Dr. Ryle obtaining samples of blood from the other servants, excitement brought on my hemorrhage again, and Dr. Ryle had his sample from me without asking me for it.

"It is over now. I have eaten the apple of success, and it has turned to ashes in my mouth. If I am doomed to die from this mortal disease, which makes me so heavy, so weary, so short of breath, why should I let the law overtake me? I do not repent the killing; yet, with the ending of my long hunt for the villain's life, my own life has ceased to interest me. So I die by the same hand and the same weapon which accomplished my revenge."

XXIX

THE reading ceased and left a hush upon all. Two or three of the women were sobbing quietly. Vayle had sat with bowed head during the latter part of the recital, but now he raised his eyes and looked defiantly around. His uncle had done wrong; of that there was no doubt; but how great had been the wrong he committed? Did he know that Renée had drowned herself? Vayle was thankful that he would always have at least a doubt on that point. Cowardice it might fairly be called to run away; but who could say that the shooting of Duvernoy was not in self-defense?

He looked toward the bed. The eyes

of the sick man opened again and gazed into his own, alive with intelligence, yet with a baffling, inscrutable meaning in them. Vayle's glance held them for a moment; then the young lawyer bowed his head again and passed from the room amid the respectful silence of all.

The rest of this tale requires but a few words. Chastain, as Ryle had anticipated, did not live to satisfy the demands of justice. He never left his bed, and in a few weeks died, calm, unrepentant of his crime, willing to talk with any one about it. Bannet and Hébert were tried for conspiracy to murder, but were let off with the lightest possible sentence.

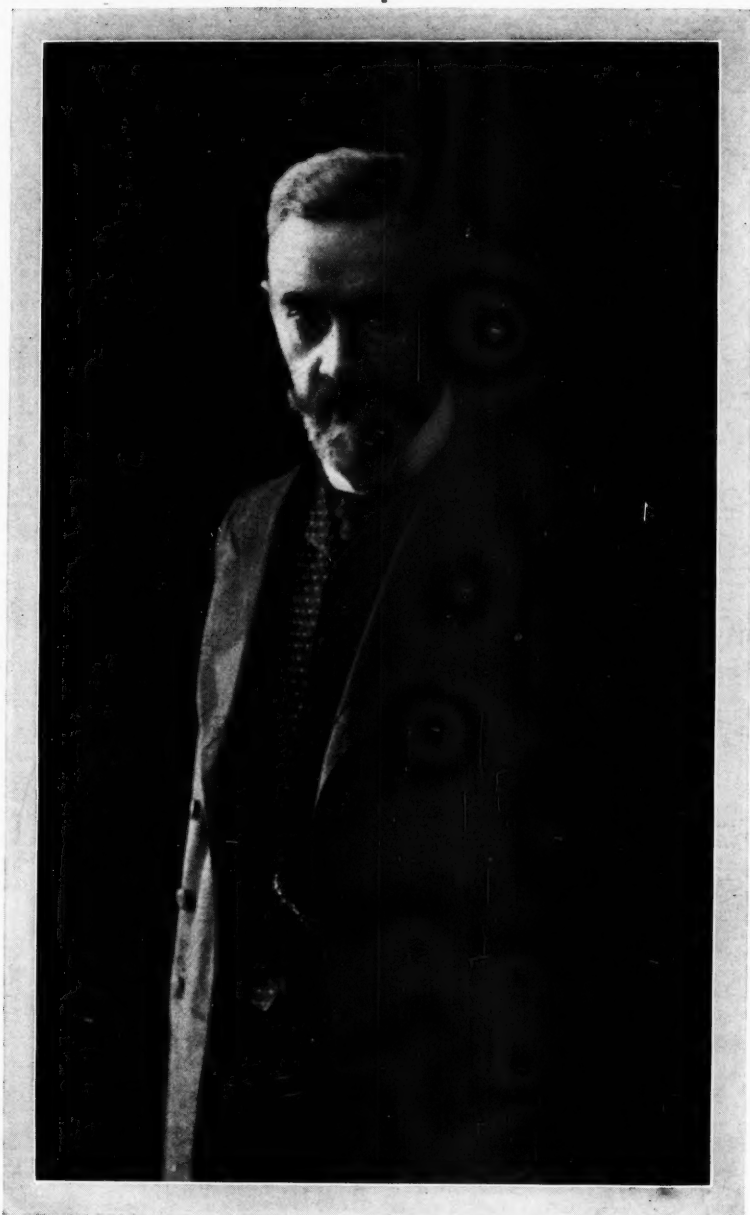
Talbert was released immediately. Mr. Anthony, in spite of the *Forum's* fulminations, refused to prosecute him for the misdemeanor which it might be held that he had committed. He and Lucia hastened their marriage, instead of delaying it in the customary fashion. They had been welded together by the fire they had gone through, and they needed each other. So they slipped away for a quiet ceremony in the presence of Mrs. Garman, Vayle, Mr. Anthony, and Dr. Ryle, and spent the ensuing year in travel.

The unknown man in the picture turned out to be Chastain. The photograph had been taken some years before, when, after a long illness, he wore a beard, and before the puffy stoutness of his pernicious anemia had come upon him. So Drowne did not come off entirely without credit in the case.

Vayle never pulled Drowne's nose. The newspaper man, whether from fear of Vayle or a change of heart, gave no cause for offense in his reports of the case. Moreover, Vayle was a little ashamed of his outburst, though he has not changed his views about the immoralities of the yellow press.

Dr. Ryle's fame is well known, of course, and his practise, both as an investigator and as a detective, keeps him busy. He always disclaims nine-tenths of the praise which is showered upon him, and insists that it was the accident of circumstances which gave him "the doctor's clue."

THE END



From a photograph by C. J. von Dühren, Berlin

THE NEW CHANCELLOR OF GERMANY

DR. THEOBALD VON BETHMANN-HOLLWEG was appointed to the imperial chancellorship of Germany in July last, when Prince von Bülow resigned after nearly nine years' tenure of the premier post in the Kaiser's government. The new chancellor was a college friend of the emperor, and is a politician and office-holder of experience and reputation, but he was practically unknown to the world at large before his promotion to the office first held by the great Bismarck.

STORIETTES

The Red Boatman

BY EDWARD BOLTWOOD

CORNELIUS BURKE, shrewd and hard-headed with the wisdom of seventy years, keeps the modest hotel at Castlemully, where you wait to be ferried over Lough Finros to Donegal. The lough is a broad arm of the North Atlantic, and it is much broader at Castlemully than it is a mile along the shore, where the old ferry was—a place marked now by a crumbled pier, a fallen-in cellar, and the withered stump of an oak.

The old ferry has not been used for many, many years. Cornelius Burke will tell you the reason; but before he begins, you will see him make the sign of the cross on his breast, and hear him mutter something in Latin to the mysterious Irish hills, which brood darkly over the melancholy waves of the lough.

Burke's grandfather was tavern-keeper at the old ferry of Finros, in a house called the Green Oak, because of the leafy tree which stood beside it. Cornelius, a lad then of eight or nine, was tavern-boy. Two boatmen served the ferry; two girls worked in the kitchen; and little Corney saw no other faces for days at a stretch. Often they would be stormbound, when the billows and fog of the northern ocean beat up into the estuary, and the roads were broken by flooding rains.

On a bleak morning in such a season, old Peter Burke, by the tap-room fire, was drowsily soothing his rheumatism, while Cornelius screwed his nose against the window and yawned into the driving mist. A gray, angry sea ran high in Finros. The ferry-boat had been hauled up and overturned in the lee of the stone landing. Of the boatmen, O'Keefe was snoring on a table, and Lanty Plunkett was far away, in joyous attendance upon one of the prolonged funerals which still enliven Donegal.

Suddenly horses' hoofs clattered on the flags, and the strong voice of a woman called out:

"Boat, here! Boat! Who tends the ferry?"

Old Peter blinked as if he suspected a dream; and, in fact, he had reason to doubt his ears, for to talk of ferrying that day was madness. Corney scampered to the door. The woman's companion, a pale, lean-jawed gentleman, was in the saddle; but the woman herself had dismounted, and was striding toward the pier. Her horse, lathered with sweat, feebly panted into the grass, and Cornelius ran to the bridle.

"Boat, here, you lazy dogs!" summoned the woman, and whirled about. The gale caught back the hood of her tawny cloak. The beauty of her young face was shot across with eager passion; standing there by the wind-torn water, she seemed to the boy as if she were in league with the storm. "Send an oarsman, in Heaven's name!" she bade him. "Never mind the horses!"

"The boat's pulled up, Lady Carnew," said old Peter Burke from the doorway.

"You know me?" said she.

Peter responded with a bob. The pale gentleman ripped out a high-pitched oath and swung to the ground stiffly, for his wrist was in a sling.

"I warned you, Claudia!" he complained.

"I'd as lief be known, my dear Forrestal," retorted Lady Carnew. "They'll do my bidding now." She turned to Peter. "Put us across the lough!"

"What word would Sir Brian have for me?" answered the landlord. "If he knew I let his lady-wife on the water in a storm, what word would I be after having from Sir Brian?"

Forrestal started and moved his thin lips, but the woman intervened.

"Come to the point—who'll take the oars?" she demanded, with a half-contemptuous nod at her escort's crippled wrist. "I will make such as you rich for life—you, I mean, skulking behind there!"

"Me, is it?" growled Mick O'Keefe sullenly. "Faith, ma'am, I will say to you that I'd not be persuaded to try the lough such weather, not even if the devil himself pulled at an oar!"

By this time all were huddled close in the passage, and Cornelius, agog to hear, was squeezed in next to Forrestal. Lady Carnew held up her arm.

"Oh!" she cried in a blaze of scorn. "Let me promise you, cowards, that if the devil himself were a boatman on Finros, I would row with him at his own price this day!"

The loose sleeve fell back from her gleaming arm, upraised as if it were a signal; the three men glanced furtively at one another; and little Cornelius wondered to see a sort of childish fear in the eyes of his grandfather. Then the silence was abruptly broken by the shrill clamor of panic-stricken horses; and the people in the passage looked out of the tavern-door.

In the direction of the landing, a vagary of the wind had lifted in some measure the screen of fog. The boat had been righted and shoved off. It lay nose on to the beach, where, with the painter in one hand and an oar in the other, stood a tall man.

He was taller and broader, Cornelius thought, than the giant at Castlemulty fair, and a recollection of him still more vivid is that of the extraordinary redness of his hair and short, forked beard—a redness strange even to Donegal. His clothes were those of a hard, weather-beaten seaman, but his countenance was frank and handsome, and his smile engaging. He smiled now at the startled group on the door-step, and bowed in a foreign fashion.

"I will row for you, madam, if you wish," said he, with a fine voice and the accent of a scholar.

Forrestal shook like a hare, and made an odd, clicking sound in his throat.

"Who are you?" said her ladyship.

"A good boatman, at your service."

"Do you know Finros?"

"Better than any one in the county, madam."

"Where do you come from?"

The stranger's smile broke into a quiet and musical laugh. Lady Carnew frowned haughtily and turned to interrogate old Peter; but he, as well as Mick O'Keefe, had disappeared within the tavern. So she spoke to little Burke, who was too young to understand his grandfather's alarm.

"Have you ever seen this boatman?"

But before Cornelius could stammer a negative, the stranger interposed.

"Allow me," he said. "Your ladyship and this gentleman are obviously pressed for time. I stake my existence to put you safe across the lough—and my existence is very important to many, and to myself. What more do you wish, madam? My price? Oh, the price, I am sure, you will consider cheap! It is merely this—that you both shall vow to meet me again under other circumstances. Permit me to add that I offer you the only chance for relief from what seems to be a situation of anxiety," he concluded, with a bow as if of apology for the suggestion.

"That's true!" agreed her ladyship.

"No, no, Claudia!" blurted Forrestal in a breathless, painful aside. "This is a trick—this fellow—this unknown ferryman, who talks like a bishop! Somebody has sent him to trap us. You must not run such danger!"

"Danger?" echoed Lady Carnew. "We shall all three be in the same boat."

"Exactly," said the man softly as he tossed in the painter and shipped a pair of oars.

Lady Carnew whispered to Forrestal and led the way swiftly to the beach.

The tall man had marvelous strength and skill. In a moment he pushed off the heavy boat—a task which Plunkett and O'Keefe together could barely manage; deftly he spun her about in the calm water by the pier; and then, by a mighty stroke of the oars, he drove her straight into the storm. Over the heads of the two figures crouched in the stern, little Cornelius Burke could see the boatman's red beard glowing against the dark curtain of the whirling mist.

The boy was roused by the voice of his grandfather calling for a light to the tap-room lamp. For some time afterward, no incident of the day struck Corney as more remarkable than that one—the lighting of the lamp before noon.

"Who gave him Lanty Plunkett's oars, grandfather?" said Cornelius.

Peter was slowly pacing the sanded floor with his hands behind his back. He stopped short and stared at the youngster.

"What oars?" he said.

"The red man had Lanty's sweeps," insisted Cornelius. "I could see the painted stripes and the notch cut in the blades. But they were locked in the storeroom. Who gave them him? For they were there this morning, and I have the storeroom key here in my pocket."

"Key, is it?" groaned Micky from the corner of the settle. "Him it is that does be having no need for keys, and may the saints be about us!"

"Amen to that, anyhow!" mumbled old Peter, and resumed his walk.

But Cornelius went doggedly to the storeroom off the kitchen. The door showed no signs of having been disturbed; he unlocked it readily. Plunkett's oars, however, were not inside. The kitchen-girls, singing cheerfully at their work, were sure that no intruder had been in that part of the tavern; but they were excited by a couple of scared horses, whinnying outside in the lane.

Corney led the horses to the shed, and off-saddled and rubbed them down. He has never since seen horses in such a

pitiful tremble. When he returned to the tap, O'Keefe had vanished.

"He has gone," said Peter Burke, "to the priest's."

"And when will the big man be back with our boat?" asked Cornelius.

"Hush!" breathed his grandfather; and he sat down near the lamp, listening.

They neither saw nor heard of that ferry-boat and strange ferryman again. Except the wail of the wind and the drumming of the waves, there was no other sound until Mr. McEllicot, the under-sheriff, came riding from Carnew House in pursuit of its mistress and her lover, who had attempted Sir Brian's life the night before. But the guilty fugitives were not taken by Mr. McEllicot. By some one else, perhaps?

Well, old Cornelius Burke can show you a faded clipping from a Dublin newspaper. It reports the finding, beneath a precipice in the Alps, of the bodies of young Forrestal and Lady Carnew. They had ventured upon a perilous ascent without a guide. Foul play was suspected, for, at the point from which they fell, the footprints of a third person were plain in the soft snow. There were no indications of a struggle, however; and, in spite of diligent search, the third pair of footprints, those of a very large man, appeared only once.

Burke folds up the clipping and waves his hand at the steam-launch, ready at the landing to take you across Finros.

"A safe journey to you, sir," he says heartily. "A safe journey, and may the powers keep us all from evil!"

The Violet Dream of Youth

BY EDITH LIVINGSTON SMITH

NO one could have called Mrs. Lydia Jones irreligious, although the little church on the hill never saw her shabby green-black suit of best clothes or the remarkable wearing-apparel of the four neat and skimpy children who were her meek and obedient shadows.

"They call you the patchwork children," she was wont to exclaim, a vindictive look creeping into her mild blue eyes, "jest because your clothes are kind

o' made o' scraps. Indeed, you don't go to meetin', not you, till you can be dressed like the best! But I'll teach you the cataclysm. No one shall say as my children ain't brought up in the fear of the Lord.

"I tell you, Mary Eliza," she added, addressing her twelve-year-old daughter, "you can't go to meetin', but you be jest as good as them that can, and pride is a wicked sin, so don't you mind.

You're not to follow the world and the devil, Timothy Roland, nor think o' pomps and vanities, Pansy Viola; and one thing be certain, Douglas Everett—you get told often enough by your ma that cleanliness is next to godliness. Go wash your face!"

So every Sunday Mary Eliza and the younger children heard religion expounded by their widowed mother. For the rest of the week their patchwork clothes sufficed for their appearance for secular training in the town schoolhouse, despite the comments of the other children, whose garments were of one hue and substance.

"Cut from the piece—they all hev 'em so," Mary Eliza had been known to lament, a wistful look creeping into her patient eyes; but her mother never answered the innocent rebuke, although her cheeks burned red as she bent over the wash-tubs.

Mrs. Lydia Jones, in the vernacular of the township, "washed fer the best families." The family's purse, however, was as slender as its members, and every fresh expense brought a shadow of added anxiety to the weary little woman's patient brow. Then came temptation, and it knocked at the kitchen-door in the guise of one John Thomas, agent for the Scrubem Soap Company.

"Such a bargain, madam! Six dozen cakes of elegant laundry-soap, a collection of the very finest toilet necessities also; soap, perfume, and rouge—a collection well worth twenty dollars. I offer it to you for ten, one dollar down and fifty cents a week until paid."

"No, I guess I don't want no more soap," began Mrs. Lydia from the wash-tub, wiping her sudsy hands on her gingham apron and eying the violet-hued soap-wrappers longingly.

"A collection of which any lady would be proud," went on the agent with conviction and emphasis. "Dainty fragrance wherever one goes, following one with a subtle charm, cleanliness personified, the wash done in one half the regular time with the magic laundry-soap; the whole, a wonder box for a trifling sum, a refinement for one's children"—glancing at the row of caps hung on the kitchen wall—"making a bright, clean home for the husband—"

"He's no need to wash his wings," broke in Mrs. Lydia flippantly; "but—"

"Setting one apart as more refined than one's neighbors," glibly continued the agent, ignoring his mistake; "a city luxury at country prices, a—"

"I'll take the box," Lydia said, aghast at her own words. "Now, leave me be, for I'm busy. Here's your dollar!"

After he was gone, she sat down disconsolately and eyed the box of soap with pleased but guilty eyes.

"The children'll think it's beautiful," she sighed; "but now they can't never go to meetin'. I can't save fer soap and clothes both!"

She said nothing to her neighbors about her purchase, because she heard on every side that only Mrs. Jordan, on the hill, could afford to "invest in soap" in that way.

As the winter grew nearer, want, tugging at her consciousness and purse-strings, made her nervous and restless. One morning she announced to her little flock that she was going to the city for the day. The city was seventy-five miles away, and all Plutarch was wont to do its shopping at the nearest good-sized town, five miles distant; so the information was received with open-mouthed astonishment. Lydia was reckless.

"I'm a goin' to the city fer wunst," she confided in Mary Eliza feverishly. "It's a long way, and we're dead poor; but I want a little trip, for I'm all tuckered out. All four of you has got to hev shoes, and I'll git 'em there. Then, ef we go to the poorhouse, I can say that I've been to the city wunst!"

Her child, with the paradoxical generosity of an unselfish, envious soul, agreed with her.

II

"MA, was the city grand?" Mary Eliza asked breathlessly.

"It was fine!" said Mrs. Lydia, her thin frame quivering with repressed excitement. "I got your shoes as cheap as I could, and goodness knows where the rent's comin' from, with the soap bill to pay every week, too; but I rode in the Subway, and on a movin' staircase, and went to a free lecture to a department-store, about savin' your beauty by

cold cream. It was splendid the way the lady talked, so elegant and refined!"

"Ma," ventured her daughter doubtfully, "I thought you said that beauty was the flesh and the devil, an' pomps and vanities!"

"So it is, child; and don't you go thinkin' of savin' yours—it's sinful. Now, go to bed; you must be tired."

Mary Eliza climbed the bare stairs wearily and looked at her freckled face in the cracked mirror with a half sigh, holding the smoking candle high.

"It's terrible to be so poor!" she groaned. "I can't even pronounce any pomps, like ma said we should, for I ain't got 'em!"

Down-stairs, in the kitchen, the little widow's eyes shone with a fierce light of determination.

"I remember 'most everything that lady said in the beauty lecture," she murmured; "and I can do it, too, only the stuff I'll make I'll sell from house to house. I think I can say it right; 'Nightly sapplications will show a wonderful result—a woman's natural heritage is her explexion.'"

She undid a large package full of small jelly-glasses with screw tops, and a package of violet-edged labels; then she dragged out the box of soap and put the boiler on the stove. When, finally, she crept to bed, in the gray dawn, the kitchen-table was covered with jars of cooling soap-jelly of a delicate pink tint, the air was impregnated with the scent of cheap violet perfumery, and the rouge-box was half empty. There was also a jug in the kitchen-closet which did not hold as much bleaching-fluid as it had formerly.

"I'll call it 'Dream o' Youth' instead o' cream," she murmured sleepily. "It sounds more stylish."

III

"WELL, I never!" declared the town of Plutarch, as voiced by Mrs. Curtis. "Lydia Jones givin' up washin' to sell Violet Dream o' Youth, made by a secret recipe she says she learned to the city; an' her goin' in fer bein' one of them beauty doctors! It beats all! But hev you bought a jar? It's only fifty cents, an' it does take off freckles an'

tan something fine, an' one's cheeks glow an' get pink an' pretty as she says a woman's should. Oh, she talks lovely! I didn't know she had it in her, she's always been so quiet."

"I like a mysterious cold cream, too," agreed Mrs. Morton, Mrs. Curtis's neighbor. "Lydia says you ought to take a bath before usin' it at night, not after; an' you hev to sleep with your window open after it's on your face, an' it works better if you eat fruits and vegetables mostly. 'Its comical actions don't jest agree with fried foods,' Lydia said; but she told us that in a month we'd all feel so much better and look so much prettier we wouldn't be without it—an' I believe her!"

"Mary Eliza," said Mrs. Lydia Jones three weeks later, "I'm a goin' to the city again to buy you all some new clothes. You know I've gone into a new business, an' it's goin' fine. I'm thinkin' of addin' man'curin' and false hair later, they're so stylish; but, anyhow, you can all go to meetin' next Sunday, an'—an' perhaps to the circus, ef it comes next summer. Ef that soap-agent comes for his fifty cents while I'm gone, pay him all up and tell him I want two more boxes of soap right off and not to ferget the red stuff and the perfume. An' oh, yes, Mary Eliza, I 'most fergot—get Doughlas Everett to go to the store after school and get a package of chlorid o' lime. I've got to make some more washin'-bleach."

"Oh, you dear, good ma!" exclaimed Mary Eliza in ecstasy. "New clothes fer all of us, an' goin' to meetin' an' the circus—ain't it wonderful?"

"Yes," Lydia said, her smile craftily sympathetic, "it is. Good-by!" She turned to give them all a last look as she went out of the door, and her eyes grew dim. "You ain't none of you never had a mite o' fun since yer pa died, hev you, poor little souls? Well, you're a goin' to from now on, an' your ma knows how. I'm a goin' to all the neighborin' towns soon on business an' work up a regular trade to 'em all!"

"An' I ain't doin' no harm," she said feverishly as she hurried down to the station, mother-love lighting her anxious eyes. "That tiny mite o' bleach and

red stuff don't really hurt their faces a bit," she mused; "an', o' course, their health'll be better bathin' and sleepin' in the fresh air, and eatin' light on fried foods."

She smiled grimly.

"I'll hev to tell Mary Eliza she'd

best ask her Sunday-school teacher to tell her about them things in the cataclysm they promise to pronounce. I ain't quite sure as we can manage it, fer, as far as I understand it, the vanities of other folks'll hev to buy our pomps!"

In the Enemy's Lines

BY CRITTENDEN MARRIOTT

THE moon was a mere cusp low down in the western sky, but the great southern stars, swinging high overhead, cast a soft radiance on the broad ribbon of the river. Along the banks deep shadows lay, threatening and ominous. Out of them a shining trail shot for a moment across the rippling waters; then it vanished as the current rolled smoothly down, and the oarsman rested on his paddle and let the boat drift.

For a while neither he nor the woman with him spoke. Each seemed engrossed in thoughts that would not bear expression. But the world spins; the fates are busy with the lives of men; and speech is forced on all at last.

It was the woman who broke the silence.

"Philip!" she said, and her voice was without a tremor. "Philip! How does it feel to be a spy inside the enemy's lines?"

Even by the shadowy starlight she could see his face blanch; but his self-control was good. In tones as calm as his own he answered—an answer indifferent, evasive, impersonal.

"I should think," she went on, "that it would be worse than death. The constant effort to play a part; the incessant strain to remember all the small details, forgetfulness of which spells death; the certainty that sooner or later the end must come—all must breed a lingering horror that must finally drive a man to long for the inevitable click of the trap behind him. Only a fool or a very brave man would venture to play the spy. Which are you, Philip?"

She leaned forward. He could see the glimmer of her eyes and the flash of her white teeth, and could trace the

well-remembered features that framed them.

"Why do you ask?" he said. "Can it be that you think I am a spy?"

"I know you are. Do not trouble to deny it. It would be useless. I know! We all know!"

The man straightened himself and looked around. Nothing stirred on the broad bosom of the river; but the shadows lay thick along the banks.

"How did you find out?" he asked.

"What does it matter? Didn't you know it was only a question of time? Didn't you know you must be found out some day? And then—the end!"

The man nodded.

"Yes!" he agreed. "Then—the end. Yes, I know it must come some day!"

"Then, why—"

"Some one had to take the risk—why not I as well as another? But you? I have no right to ask, of course; but—but I have loved you. Love gives even a spy some rights. Was it you who found me out?"

"No!" Slowly the girl shook her head. "No, I did not find you out. I did not know till to-night. I did not believe it when I was told. You—you have been suspected for a long time; but there was no proof. It would not do to make mistakes, so they gave you rope. I offered to help—to prove your innocence. That was why I asked you to bring me out on the river to-night. And you yourself have just forged the last link in the chain."

"Yes?"

"Yes! When you signaled with your lighted cigar a little while ago, you did not guess how many were reading the message. You say you love me, yet you

have used me, not once but many times, as a blind to enable you to signal to your friends—my country's enemies. Is that fair?"

"He that putteth his hand to the plow and turneth back—" the man quoted softly. "This is war! The fate of my country may turn upon even me. I cannot betray it—not even for love—not even for you! I suffered—but I went on; and this at least is true—I love you! I can tell you—now."

"And I you!" The girl spoke softly, but there was no invitation in her tones. "I, too, can tell you—now. I have never loved any man but you!"

The man bowed his head. For the first time a quiver came into his voice.

"To die—now!" he muttered. "To die now, when—"

"You are not to die!"

"Not?" The man glanced quickly around him. "The river-banks are guarded, I presume. I saw the flash of an oar in the shadows just now. I shall fight, of course—"

"No, you cannot even fight. Your revolver is not loaded; the cartridges have been drawn. Sharpshooters are covering you from the banks. If you make a single suspicious movement, they will fire."

"Then, how—"

"Listen! You have one chance, and only one. Kick off your shoes and loosen your coat so that you can throw it off quickly. Drop your revolver; it is useless—and heavy. When you are ready, I will capsize the boat. You must swim up-stream, keeping beneath the water as long as you can. I will scream and divert their attention—if I can. It is your only chance. I give it to you. I am not like you! I am only a woman; I put my love above even my country. I betray its trust for you. If you die, it will at least be a man's death—not a dog's, by the halter, in the chill dawn."

The man shuddered.

"And you?" he asked.

"I shall cling to the boat till I am picked up. I shall be in no danger. I can swim like a fish. Are you ready?"

"One moment! This is not good-by. War does not last forever. I will come back! Rather, may I come back?"

"As you please." Intense weariness

spoke in the girl's voice. "As you please! Are you ready? Then—"

"You are sure you will be safe?"

"Quite sure. Good-by!"

As the boat turned, the man dived into the water, ripping off his coat as he went. Deep he went; then turned and oared himself up-stream against the sluggish current, quartering across the channel toward the northern bank. On he swam with frantic strokes that forced him ever downward, downward, beneath the shielding water. Sparks flashed before his staring eyes; there was a thundering in his ears; his laboring chest heaved, bursting for air, air, air. Then, at last, when he could bear no more, he turned upon his back and floated upward till he saw the round stars flaring through the opaline water, and drew deep breaths into his throbbing lungs.

The river was alive with men; voices rang in his ears; swells from rushing boats slapped across his nostrils; the crack of a rifle shattered through the air; and down he sank, once more to swim, once more to rise, until at last the tumult died behind him and he could head toward the northern shore.

The girl had watched him go as she herself plunged downward. Once she came up and screamed aloud—a scream that drew the hurrying boats the faster to her side, a scream that gained for the man the single blessed moment that he needed. Then she screamed no more.

The boats quested up and down the river, only to abandon the search at last.

"It's too bad! It's too bad!" muttered the gray-haired leader. "I didn't want her to take the risk. The evidence was really sufficient already; but she insisted, and I consented at last."

"How did the boat come to capsize, sir?" queried an officer. "I couldn't see. Could you?"

"She threw it over herself. I saw her do it. She must have known it was almost certain death for both of them. Neither of them could swim at all; she told me so herself only this afternoon. Both must have gone straight to the bottom. Why did she do it?"

But the one man who might have guessed the answer was far away, struggling through the bushes, heading north, dreaming of days that could never come.

DANIEL K. PEARSONS, BENEFACTOR OF SMALL COLLEGES

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

Grit makes the man,
The want of it the chump.
The men who win
Lay hold, hang on, and hump!

I THINK this is Daniel K. Pearsons's favorite poem. At any rate, it is the only one I found pasted in his scrap-books in his old-fashioned home at Hinsdale, Illinois. The sentiment expressed in this lyrical gem is of the rugged sort that one might expect to appeal to a man who made a million dollars before anybody knew what he was about, and who has put in the past twenty years giving away that million and four more, or perhaps five more.

Nobody knows exactly how much money Dr. Pearsons has given away. He says he doesn't know himself. He admits that by the 14th of next April he will have given to Chicago institutions alone a little more than a million dollars. How much more that "little" is, it would be hard to estimate, for Dr. Pearsons has a way of speaking of fifty-thousand-dollar and hundred-thousand-dollar gifts as ordinary folk talk of fifty-cent pieces. Recently it was published in the newspapers of the country that Dr. Pearsons would give a whole million to Chicago institutions this year. This was not correct.

"I will, this year, round out a million dollars that I shall have given to different institutions in Chicago," he says. "The other day I sent twenty-five thousand to the Woman's Auxiliary of the Chicago Missionary Society. This leaves fifty thousand that I must give in Chicago. I have decided to give that amount to the City Missionary Society. All told, this will put a little more than a million dollars of my money in gifts in Chicago. I owe that city a great deal, and I take this way of repaying it."

Daniel K. Pearsons, M.D., is now in his ninetieth year. He is a fine, up-standing six-footer, with Gladstonian side-whiskers, and an Uncle Joe Cannon way of cocking his head to one side when he talks to you. He was born in Bradford, Vermont, in 1820. He was poor—and poor people in those days were poorer than they are now. Raised on a farm, he got what education he could in such common schools as existed at that time, and prepared himself for admission to Dartmouth College by attending Bradford Academy.

He put in only one year at Dartmouth, because he was too poor to go on. There he lived on potatoes and corn-dodgers, which he cooked in a sheet-iron stove, varying this diet occasionally by toasting bacon on a spit over the fire.

Leaving Dartmouth, he worked a little while, then studied medicine at Hanover, but finally graduated from the medical school at Woodstock, Vermont. Dr. Alonzo Clark, then a professor at Woodstock, knew of his plight, and lent the young man a hundred dollars, so that he might finish his term and graduate. This, perhaps, was one of the early influences which in later life impelled Dr. Pearsons to utilize his wealth for the benefit of poor young men and women who want an education. The first year of his medical practise in Vermont he earned eighteen hundred dollars—and Dr. Clark got his hundred back.

Dr. Pearsons then moved to Chicopee, Massachusetts, and hung out his shingle. There he met Miss Chapin, to whom, he declares, should be given the credit for his benevolences toward small colleges. He married her. The Chapins were a prominent family. They thought "Mariett" was the finest girl in the world—and so did young Pearsons. So

he does yet. She died three years ago. His voice breaks when he tells you quietly that she "went away."

WHY DR. PEARSONS WENT WEST

One day in Chicopee, in the late fifties, a Congressman from Oregon, who formerly had lived in Maine, happened to visit Dr. Pearsons. The Congressman talked of the wonderful opportunities to be found in the West. Pearsons talked with him. Mrs. Pearsons, like a dutiful wife, listened. After the Congressman had gone, she said to her husband:

"Why don't we sell out here, go West, and go into business?"

"What?" asked Dr. Pearsons. "Sell out this thriving practise of mine, go to an unknown young country, and go into business?"

"Yes," she replied. "I know, by hearing you talk to that man, that you are better fitted for business than you are for medicine."

There was a family scene of tears and argument with the old folk—but Dr. Pearsons and his wife went West. They went as far as Elgin, Illinois, by railroad. There the railroad ended. They staged it to Janesville, Wisconsin, and then over to Beloit.

On a hillside at Beloit, Pearsons saw a small brick building. He asked a land speculator what it was.

"Some fool Yankees," said the speculator, "came out here and have tried to start a college."

The land speculator went on with some vituperation about the Yankees in particular and colleges in general. Pearsons, being both a Yankee and a college man, "got his mad up." He shook his fist in the face of the other man and declared:

"I am going to locate in the West. I am going to become a very rich man, and give all my money to these small colleges!"

This incident was another of the influences that led to the beginnings of his benevolence. And he can shake his brawny fist and make that speech to-day with as much fire as he did when he made it to the sneering land speculator at Beloit, half a century ago.

Pearsons located in Illinois, not far from Chicago. He soon owned several

farms. He was a man who could look ahead. He saw that timber-land was going to be valuable. But first he sold farms. He would advertise that for a certain week he would be at Chatsworth, or Fairbury, with his teams, and would take purchasers to the land they wanted to buy.

He filled that vacant farm-land with settlers. Then the Illinois Central Railway got him to sell its land. It had a strip of fourteen miles on each side of its right of way. Pearsons knew that another railway would tap that territory. He sold the land, and made money.

At this time he was paying twenty-five dollars a year for desk-room in an office at the corner of Clark and Randolph Streets, Chicago. At the end of the first year his landlords, who were paying a hundred and fifty dollars a year for the office, doubled his rental. At the end of the second year, they raised it to seventy-five dollars. At the end of the third year they wanted a hundred dollars. He asked them why. They said:

"You are making more money than any of us!"

"And I hadn't said a word to them about what I was doing," he says, with a twinkle in his eye.

He told them to wait a few minutes, and he would give them his answer. He walked over to La Salle and Washington, rented three rooms in the Methodist Church office-building for three hundred and fifty dollars a year, and moved out of his old quarters. People thought he was doing pretty well, but he made a million dollars in fifteen years, and nobody supposed that he was a millionaire. He kept on. He bought timber-land in great tracts when his friends thought him crazy, telling him that there was enough timber in Michigan to supply the country for centuries. To-day Michigan is importing lumber.

TWENTY YEARS OF GIVING

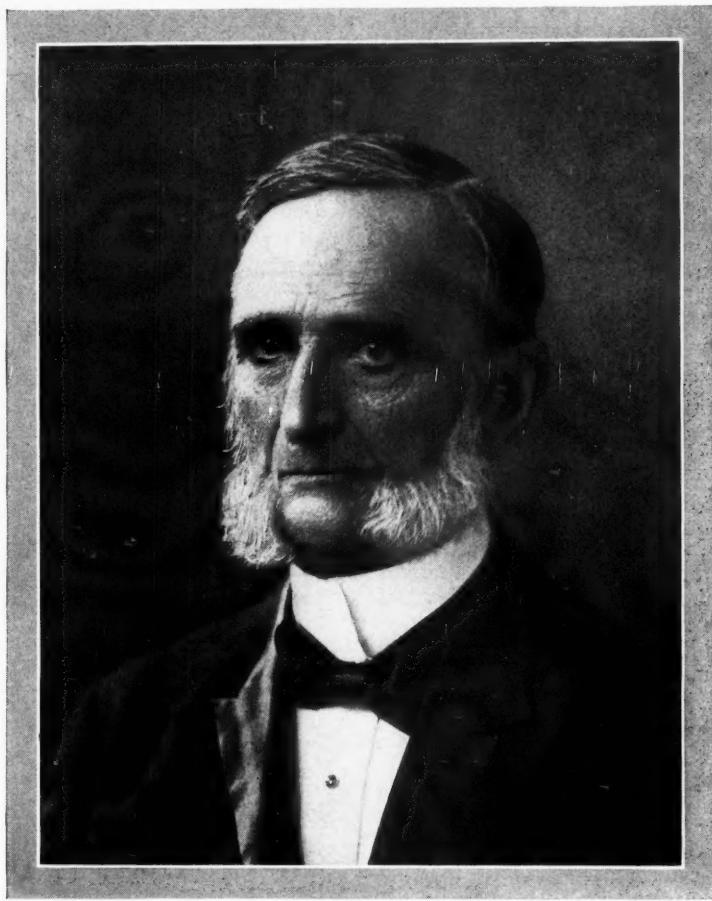
In 1889 he quit business. He had made enough money. He and his wife had no children. They went over the books, summed up their fortune, and began giving it away.

The first college to benefit was Beloit. There Dr. Pearsons has built Pearsons Science Hall and Chapin Hall. In all

he has given Beloit four hundred and ninety-one thousand dollars. He says he really ought to add a few more thousands to even it up. Once he was there with his wife, and the students were celebrating the fact that he had given

how much he has given to each college without writing for the information. In all he has helped forty-two colleges and schools. The list is:

Montpelier Seminary, Vermont; Middlebury College, Vermont; Westminster



DR. DANIEL K. PEARSONS, THE NONAGENARIAN PHILANTHROPIST, WHO HAS GIVEN AWAY NEARLY ALL HIS FORTUNE OF ABOUT SIX MILLION DOLLARS TO COLLEGES, MOSTLY THE SMALLER COLLEGES OF THE WEST AND SOUTH

From a photograph by Gibson, Sykes & Fowler, Chicago

the college, up to that time, two hundred thousand dollars.

"Now, you have had the interest on that two hundred thousand in the enjoyment you have had here to-day," his wife said to him. "You'd better give them fifty thousand more."

He wrote the check.

Dr. Pearson says that he cannot tell

School, Vermont; Marietta College, Ohio; West Virginia Seminary; Washington College, Tennessee; Chattanooga University, Tennessee; Marysville College, Tennessee; Guilford College, North Carolina; Newberry College, South Carolina; Bollins College, Florida; Piedmont College, Georgia; Berea College, Kentucky; McKendry College,

Illinois; Knox College, Illinois; Illinois College; Onarga Seminary, Illinois; Olivet College, Michigan; Beloit College, Wisconsin; Ripon College, Wisconsin; Lawrence University, Wisconsin; Fargo College, North Dakota; Huron College, South Dakota; Yankton College, South Dakota; Carlton College, Minnesota; Park College, Missouri; Highland College, Kansas; Fairmount College, Kansas; Kingfisher College, Oklahoma; Tahoe College, Iowa; Colorado College; Pomona College, California; Pacific University, Oregon; Whitman College, Washington; Coldwell College, Idaho; Deer Lodge College, Montana; Chicago Theological Seminary; McCormick Theological Seminary, Chicago; Lake Forest College, Illinois; Northwestern University, Illinois; Drury College, Missouri; Anatolia College, Turkey.

Say that he has given in all six million dollars to these colleges. Some of them have had nearly half a million, others twenty-five thousand. Of course, six million dollars isn't much to have given away, compared to the enormous sums given by Rockefeller and Carnegie. By the way, Carnegie calls Dr. Pearsons the "senior partner" in the business of being benevolent. But this man is giving away his possessions—not the income from them. He is a rich man who heeded the injunction to "sell what thou hast and give to the poor." And when he goes away, he is not going away sorrowful.

"I'll be ninety years old my next birthday—the 14th of next April," he said. "Here, take that chair. It's the one the college presidents sit in when they come to see me. Almost every day one of them is here."

Dr. Pearsons is a big, raw-boned man. He must have been a man of brawn and muscle in those early days of the West, when he succeeded in making his first million while the other fellows weren't watching. He wore a sack suit, which is shiny from long wear. As is the wont of some old men, he kept his hat on. It is a broad-brimmed Stetson, and he pushes it back on his head so that it has plastered his shock of iron-gray hair in a "roach" from his forehead.

He chuckled as he made the remark

about the presidents' chair, and then seated himself in another near the window. There is method in this. He gets the college president where the light plays on his face, while Pearsons is in the shadow. He can "size up" the other man. And Dr. Pearsons has eyes that appraise a man just as they used to estimate farms and timber-lands.

"Yesterday a woman sat in that chair," he said. "She traveled three hundred miles to ask me how she should give away her money. She has millions. She is worried over what to do with them. She cried about it."

"Too old to care for dresses and hats?" I asked.

"Maybe so. It is a serious thing to have great wealth, and a far more serious thing to dispose of it wisely. You've got to make it a blessing or a curse. It is hard work!"

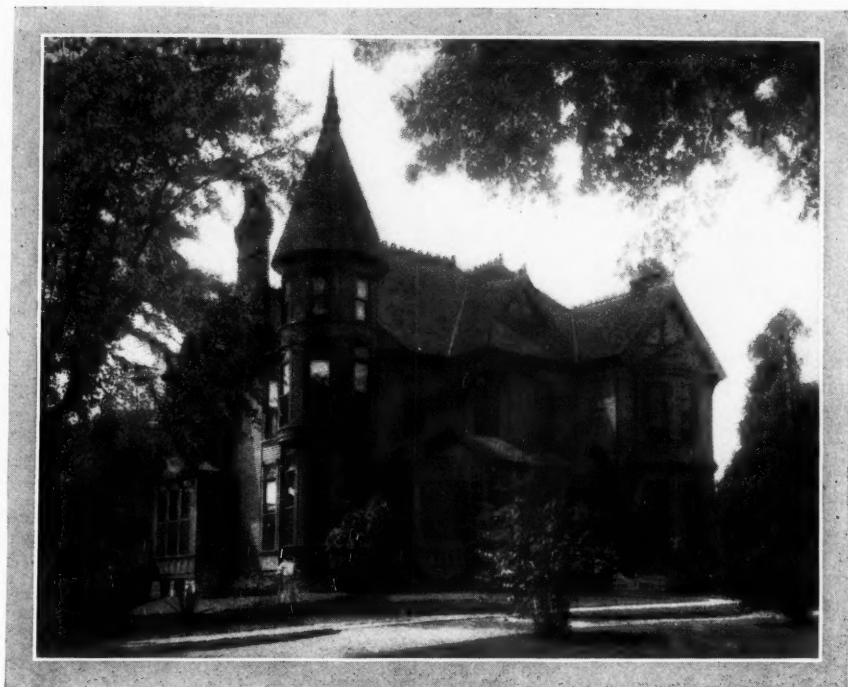
"I AM NOT BENEVOLENT!"

Suddenly he took off his hat, then pushed it back on his head aggressively, and said:

"There never was a bigger mistake made than to call me benevolent! I am not. There isn't a spark of benevolence in me. I'm a hard-hearted, tight-fisted, penny-squeezing old curmudgeon! I haven't a trace of charity or kindness in my make-up. I give my money away because I've got to. I want to be my own executor. I want to know just where my money goes and what is done with it. I haven't any children. My wife went away three years ago. I have taken care of my kinsfolk. I haven't any poor relations. No, sir! When they say I am benevolent they miss it."

"But look at what you are doing," I laughed.

"Look at how I made my money, and why I made it," he retorted. "I located in Chicago in 1860, and began at once to make money. All the time I had this plan in view. My wife and I talked it over all the time. When I would wind up a deal that brought in a hundred thousand or so we were glad—because we knew what we could do with it. We lived simply. We never went to the theater but once in our lives—and that was to see 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' I never heard an opera sung. I never saw



THE RESIDENCE OF DR. DANIEL K. PEARSONS AT HINSDALE, NEAR CHICAGO

a horse-race or a ball-game. I never wanted an automobile. I never wanted fine clothes or luxurious dainties. I worked! I'm still working. After the 14th of next April I shall be through with giving away money. I'll keep just enough to live on—and I'll rest. I'll travel around and see what the colleges are doing with the money I have given them. I'll have a good time. But I'm not benevolent!"

We went up-stairs to the big room he uses as his office. He employs no secretary, no benevolence-clerk. He opens all his letters and reads them himself. Those which may be classed as begging letters are thrown in the corner on the floor, to be carried out and burned by Minnie, the housemaid. Letters thanking him for donations are pasted in the scrap-books; letters asking donations or suggesting opportunities for helping colleges are laid on the desk for further consideration.

It isn't a millionaire's desk and chair—or it is, depending on one's notion of the matter. The desk is of the vintage

of the middle sixties—a common, plain affair, with a lid that opens into a writing-shelf. The chair is one that second-hand dealers would shy at, but which dealers in antiques might fancy.

"I make them talk business to me when they come to see me," he chuckled, referring to the seekers after aid for colleges. "Usually the first thing they do is to begin talking religion. You know most college presidents are preachers. I soon stop that talk. I make them tell me what their college needs, and why it needs it. Then I make them raise money, if they want some of mine. Oh, they've got to work to get my money! I tell you, I am not benevolent. The hardest thing to impress upon them is that I give the money for an endowment. They think it a gift. I have to convince them that it is an endowment—perpetual, everlasting—and that only the income is to be used.

"One college got forty thousand dollars from me once." He twitched his hat back still farther, and chuckled in his throat. "They got forty thousand—

and they thought it was a gift. They built a dormitory with it. I went after them, and now they are hustling around raising that forty thousand to put back in the endowment fund. Oh, yes, I've built a few dormitories on my own account, but when I tell them what the money is for—that's what it is for!"

"What is the best field for giving?"

"The small colleges of the West and South. The Northwest is rapidly filling with the best citizenship on earth. Those young men and women deserve every opportunity for an education. Whitman College, at Walla Walla, Washington, is going to be the biggest and best in the country some day."

Whitman College has received a great deal of Dr. Pearsons's money, beginning with the day when he astonished its president by writing him a check for twelve thousand five hundred dollars to lift the mortgage that was riding the institution to financial death. Since that day the college has grown rapidly, and to-day is flourishing like a green bay-tree.

"Don't get the idea that I'm a great benefactor of mankind," was Dr. Pearsons's next caution. "I'm small fry. Carnegie and Rockefeller are great givers. Rockefeller is one of the world's greatest men. Some day the people will give him the honor that is rightfully his. But the great result of my work is its influence upon other rich old men and women. It makes them begin to wonder what to do with their money. It makes them realize the advantage of distributing it wisely while they are alive. They can't do better than to help the small colleges. Carnegie has instructed his secretary to give wherever I do."

SMALL COLLEGES AND GREAT ONES

"But why the small colleges? Why not Yale, and Harvard, and Princeton, and—"

"Those big colleges have enough. Rockefeller has made and will make of the University of Chicago a tremendous intellectual center for the West. But the old, rich colleges don't do the work done by the small, poor colleges. They're colleges for rich boys. Too much luxury, not enough work! I cannot understand why rich men sit calmly by and see their sons going to the devil. Why

can't they see the faults of their children? Why don't they make their boys get helpful educations and fit themselves for life? 'Rich and ruined' fits the majority of cases. We've got to look to the poor boys and girls for the future.

"Why, take Berea College, in Kentucky. I've helped them a lot—and on my next birthday, which I shall spend there, they'll smell something, I tell you. I won't say what I'm going to do—but that's the day I quit giving, because I won't have anything left to give. Down at Berea they educate the poor whites. Those white mountaineers are the finest, sturdiest kind of people. Berea used to educate the colored folks along with the whites, but the State Legislature passed a law and separated them. Now, none but whites can go to Berea. The Berea folks wrote to me and telegraphed me and wanted me to get that law repealed. I told them 'No!' It was the right thing and the best thing to do."

"Then you don't believe in colleges for colored people?"

"Of course I do; but educate them by themselves. Nothing takes the heart out of a poor, humble negro like being compelled to see a white child distance him, intellectually. It crushes the spirit in the black child."

"Have you ever given anything to Tuskegee, Wilberforce, or the other negro colleges?"

"No. Let the negroes take care of themselves, for the present. The negro in the South now has better advantages than the poor white. But to go back to Berea. We brought several of the girls up here. One of them worked and earned two hundred dollars. She went back home, and out of that two hundred dollars she sent four sisters and one brother to Berea and educated them.

"Tuition fees at Berea are now merely nominal—sometimes they make no charge. Board is a dollar and thirty cents a week. Maybe, before long, Berea will have an endowment big enough to wipe out all tuition charges. The poor whites can go there for education as if it were a public school. That's the way it ought to be with all colleges, big or small. It should be possible for every young man and woman to be educated without cost. That's one idea I am try-

ing to put in the heads of rich old men and women. Education is an antidote for anarchy."

He walked out of the house and over his yard and garden. There are five acres in all. The garden is a big one. There are plenty of flowers and shrubs in the yard. It is a pretty place. He is proud of the well, which gives water as clear as crystal.

"You must get a great deal of enjoyment in loafing about this garden and taking care of the flowers," I say, having in mind the placid pursuits of the other old men I know.

"I don't know anything about it," he replies. "That man running the lawnmower—Henry—has been here for sixteen years. He runs the yard and garden. He locks the doors of the house at night, and unlocks them in the morning. I don't even carry a key to my own house. I haven't time to work in the garden. I'm too busy giving away my money."

He would rather talk about his work of giving away his money than eat. At dinner—which was served at noon, and which consisted of eight different vegetables raised in the garden, mutton-chops, and fresh berries—he left his knife and fork idle most of the time while he talked about the colleges he has helped.

"And you really don't know how much you have given away in these twenty years?"

"Honestly, I don't. I just give it when I decide it should be given. The larger the check, the better I feel."

"Any particular choice as to the kind of a college?"

"No—only that it must be of a Christian denomination."

"What church do you belong to?"

"None. I go every Sunday to services, though."

"Then, if you don't belong to a church, why do you—"

"Because, young man, if you crush Christianity out of the world, we shall all go to the devil as fast as we can."

Dr. Pearsons gets up at seven o'clock in the morning, takes a nap after his dinner at noon, and goes to bed at seven in the evening. He says he would be a vegetarian if they wouldn't put meat on the table.

It is the conventional thing to do, so,

before I left, I asked him if, like most other rich men, he had any advice on how to succeed.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS

"The secret of success," he said, "does not lie in having been suckled at the breasts of poverty. If success is the making of money, then there are successful men the secret of whose success is sheer luck. They are like Saul, the son of Kish, who went to seek his father's asses and found a kingdom. Neither honesty nor truth-telling guarantees success. Men have become millionaires without these virtues, while many who possessed them have gone bankrupt."

"Whoever has done more for mankind than mankind has done for him, whoever has increased the world's stock of happiness or comfort and decreased its misery and pain, has made an enduring success, though he went out as poor as he came in. Luck has nothing to do with such success."

"What is success? You can no more explain it than you can tell why one woman can make a pumpkin pie that justifies a special Thanksgiving Day, and another, of equal social and educational advantages, will make one that causes a patriot to despair of his country. The qualities which insure success are born with the individual, and flourish best in the bracing air of poverty."

"Rich men are always telling poor men what a blessing it is to be poor," I interrupted, remembering a letter I had seen on his floor that morning, asking for money, and written by a man whose address was Poverty, Virginia.

"It is a help toward success," he said gravely. "Success is learned from no manual and bought at no store. If its principles are not with the child in the cradle, the adult will never possess them. I worked twenty-five years to make my money, and have worked twenty years to give it away."

"What will you do when you grow old?" I asked.

"I'm going to live in the Presbyterian Hospital in Chicago, then."

So I left him to go to his nap, but as I came down the steps a college man hurried up them, to interrupt that nap if possible.

THE STAGE

FORBES-ROBERTSON IN HIS HOME

"COME back into my study; we can chat more comfortably there."

Thus Forbes - Robertson, after he had greeted me in his Bedford Square drawing-room. Like so many houses in

London, this one has the dining-room in front, as you enter, where in America what we call the parlor would most likely be found. The drawing - room in the Robertsons' home is over this, and behind it is the studio, for Mr. Robertson still dabbles in painting, which was his voca-



JEAN AYLWIN, WHO IS THE MODISTE AT GARROD'S IN "OUR MISS GIBBS,"
AT THE LONDON GAIETY

From her latest photograph by the Dover Street Studios, London



ISABEL IRVING, LEADING WOMAN, AS MRS. CAMERON, IN THE AMERICAN PRODUCTION
OF THE GREAT LONDON SUCCESS, "THE FLAG LIEUTENANT"

From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York

tion before he became an actor. On this particular June morning he had been working at a portrait of one of his children, for his palette was wet.

"As to 'The Passing of the Third Floor Back,'" he said, "which I am bringing to your side this autumn, it was the simplicity of the play which appealed



FORBES-ROBERTSON, THE EMINENT ENGLISH ACTOR, NOW STARRING IN THE UNITED STATES IN JEROME K. JEROME'S "THE PASSING OF THE THIRD FLOOR BACK"

From his latest photograph by the Gainsborough Studio, London

As we talked, I could not but note how different he seemed, in his own home in London, from the reticent stranger whom I interviewed at his hotel in New York some three years ago, during the run of "Cæsar and Cleopatra."

to me when I read it. Yes, I realize that I am coming to you with it after you have had 'The Servant in the House,' but the only similarity between the two lies in the fact that in their leading personage each sets forth a figure supposed to

represent the Savior. I say 'supposed' because, in the case of my play, no stress is laid on this from our side of the footlights. If the *Stranger's* gentle nature and kindly deeds suggest the Master to the spectator, that is his own private interpretation. Neither in dress nor word do the players seek to enforce any resemblance. Indeed, our censor here would not permit such a thing."

"In that case," I interposed, "I suppose that when 'The Servant in the House' is played in London, Walter Hampden will not be allowed to appear in the make-up he used in New York?"

"Certainly not," answered Mr. Robertson; "and, speaking of the censor, I do not join in all this outcry against him. For my part, I think him a very convenient adjunct to the London manager's ménage. The young people who attend the theater in such large numbers must be protected, and surely it is better for us managers to submit a play to one man than to a board."

"You seem almost alone in upholding the censor," I could not help remarking. "There seems to be such wide-spread opposition to him that I wonder the office is still maintained."

"It is all politics," was the reply. "You have no idea how our public men fear the Nonconformist vote. That, you see, means the strait-laced body of the people, and to them the censor stands as the guardian of purity."

"And about the stage in England to-day," I went on, "leaving the censor aside, what should you say was its greatest need?"

"Plays," answered Mr. Robertson, without an instant's hesitation.

"Yes, I hear that on all sides," I told him, "but what kind of plays? So far as I have been able to make out, from the persistent theater-going I have done in the past week or so, I should say that your Londoner prefers drama in which lords and ladies are the chief personages."



LOTTA FAUST, IN "THE MIDNIGHT SONS"

From a photograph by the Otto Sarony Company,
New York



FLORENCE REID AS BARONESS TRESZKA, LEADING WOMAN IN "THE GAY HUSSARS,"
THE MILITARY OPERETTA WHICH OPENED NEW YORK'S SEASON

From a photograph by White, New York

"I fear you are right," returned Mr. Robertson, "although I personally have no reason to say so. 'The Third Floor Back,' you know, is a play of low life; and, knowing the predilection of our public for the other social stratum, I had little expectation of getting more than a short season out of it in the West End. Imagine my surprise and pleasure, then, when we were kept in town with it for six months; but it is the exception that

proves the rule, you know, and high life is what our people seem to cry for at the box-office."

At this moment the door at one side of the room opened suddenly, and as suddenly closed again, but not before I had obtained a glimpse in a mirror beside it of a face that is growing handsomer than ever—that of our own Gertrude Elliott, who had not known that her husband was engaged. She was on her

way to keep an appointment, so I did not have an opportunity to chat with her, but the glimpse I caught carried me back something like a dozen years to the day I first met her with her sister, Maxine, when she had just begun to act, and little realized that one day she would cross the Atlantic and marry the foremost of modern *Hamlets*.

Before I left, Mr. Robertson showed me his death-mask of Irving, a very fine

one which he keeps in his study, concealed in a cabinet fastened to the wall, "because," as he explained, with one of his slow smiles, "it gives some people the creeps to catch a chance glimpse of things of that sort."

THE NEWEST LONDON PLAYWRIGHT

Another London interview brought me the acquaintance of James Bernard Fagan, an Irishman who — following in



MARIE TEMPEST IN "PENELOPE," SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S LATEST COMEDY, WHICH MISS TEMPEST BRINGS TO AMERICA IN JANUARY

From her latest photograph by the Dover Street Studios, London



PHYLLIS DARE AS EILEEN CAVANAGH IN "THE ARCADIAN," THE LONDON MUSICAL COMEDY SUCCESS WHICH IS SOON TO BE SEEN IN NEW YORK

From her latest photograph by Foulsham & Banfield, London

the footsteps of Somerset Maugham—has had the rather unusual pleasure of seeing more than one of his plays on the West End boards at the same time. He wrote both "The Earth" and "A Merry Devil." Cyril Maude, though he is playing in the latter, was carried away with admiration of the former when he saw it—I suppose because when a man is playing farce he always wants to do serious work. Not to say that "The Earth" is not a good play, as Americans will have a chance to judge for themselves very shortly when Edmund Breese stars in it.

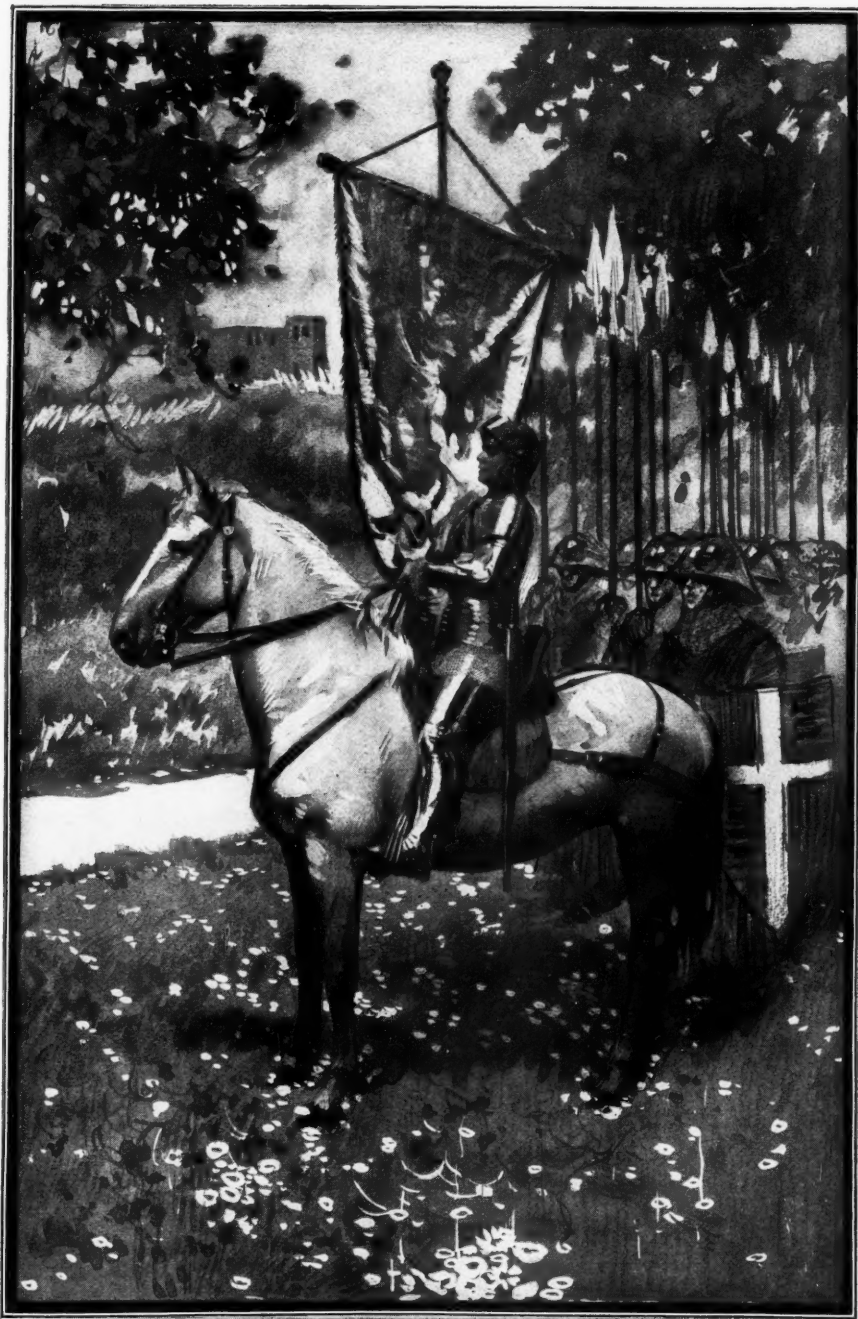
"Well, Mr. Fagan," I began, "I dare say you had the usual setbacks when you first tried to place your plays?"

"On the contrary," he replied, "my setbacks all seemed to come before I began with plays. You see, in the first instance I had made up my mind to be a Jesuit, and had almost taken the vows when I switched to Oxford, with the idea of going in for law. But I was sent down from Oxford, and next started in to study for the civil service in India; but my health failed, and finally I prevailed on my father to let me follow my strongest bent, which was for the stage. Yes, I was an actor for four years with Tree and Lewis Waller. It was Mrs. Waller who brought out my first play, several years since. This was 'The Rebel,' a melodrama which has already been done in America by your Andrew Mack. After that I wrote a verse drama, 'The Prayer of the Sword,' which Otho Stuart—who gave

Maugham his start, you remember—did in London about three years ago."

"Is 'A Merry Devil' your latest play?" I inquired.

"No, the last to be written is 'The Earth.' The 'Merry Devil' I wrote in Florence, where the scene is laid, some time back. I had steeped myself in a number of the old Italian *novelle*, and became fascinated with the idea of doing something of the same order. It was accepted first by George Alexander; but when he forfeited it, because of his inability to find the proper woman to play the name-part, Mr. Maude took it over



MAUDE ADAMS IN THE PRODUCTION OF SCHILLER'S "MAID OF ORLEANS" AT THE HARVARD STADIUM, CAMBRIDGE, WHEN THE FAVORITE ACTRESS MADE HER FIRST AND ONLY APPEARANCE IN THE OPEN, SUPPORTED BY A CAST OF NEARLY TWO THOUSAND PEOPLE

From a photograph by Sarony, New York—copyright, 1900, by Charles Frohman



DENISE ORME AS LADY ELIZABETH THANET IN "OUR MISS GIBBS,"
THE BIG MUSICAL COMEDY HIT AT THE LONDON GAIETY

From a photograph by the Dover Street Studios, London

for his wife, Winifred Emery, who, I think, is capital in the part. By the way," Mr. Fagan added, with a smile, "you know you are the first person who has told me that he liked 'The Devil' better than 'The Earth.'"

"And you are now at work on—"

"A translation of 'La Foi' from the French, for Mr. Tree," Mr. Fagan broke in enthusiastically. "And I am actually much more interested in it than if it were a piece of my own. Mr. Tree is going to call it 'False Gods.' The scene is laid in Egypt four hundred years before Christ, yet the plot is modern. Play-writing is practically a pastime with me. That is to say, I enjoy the labor of it. I have never written books, and I dare say that may be one reason why plays come more easily from me."

A CHAT WITH FANNY BROUGH

What American who saw this delightful English actress in "My Daughter-in-Law" some years since at the old Lyceum, in "The Man from Blankley's" with Charles Hawtrey at the Criterion, or, later still, with John Drew at the Empire in "The Duke of Killikrankie," can forget the verve, the ease, the humor of her work? One New York critic rudely said:

"She is not young, she is not pretty, but she can act."

Miss Brough's uncle

is the grand old man of the English stage, Lionel Brough—at the moment of writing *First Grave-digger* with Tree in his Shakespeare Festival. Her father was an author, and her mother at one time an actress. This past spring Miss

the part with Robert Edeson in America. So successful was she last season at the Lane as *Lady Goldbury* in "The Sins of Society" that they have induced her to sign for their new piece, the name of which is at this writing still undecided.



OLGA NETHERSOLE, THE ENGLISH ACTRESS STARRING IN AMERICA THIS SEASON
IN REPERTOIRE, INCLUDING HER FAMOUS "CAMILLE"

From her latest photograph by the Moffett Studios, Chicago

Brough supported Hawthrey in "The Noble Spaniard," plus the hoop-skirt and waterfall of the middle Victorian period. It is a pity that a prior engagement for Drury Lane will keep her from playing

"I must cut my holidays short and return to town by the August bank holiday to rehearse," she told me. "Oh, those Drury Lane rehearsals! I commit a whole scene, and report the next day



AUGUSTA GLOSE, MAKING A HIT WITH HER UNIQUE PIANOLOGUE IN VAUDEVILLE
 From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York—copyright, 1900, by Augusta Glose Leeds

ready to go through it with *éclat*. As I start to give my cue, the stage-manager will say:

“‘Beg pardon, Miss Brough, but that whole scene has been lifted. Oh, no, not out, but into the next act.’ Then, turning to the typist—there is always a typist with her machine at these Drury Lane rehearsals—he will add: ‘See that this scene is transferred to the next act *in toto*.’

“After that, we proceed, although it is

all I can do to make out where I am at, as you say in the States. And this is not the only sort of alteration I must bear in mind. Say the dramatist has put in for the leading man a pet phrase which is a bit—well, a bit *risqué*.

“‘Oh, they will never let him say that!’ interposes the stage-director.

“‘Very well, let Fanny say it, then,’ retorts the manager. ‘It will sound all right, coming from her’; and forthwith I am saddled with a speech which was

not originally intended for me at all, but which the long-suffering authors must switch around till they make it seem as if I had spoken the words in a flash of inspiration."

I inquired when we might expect to see her in America again.

"I dare say I shall end my days there," she replied. "I like playing in the States, in spite of your dreadful one-night stands. Oh, yes, we had to take them in with all of the companies with which I acted. Please do not think that I say I like playing in the States simply because you are an American. As a nation, I consider that you are really fonder of the play than we Londoners. Here theatergoing is more of a function; people go because it is the thing. With you, they go because they want to see the play, not because Lady This or the Duchess of That has put the *cachet* of her approval on an attraction."

"I see you have taken part in a 'command performance,'" I remarked, picking up a little jeweled casket from the table.

"Yes," she replied, "with Mr. Hawtrey in 'Blankley's' at Windsor Castle. Wasn't it sweet of the king to give me this?" and with pride that was easily pardonable she called my attention to the "E. R." set in stones with the Roman numeral "VII" in a scroll beneath.

"Mr. Hawtrey is a delightful man to play with," she went on. "I was so grieved when they stopped the run of 'The Noble Spaniard' after seven weeks, and I believe I was never more surprised in my life. I had been with Mr. Hawtrey to see the Stage Society's performance of 'What the Public Wants,' and we had discussed it very frankly. I went to the theater that night as usual, and was amazed to find that Mr. Hawtrey had not come. He did not appear at all, and we went on with his understudy playing his part. The Prince and Princess of Wales were to have seen the play that night, but did not care to do so when they found that Mr. Hawtrey was not acting. The next day the notice went up to cut short the run of 'The Noble Spaniard,' and Mr. Hawtrey began at once rehearsing for 'What the Public Wants.' You see, the character of the easy-going newspaper proprietor appealed to him

amazingly, and he would not be happy until he was playing it."

THE RED RAG OF MELODRAMA

Mention of Charles Hawtrey recalls his striking similarity, both in speech and in appearance, to our Clyde Fitch, whose play for Blanche Walsh, "The Woman in the Case," I found running in London at the Garrick as a successor to "Samson." Mr. Arthur Bouchier, manager of the theater, was not in the cast, but his wife, Violet Vanbrugh, took Miss Walsh's part, with Herbert Sleath playing opposite. The critics, I am bound to say, were almost as severe on the play as they were on another American offering staged at about the same time—"Eunice." One of them remarked:

That well-practised craftsman, Mr. Clyde Fitch, needs all his skill for the subject of his play, "The Woman in the Case." The treatment is generally on the surface; that is to say, it is the treatment of melodrama.

Another dubbed it "melodrama unabashed; yellow drama, you may call it, for plays of this sort hold the same relation to the theater as the sensational newspapers do to journalism." And yet, while "Eunice" was retired after twenty-five performances, "The Woman in the Case" is still running to good business, with the possibility that a second company will be sent out to play it in the provinces.

Reverting to the criticisms, while I am no special admirer of "The Woman in the Case"—which, to the best of my recollection, was not such a big go in New York as it seems to be in London—this constant harping on the word "melodrama" as a term of reproach grows a bit wearying to the persistent reader of theatrical reviews. What, after all, is the essential principle of melodrama but life, action? Without these, any play falls at once into the category of "studies" or "conversations," fit only for that last resort of the perennially unacted, known in England by such designations as the Afternoon Theater or the Stage Society, and with us happily not yet existent.

In this connection I should like to quote from one X. Marcel Boulestin, writing in the London *Pall Mall Gazette* under the heading "Henry Bernstein:

An Appreciation." The italics in the following extract are mine.

His are no problem plays in which several puppets argue and exchange reasonable reasons, with much ingenuity and at considerable length, about law, or the rights of men and women, appealing to our intellect more than to our heart. Here we have real life, implacable, complex, overwhelming, with all the passions of men and their pitiable weaknesses. This indomitable vitality has never been denied to M. Bernstein even by those who contemptuously label his plays "melodramas." *Yet there is no such thing as a melodramatic subject. The treatment is everything.* Thus, a murder may be at one and the same time a theme for sensational journalism or for the deepest psychological analysis.

LIGHT AND HEAVY OPERA ABROAD

Although we have frequently heard, of late, that musical comedy is on the wane in London, the records seem to point otherwise. In the height of the season, it was at the theaters purveying that type of amusement that it was most difficult to obtain seats.

One of the newer London offerings which New York is soon to see is "A Persian Princess"—a title that suggests nothing particularly novel in the way of story or *mise-en-scène*. This in spite of the fact that, like most of the other new West End musical pieces, the book was provided by strangers to the game, leaving the score and lyrics to be furnished by such old favorites as Sidney Jones and Percy Greenbank. George Graves, comedian, and Ruth Vincent, prima donna, were the heavy-type participants in the cast. Both have been rather unfortunate in their single visits to New York, having been associated with failures, Mr. Graves in "The Little Michus" and Miss Vincent in "The Medal and the Maid"—which latter finally reappeared with success in Americanized form as "A Knight for a Day."

George Graves has everything his own way in "A Persian Princess," which he gags to his heart's content, and rather to the mystification of the Americans in the audience. The music, being by the man who made the "Geisha" and "San Toy" songs, is consistently tuneful, if perhaps not quite so catchy as the same composer's airs in "King of Cadonia."

Perhaps the most original number is "A Cup of Coffee," during the rendering of which the aroma of the coffee-bean is in some mysterious way diffused throughout the auditorium. After the insistent comedy antics of "property" animals on our side, it is rather a relief to find *Alfred*, the royal camel, played in "A Persian Princess" by the real thing, set down on the house-bill as of the Bactrian breed. *Swaak*, his keeper, is a humorous character along rather original lines, well acted by Horace Mills.

London had the opportunity of enjoying a novelty in the operatic way when a troupe known as the City of Rome Children's Opera Company played a season at Terry's Theater, opening in "Lucia di Lammermoor." The prima donna was styled on the boards of the sandwich men "the girl Tetrizzini," and the tenor as the "boy Caruso." Of the two, the latter proved far more deserving of the distinction. Not only was the Signorina Dora Theor's voice unpleasantly nasal, but she herself looked far from the child she was supposed to be. Signorino Vittorio Gamba, on the other hand, almost a head shorter, boasts a voice which, if not as sweet as it might be, certainly was phenomenally powerful—unnecessarily strong, in fact, for the small dimensions of Terry's. He acted, too, with an intelligence and a discretion really wonderful in one so young cast for so serious a rôle as *Edgardo*.

Indeed, the acting of these little people came in for more praise from the London press than did their singing. Other grand operas in their repertoire were "La Sonnambula," "The Barber of Seville," and an Italian version of "The Geisha." I noticed an American impresario present at one of the performances, but I doubt if the Gerry Society would permit the importation of the troupe into New York. One tiny fellow in the chorus, on the night of my visit, was so sleepy that he had to be prodded at intervals by his neighbor to keep him awake.

Whatever London may do in the shape of novelties in the musical line, it has been established that she cannot, like New York, support two opera-houses. Cavaliere F. Castellano essayed a season of Italian opera at Drury Lane, in opposi-

tion to the Covent Garden season, but the patronage was absolutely discouraging, although he provided fairly good all-round casts, and had set his prices at the regular theater rates. Possibly this last fact was the trouble. Grand opera at popular prices has never been successful in New York, and not until Oscar Hammerstein set out to fight the Metropolitan on equal terms, at five dollars a seat, did the public respond. "Give us big names" appears to be the universal cry of the opera-goer in all English-speaking countries.

London did not hear "Louise" until this summer, and then without Mary Garden, nor did Covent Garden open its doors to "Pelléas et Mélisande" until May last. In "Louise" they had Mme. Edvina and M. Dalmores, also M. Gilbert, who scored so heavily at our Manhattan as the father. During the opera season at Covent Garden, lasting from May until July 31, performances are given every night, but there are few matinéés. The house is located in rather an unsavory section of the town, Covent Garden market being jammed against its walls on one side, with the Bow Street police station directly opposite.

Apropos of the Paris production of "The Merry Widow," which took place only this spring, one of the French critics remarked, after commenting on the fact that the operetta had already been played throughout the world eighteen thousand times:

Is the story of "The Merry Widow" responsible for this wide-spread popularity? Decidedly not. One must search elsewhere for the real reason of this unparalleled triumph. For instance, there is the score, which is of a sort to appeal with particular force to tastes inherent in the Germans or the English—slow waltzes melodiously permeating an atmosphere of romance, but sufficiently punctuated with piquant strains suggesting gaiety and life. Again, the theatergoers of Austria, of Germany, and of England, held in check by a stern censor, have not, like us, become blasé over audacious intrigues on the stage. The sight of the couple in the famous waltz, determined not to pass the bounds of a discreet flirtation, yet, nevertheless, eye to eye, lips almost pressed to lips, moving with voluptuous deliberation to the sweet cadences of this entrancing music—this spectacle, I claim, has had more to do with the stupendous

success of the operetta than all the rest of it put together.

The good old Gilbert and Sullivan operas are still extremely popular in England. A company on tour with them is managed by Mrs. D'Oyly Carte, who was originally Helen Lenoir, secretary to the late D'Oyly Carte, director of the Savoy Theater when "The Pirates of Penzance," "The Mikado," and "The Gondoliers" were in their heyday. Mrs. Carte is now a very wealthy woman, owning, I understand, a large interest in the Savoy Hotel. Nevertheless, she continues to take an active part in the management of the operas, which, after a two-year series of successful revivals at the London Savoy, are now on tour in a repertoire of five, including, besides the foregoing, "Iolanthe" and "The Yeomen of the Guard."

An English composer lately come to the front is Miss Ethel Smyth, whose three-act opera, "The Wreckers," was put on for four performances by the so-called Afternoon Theater at His Majesty's, and later had the honor of a special evening representation for the king. Miss Smyth's one-act opera, "Der Wald," was given, some six or seven years since, at the Metropolitan Opera-House in New York, and her work is fairly well known in Germany. England, however, like the United States, seems very chary of according recognition to native composers along serious lines, and after a vain attempt to obtain a hearing for "The Wreckers" at Covent Garden resort was had to the Afternoon Theater.

Miss Smyth, according to the reviewers, is a close student of Wagner. While much in her music was admired, perhaps the most notable impetus the opera obtained toward a Covent Garden hearing was the command performance before the king. Like most novices, she seeks to give too much.

"If the work were judiciously cut," said one critic, "'The Wreckers' would probably be one of the most considerable of English operas."

KNIGHTHOODS AND A FRENCH ACTOR

Two knightings, of interest to the theatrical world, were announced during my stay in London. Of course, my readers knew long since that this took place on

the day observed as the king's birthday, June 25, and that Sir Herbert Tree—he forthwith dropped the "Beerbohm"—and Sir Arthur Pinero received the coveted prefix. Pinero is the first playwright to be knighted for some time, but the king's sword has been laid upon the backs of actors with increasing frequency. Last year it was John Hare and Squire Bancroft, and next we may expect to meet Sir George Alexander and Sir Cyril Maude. Indeed, *London Opinion*, one of the audacious weeklies of which the English metropolis possesses so many, went so far as to remark:

At the rate we are going on, a few more "honor" lists will have left scarcely any manager—they are all actor-managers—unrecognized. And when everybody's somebody, then no one's anybody.

It is perhaps only a coincidence that Pinero's last play to come to performance, "The Thunderbolt," produced by George Alexander in 1908, was not a popular success. His next, "Mid Channel," is to be produced in London this autumn at Mr. Alexander's theater, the St. James, and in America falls to Ethel Barrymore.

Mr. Tree was in the midst of his annual Shakespeare festival at His Majesty's when he received his knightly honors, and there was more than a ripple of amusement mingled with the applause when, on the evening after the announcement was made, he spoke, as *Malvolio* in "Twelfth Night," the famous lines:

A few are born great, some achieve greatness, while others have greatness thrust upon them.

I saw him a few days later as *Sir Peter* in "The School for Scandal," the revival of which was interrupted for a fortnight to give space to the Shakespeare affair. Everywhere I had heard, among the comments on Mr. Tree's elevation:

"But, you see, he produces plays so magnificently!"

After seeing his *Sir Peter*, I readily understood why this actor-manager's histrionic abilities are so politely veiled in silence. Such a sorry *Sir Peter* I never saw. He made not the slightest dent in the play, which had a cast bristling with such well-known names as Lionel Brough (*Moses*), Henry V. Esmond, the play-

wright (*Sir Benjamin Backbite*), Edward Terry, the actor-manager (*Crabtree*), Robert Loraine (*Charles*), and Basil Gill (*Joseph*). Marie Löhr was an uninspired *Lady Teazle*, while the usually clever Suzanne Sheldon—an American, by the way—failed to lend any unction to the utterances of *Mrs. Candour*.

As to Tree himself, he lisps like the veriest dandy, has an unpleasantly mincing manner, and simply walks through his part. Of them all, Robert Loraine seemed to throw the most vim and the best characterization into his rôle, though of course Lionel Brough made an inimitable *Moses*. Yet, despite shortcomings in the acting, such is the consummate completeness of detail with which Mr. Tree mounts his plays, that the revived "School for Scandal" held the boards at His Majesty's—with the fortnight's interval already mentioned—from April 7 until July 17.

Meanwhile London enjoyed a chance to see acting of the highest type when the company from the Renaissance Theater, Paris, crossed the Channel late in June for a short season at the Adelphi. Prominent in their repertory were the two Bernstein plays, "The Thief" and "Samson," with M. Guitry, the originator of the two leading parts.

I saw him in the rôle that Gillette played in New York, and a more widely dissimilar conception of the same character one could scarcely imagine. Higher praise than this M. Guitry could not receive. Mr. Gillette's points were all won at explosive intervals. M. Guitry, on the other hand, plays quietly throughout, even at the exciting moment in the third act where he lays his enemy backward over the table. By the subtlety of his art he makes you know, from his very first entrance, the sort of man he is, and consequently has no need to resort to sledgehammer methods of driving the fact home to his audience.

MORALITY AND LEWIS WALLER

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has scored with his "Fires of Fate" for Lewis Waller, based on a story which the author-doctor published some time ago. The drama he calls "a modern morality play," for which he was taken to task by almost every reviewer in London.

With no uncertain voice the critics declared that "Fires of Fate" would survive by reason of the melodrama that was in it, rather than for the morality it was supposed to urge.

As a matter of policy, nomenclature of this sort may work very serious injury at the box-office. To people who go to the theater to be entertained, "a modern morality play" is a most uninviting sub-head, and playhouses are not supported, in English-speaking countries, by any other class. Fortunately, Lewis Waller's vogue is so great that the luckless slip in describing his piece has not let Sir Arthur in for anything more serious than a wiggling by the press. His play is indeed a most absorbing creation—rank melodrama in spots, if you please, but with a good lesson at the bottom which would be none the less apparent had it been left to drive itself home.

Oddly enough, the premises of the story are almost exactly like those of Eleanor Robson's vehicle, "The Dawn of a To-morrow." A man is told by a doctor that he has only about a year to live, and straightway contemplates suicide. In each case he is brought to see the cowardliness of such a course, and there is a happy ending. For the rest, however, there could not well be two plays more utterly unlike. In "Fires of Fate," *Colonel Egerton* (Lewis Waller) is swerved from his purpose at once in the doctor's office by the doctor's brother, a Congregational minister, who is about to join the physician in a holiday trip up the Nile. They persuade *Egerton* to go with them, as he has still some months before his nervous affection will become acute.

On the boat, *Egerton* meets an American girl, with whom he falls in love. She is very much inclined toward him, but cannot understand his strange moods; and her heart nearly breaks when, the clergyman having warned him that it would be criminal for a man doomed to early death to awaken the love of a woman, he suddenly turns cold toward her.

The tourists make an excursion to the Abousir Rock, a lofty pinnacle commanding an extensive view, which forms the setting for the third act. Here they are surprised by hostile dervishes, and are taken captive. *Egerton* is struck down

by one of the ruffians while attempting to save *Sadie*, the American girl, and is left on the rock for dead when the dervishes start back for the desert with their prisoners. But just before the curtain falls he recovers sufficiently to crawl to the edge of the cliff and to signal with his handkerchief to his friend of the Egyptian Camel Corps, who has been introduced to us in the previous act, and who knows of the contemplated expedition to Abousir.

Of course, the signal is seen, and bears fruit in the last act, just when one might suppose that all was up with the poor tourists. In fact, they have been asked to abjure Christianity for the Koran, with the knife for an alternative, when the bugle of the Camel Corps sounds and the incident ends happily, except for one man who has been killed on the rock, two others who have died in the desert, and *Egerton's* barrier against making love to *Sadie*.

In the crisis of their durance on the oasis, *Egerton* has explained his condition to the American girl's aunt, who has agreed with him that his course was wisest. So in the final scene of Act IV, after the joy over their rescue has subsided, the two are to have their final interview. While *Egerton* is waiting for this, the doctor accidentally discovers that the symptoms of his fatal disease have disappeared. He tells *Egerton* that the one chance in a million of a cure has befallen him in the shape of a tremendous nervous shock.

This melodrama is capitally played, not only by Mr. Waller himself, but by a capable supporting cast. Much objection was raised by the London critics to the long moralizings of the *Rev. Samuel Roden*, but A. E. George made them as palatable as possible, and a pleasant variant to the gloom of the piece was supplied by the *Dragoman Abdulla* of Shiel Barry, who is among the most promising of the younger generation of London players.

Lewis Waller, I believe, has never acted on our side, but he is a tremendous favorite with London audiences. I hear that he has disposed of the American rights of "The Fires of Fate" to Charles Frohman.

Matthew White, Jr.

"KILL THE UMPIRE!"

BY CHARLES E. VAN LOAN

"KILL the umpire! Kill him!"
Gentlemen, one moment! Let us not be in too great haste to spill the blood of this mild, blue-coated person behind the mask and the air-mattress. What wrong has he done that he merits a public and disgraceful death?

"He robbed us of the game! That runner was safe on first base! He was safe a *mile*! Kill the umpire!"

Twenty thousand excited fanatics are willing to swear that Casey's right toe touched first base before the ball plopped into the first baseman's glove. The umpire's number is twenty thousand and one. He says that Casey was out. But here is the picture. Look at it for yourself.

Imagine a great oval field, set in a living rim of coatless, perspiring humanity. The score is a tie; it is the last half of the ninth inning; the home team has a man on third base, and two are out. A safe hit may decide the pennant race; certainly it will win the game. Nerves are tense as fiddle strings.

The batter marches to the plate. The steady hum of thousands of voices dies away to a low, droning mumble. There comes the rhythmic tramping of feet. Crash! Crash! Crash!

"Hit it out, old bo-o-o-oy! Hit it out!"

The batter is anxious to hit it out. He crouches over the plate and scowls at the opposing pitcher. The two figures hold the attention of the crowd. They overlook the man in the blue serge jacket who stands behind the pitcher, yet that man has the power to send twenty thousand men laughing through the turnstiles, or to bring them to their feet in a whirlwind of wrath.

The pitcher nurses the ball in his gloved hand. Out from third base

steals a lithe figure in white flannel, advancing and retreating in swift, nervous dashes. The catcher rises from his knees and shoots his big glove forward, waist high. It is as if he said:

"Right here, Joe! Don't be afraid; I'm here! Put her over!"

Like an arrow, the ball flies to meet the glove; the batsman twitches his shoulders and brings his weight into the swing; a sharp crack, and all other sounds are drowned out in a mighty roar as the ball goes hopping down the infield.

The batsman is now a base-runner. The fate of the game lies with his sturdy legs. If he can beat the ball to first base, the game is won, for the man who was on third is half-way to the plate.

The shortstop races swiftly at right angles to the course taken by the ball. He can see that it will be a difficult one to stop. Down goes his gloved hand; the ball strikes the leather, and rolls a few feet to one side.

"A fumble! A fumble!" Hear them yell now!

The shortstop springs after the ball, and comes to his feet with his arm already drawn back for the throw. Like the lash of a whip, his arm straightens out in front of him, and the ball flies across the diamond toward first base. The runner is almost there; two more strides, and the game will be won.

The first baseman hooks one toe over the bag, and leans far out over the diamond. Out goes his glove to the full stretch of a long arm, and then, so close together that the eye does not follow the sequence, the base-runner's foot comes down on the bag and the ball disappears in the waiting glove.

The cheering swells into a roar; an angry howl drops from the bleachers. The clear, high yell of victory deepens

into a mighty diapason of dissent. The little man in blue made the transformation. On the instant of the catch, the umpire jerked his right arm upward, with the motion of a boxer warding off a blow. There was no time for him to stop and consider the effect; no time to remember that a pennant might depend on his decision; no thought of the twenty thousand disappointed and enraged spectators. In the twinkling of an eye the arm went up, *and the man was out.* Now let the heathen rage!

THE NEED OF LIGHTNING JUDGMENT

The umpire is the chain-lightning of baseball. His decisions are rendered in the fifth part of a second; he renders them knowing that he must stand by them afterward, no matter what happens. Every man inside the fence, whether blinded by prejudice or loyalty to the home team, sees the same things, and therefore feels that he has a right to his own opinion; but the umpire is the one man who is paid to know what he sees.

The prize-fight referee sometimes has to decide which boxer won a hard battle. He has had time in which to review the situation; the whole moving picture of the fight stretches backward in his memory. Should the choice prove a difficult one, there is always the comfortable middle ground—the draw decision, in which neither man wins or loses. The baseball umpire can render no draw decisions. The man is safe, or he is out.

When two race-horses come nodding down to the wire and two noses flash by the post so close together that a finger-breadth means thousands of dollars to the backers, the race-track judge may fall back on the dead heat. The baseball umpire has no dead heats. Watching foot and ball, he must *know* which one was first. He can confer with no one. Right or wrong, the judgment must be made in the twinkling of an eye.

Several years ago all decisions were given from a point behind the home-plate. It was an actor who introduced a radical change into the umpiring methods of fifteen years ago, and every umpire has since followed that lead. George W. Barnum, a prominent member of the

Lambs' Club, served his time as an umpire in the National League. From a baseball fan with ideas he grew into an umpire overnight. Barnum was not afraid to make his own precedents. He decided that the best way for an umpire to tell whether a base-runner was tagged or not was to be as close as possible to the players when the action took place.

So Barnum put on spiked shoes, and took up his position behind the pitcher in the middle of the diamond. When the runner circled the bases, Barnum ran with him. He was able to give the opinion of a man who could say:

"I was there; I saw it distinctly."

Other umpires bought spiked shoes and practised running. It was the most startling innovation of the baseball season.

THE SCARCITY OF GOOD UMPIRES

Good umpires are rare. In the whole country, there are not more than ten first-rate ones. The combination of the keen eye, nimble brain, and cold nerve is not a common one.

Hank O'Day, of the National League, is one of the best. O'Day is the man who rendered the single decision which lost the New York team the 1908 pennant, and gave it to Chicago. O'Day said that Merkle did not touch second base. The New York club presented a stack of affidavits three feet high to the effect that Merkle *did* touch second base. O'Day's decision cost New York the National League pennant and no small amount of money; yet, at the investigation which followed, the umpire's word stood against all the affidavits.

Jack Sheridan, the American League veteran, a quiet, gray-haired man, with the head of a student and the manner of an ambassador, is another umpire who can never be trapped into rendering a decision that cannot stand the closest scrutiny with the rule-book as the guide. Unless Sheridan happens to be traveling on the same train with the players, they see nothing of him outside of working-hours. He makes no friends among the leaguers; makes it a point to stop at a different hotel; and, save on the diamond, rarely exchanges a sentence with the men of the different teams.

Silk O'Laughlin, another American

League umpire, is the man who introduced noise into the duties of the arbiter of the diamond. Silk is a young man, as umpires go. He has a wonderful voice, and he renders his decisions with a long-drawn howl that reaches the most distant bleacherite.

"Strike—*tuh!*" bawls Silk.

Most of the others content themselves with the pump-handle motion of the arm, and with the signals adopted by all the big league umpires. Silk makes the motions, too, but one does not have to watch him to tell whether a man is safe or out.

There can be no question as to the honesty of these men. A dishonest umpire would not remain in the big league for two weeks; yet every man who pays his money at the gate, and differs from the umpire's judgment on some close play, feels that he has a perfect right to call the official arbiter a robber.

The umpire does his painstaking best to render all decisions fairly. The fact that he will often render an exasperating verdict against a home team should prove his honesty of intention. He has no friends to serve; no managers to placate; few, if any, friends upon the bleachers. He knows that it is impossible to please both sides, so he hews to the line, giving plays as he sees them.

PERILS THAT AN UMPIRE MUST FACE

There are times when a mob, genuinely bent on blood, swarms on the field to "kill the umpire." Several adverse decisions have so worked upon the anger of the home fans that they lose control of themselves. One man jumps out of the grand stand, and a thousand follow him. The private policemen are tossed out of the way. The brave mobsmen swarm about the umpire, protruding their lower jaws and growling at him. Fists blossom under his nose; brave men try to step on his toes and pretend that it was an accident. The rear-guard throws a pop-bottle or two; some hats are smashed. The umpire stands his ground; had he turned to run, he might have been torn to pieces. The sheer, cold nerve of the man who is not afraid brings him through without a scratch. Barking dogs do not bite.

There have been cases where an um-

pire has been badly injured, but not at the hands of a mob. Just at the end of the season of 1907, William Evans, a young umpire, and one of the best of the coming crop, officiated in St. Louis. He rendered several close decisions on the bases, and it so happened that all of them were against the home club.

An excited fanatic in the bleachers stood up and hurled a bottle. Evans dropped with a fractured skull, and for a time his life was in danger. The man who threw the bottle was promptly pointed out to the police. He paid a fine of five hundred dollars, and was fortunate to escape a jail sentence. This is why Evans is known by the name of "Pop-Bottle Bill," and nowhere is he more popular than in St. Louis.

Last season the "White Sox"—the Chicago American League team—were making a great fight for the pennant of their league. One day a new umpire rendered several adverse decisions. As he was leaving the grounds, a prominent attorney, whose name is a household word in Chicago, struck him a powerful blow in the face, breaking his nose.

These two cases represent the wrath of isolated baseball fans. The mob does not kill the umpire. Mobs have been preparing to kill umpires for the past thirty years. Times without number the infuriated home fans have risen in their wrath, hurled a cloud of pop-bottles, used a great deal of strong language, shaken a few fists, and hustled a few policemen; but the umpires still live. Sheridan and O'Day have grown gray in the service; Emslie has become bald, and Tim Hurst has waxed portly, and if these men had a silver dollar for every time some one has yelled "Kill the umpire!" they would be able to move down to Philadelphia and make faces at the United States Mint.

Going back to George Barnum, the actor who reformed the umpiring system of the country, we have the umpire's best argument.

"I am on the ground, six feet from the play. My eyes are good. I know what to look for. You are on the bleachers, a hundred yards away. Which of us is in a better position to see exactly what happens?"

Yes, kill the umpire, by all means!